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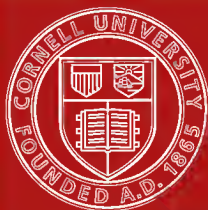
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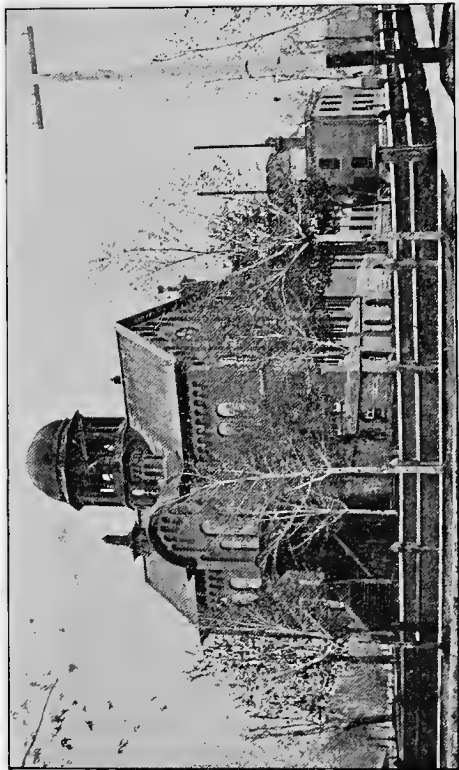


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GOODHUE COUNTY COURT HOUSE.

She needs no skeptic's puny hands,
While near the school the church spire stands;
Nor fears the bigot's blinded rule,
While near the church spire stands the school.

—J. G. Whittier.

GOODHUE COUNTY,

MINNESOTA,

PAST AND PRESENT.

BY AN OLD SETTLER.

Chas. J. Joseph Whittier

1899.
RED WING PRINTING CO.
RED WING, MINN.

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INTRODUCTION.

Some one has said that pioneering tended to barbarism. This may be true in some cases. It depends upon the character of those who do the pioneering.

This book is mainly a history of the work of pioneers. One who has seen their work and the results of the same, ought to be able to judge of the character of the principal actors. It is now between thirty and forty years since this county was taken possession of by civilized men, and many of those most interested and active in laying the foundations of society here have passed away; but their works do follow them. It becomes those who now enjoy the fruits of their labors to imitate their virtues and preserve the memory of their sterling deeds.

At a meeting of the Old Settlers' Association in Red Wing a few years ago, the desire was expressed by a leading member that a correct history of the early days in Goodhue county might be written. It was that expression that led me to undertake the collection of the facts and events herein recorded. I have spared neither time nor pains to make a record of all the important events that have transpired within the limits prescribed. How well I have succeeded, a generous public will determine for themselves.

I have collected, as far as possible, the history of the French occupation in its relation to this locality;

have given some account of the original inhabitants, who lived by hunting and fishing, and of missionary labors among them; and chiefly the events connected with the settlement of white people; and the subsequent growth and prosperity of the county. I have related, to some extent, the trials and triumphs incident to pioneer life by facts which have been given me by those who experienced such trials and afterwards enjoyed the triumphs. I have taken extracts from the county records to give a brief mention of our political affairs, and the men who have labored in the public service from time to time; also the part borne by our citizens in the late civil war—some reminiscences of self-denial and personal sacrifices for the preservation of the Union. The establishment of institutions of learning and religion; reformatory and charitable enterprises; advancements in agriculture, manufacturing and trade which have been made, have also a place in this record.

The work of the local historian, seemingly unimportant, is of great value to the writers of general history, who must necessarily write of events which transpired during a former generation, of which they have no personal knowledge.

To the old settlers who have so kindly assisted me by information of their personal experiences, and to all who have encouraged the publication of this work by their patronage, I hereby express my sincere thanks.

J. W. HANCOCK.

HISTORY OF GOODHUE COUNTY.

CHAPTER I.

THE FRENCH OCCUPATION.

It is well known that the first white men who visited the northwestern portion of the United States were from France. That nation was the first to plant colonies in Canada along the river St. Lawrence, and they gradually pushed their explorations beyond the great lakes, to the head waters of the Mississippi.

Trading with the native Indians for furs became a very lucrative business in the history of the French occupation. The traders furnished fire-arms, powder and lead to the natives in exchange for peltries. Being accustomed to live by hunting and fishing these Indians soon learned to use such articles as required less labor to obtain the necessaries of life, giving them more time for their favorite pursuit of war than when confined to the use of the bow and arrow. It was natural enough that they welcomed the traders to their country; for besides the implements they brought for use in hunting and carrying on war with other tribes successfully, the traders furnished them with rum and tobacco, which are considered great luxuries by savage men in all climes.

Trading posts were early established at suitable points throughout this fur-producing region. Though built of logs and roofed with sod and wild grass, there was a space of ground around these log-cabins inclosed with pickets. These posts have been named forts, and were sometimes called factories, for the reason that when fully manned, soldiers and the agents or factors of some mercantile house were quartered therein, and in some cases missionaries, each class having separate cabins within the enclosure. An army officer was placed in authority over all.

There were three distinct objects evidently in view in establishing these posts, namely: To extend the dominion of France, to gain by trade, and to convert the natives.

Two such posts were once occupied within the present limits of Goodhue county. The history of one of them, so far as I am able to find, is very short. It was built on the largest island between Lake Pepin and the mouth of the St. Croix river by LeSueur in 1695; therefore, Prairie Island was the site. Charlevoix relates that the object of the establishment of this post was to interpose a barrier between the Dakotas and Chippewas, and maintain peaceful relations between them which had then been created. He speaks of the island as "having a beautiful prairie," and that "the French of Canada have made it a centre of commerce for the western parts. Many pass the winter here because it is a good country for hunting." From this account I conclude that men who were well-to-do were accustomed to spend their winter vacations in this region.

The above named Charlevoix visited this region in

1721 under the auspices of the Government of France, and upon his return to Europe urged the establishment of a trading post, and sending two missionaries among the tribe of Indians which he called "Sioux." The arguments he used for the establishment of such a post were: The missionaries to learn the language of the Indians and teach them religion; and that through the country then occupied by this tribe a route to the Pacific Ocean could be discovered. His suggestions were favorably considered, but some delay ensued in carrying out the project on account of the hostility of other tribes occupying the country between the great lakes and the Mississippi valley. In 1726 a treaty with these latter tribes was consummated, and traders allowed to pass unmolested to the country of the Sioux. A company was soon formed for trading and other purposes among them. Rene Boucher was the commandant of this company. Louis Ignatius Guignas and De Gonor were the chaplains or missionaries. They left Montreal on the 16th of June, 1727, and reached the enlargement of the Mississippi, the picturesque Lake Pepin, the 17th of September. The name of Pepin is first given to this lake in the journal of LeSueur in the year 1700, and was probably given in compliment to Stephen Pepin who was with LeSueur on the shores of Lake Superior as early as 1679. Immediately after arriving at this lake, Boucher selected a site upon a low point about the middle of the southwestern shore, nearly opposite the bold bluff now known as Maiden Rock. Here he ordered the erection of a stockade of pickets forming a square of one hundred feet with two bastions. The pickets were twelve feet long. Within the enclosure were a log house for the commandant, a

residence for the two missionaries, and a store house, all of which were completed by the last of October. The fort was named Beauharnois, in compliment to the then governor of Canada. In a letter from this new fort, Father Guignas thus writes: "In the evening of November 14 we celebrated by shooting off some very beautiful rockets and made the air resound with a hundred shouts of 'Vive le Roy,' and 'Vive Charles de Beauharnois.' That which contributed a great deal to the merriment was the fright of the Indians who witnessed the scene. When these poor people saw the fire-works in the air like stars falling from the sky, the women and children fled, and the more courageous of the men cried for mercy, begging earnestly that we would stop the astonishing play of the terrible fire-works (medicine)."

The following spring, in the month of April, the water rose so high in the lake that the fort had to be abandoned for several weeks. In dispatches sent to France in October, 1729, by the Canadian Government, the following reference is made to Fort Beauharnois. They report that the fort built among the Sioux, on the border of Lake Pepin, is badly situated on account of freshets, but the Indians assure that the water rose higher than ever before in the spring of 1728; and this is credible, inasmuch as it did not so much as reach the fort this year. We learn from the records that this fort was rebuilt on higher ground, in rear of the first site, about the year 1735 with increased dimensions, but was soon after abandoned, as it is recorded that in view of the hostility of the Indians, the commandant and his second concluded with Father Guignas to burn the fort and descend the Mississippi which they did May 13,

1737. But it was again rebuilt ten years later. The records show that the Sioux Indians, through their deputies, entreated the governor of Canada to re-establish the post in the year 1747, which was accordingly done. The name of the last commandant of this post was St. Pierre who remained here till the summer of 1753 and was then called to the command of Fort Duquesne, a French post in western Pennsylvania.

There is no account of the fort on Lake Pepin being occupied after it was abandoned by St. Pierre one hundred and thirty-eight years ago! It is no matter of wonder that it is now difficult to find the exact spot where it stood. Quite recently two cannon balls have been found in plowing, one of six and the other of four pound caliber, near Frontenac station, which have been deposited with the Minnesota Historical Society. These balls furnish additional interest to the history of the old fort. They were undoubtedly found by the Indians soon after the fort was abandoned, and buried as worthless to them.

There are a few facts relating to St. Pierre after he left this post, which will doubtless be interesting to the people of this county. It appears that he went directly to Montreal, arriving there in October, 1753, and on the third of November following, the Marquis Duquesne wrote to the minister of war in France that he had sent the Sieur de St. Pierre to succeed Marin in command of the army of the Ohio.

St. Pierre did not reach the stockade at French Creek, which was afterward called Fort Duquesne, till the first week in December, and only seven days after his arrival there, young George Washington came, bearing a letter from Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia,

to the commander of the fort. After courteous treatment by St. Pierre for several days, Washington was sent back with the following note to Governor Dinwiddie:

SIR:—I have the honor to be here the commander-in-chief. M. Washington delivered to me the letter which you wrote to the commander of the French troops. I should have been pleased had you given him the order, or that he had been disposed to go to Canada to see our General, to whom it better belongs than to me to set forth the evidence of the incontestable rights of the King, my Master, to the lands along the Ohio; and to refute the pretensions of the King of Great Britain thereto. I shall transmit your letter to M. the Marquis Duquesne. His reply will be law to me, and if he shall order me to communicate with you, you may be assured that I shall not fail to act promptly.

As to the summons you send me to retire, I do not think I am obliged to obey. Whatever may be your instructions, I am here by order of my general, and I beg you not to doubt for a moment but that I am determined to conform with the exactness and resolution which becomes a good officer. I do not know that in the progress of this campaign anything has passed which can be regarded an act of hostility or contrary to the treaties between the two crowns, the continuation of which pleases us much as it does the English. If you had been pleased to enter into particulars as to the facts which caused your complaint, I should have been honored to give you as full and satisfactory reply as possible. I have made it a duty to receive M. Washington with distinction on account of your dignity and his personal worth.

I have the honor to be, Monsieur, your very humble and very obedient servant,

L. DE ST. PIERRE.

At the Fort, December 15, 1753.

In the history of the French and Indian war, after Braddock's defeat, we learn that this same St. Pierre was fatally wounded in a battle near Lake George, while leading the Indian allies of the French army,

His last words were: "Fight on, boys; this is Johnson, not Braddock."

From this circumstance we learn that the last commandant of the French fort on Lake Pepin had the privilege of meeting George Washington a second time, while the latter served under General Braddock in his unsuccessful expedition against Fort Duquesne.

CHAPTER II.

EARLIEST COUNTY HISTORY.

Goodhue county was named in honor of James M. Goodhue, the pioneer editor and printer of the State. Minnesota was organized by act of Congress, as a Territory of the United States, March 3, 1849. Nine days from that date Mr. Goodhue had arrived in St. Paul with press, type, etc., ready to commence the publication of a weekly newspaper. This paper was called *The Minnesota Pioneer*, which he edited with marked ability until his early death in 1852.

Dr. E. D. Neill, in his History of Minnesota, thus describes the pioneer editor: "The editor of the *Pioneer* was unlike other men. Every action and every line he wrote marked great individuality. He could imitate no man in his manners, nor in his style; neither could any man imitate him. Attempts were sometimes made but the failure was always very great. Impetuous as the whirlwind, with perceptive powers that gave to his mind the eye of a lynx; with a vivid imagination that made the very stones of Minnesota speak her praise; with an intellect as vigorous and elastic as a Damascus blade, he penned editorials which the people of this territory can never blot out from memory."

The territorial legislature did well in a few years after his death to connect his name with one of the new counties.

This county lies along the west side of the Mississippi river the distance of about thirty miles, which includes half the southwest border of Lake Pepin, and from Wabasha county on the south to Dakota county on the north. It is bounded on the east and south by the Mississippi river, Wabasha, Olmsted and Dodge counties; on the west, by Rice county and a part of Dakota county; on the north, by Dakota county.

The surface is chiefly rolling prairie, but is divided by streams and lowlands which furnish excellent drainage and abundance of pure water.

The principal streams of water are: The Mississippi river, the Cannon river, and the north and middle branches of the Zumbro river. The smaller streams lying wholly within the county are: Prairie creek, Little Cannon river, Belle creek, Spring creek, Hay creek and Wells creek. The water power on all the last named streams has been utilized to a greater or less extent for mills.

Lake Pepin is a wide and deep section of the Mississippi; there is no other lake in the county. Numerous springs abound in all parts, furnishing constant supply of water for the use of the people and to fill the streams.

With the exception of a few drifts of sand in the northern part of the county, the soil is of the very best quality for purposes of agriculture. All kinds of grain and vegetables adapted to this latitude are easily grown in abundance. For many years in the early history of this state, Goodhue was the banner county in the production of wheat. The raising of this cereal for some fifteen years after the settlement, was the chief end and aim of the farmer. Other crops were raised but only as

was sufficient for home consumption. Wheat was the only product which would bring in money. From thirty to forty bushels per acre of the best quality was then a common yield. In the year 1873 the wheat buyers of Red Wing made the statement that they had paid out for wheat in the aggregate the sum of two million dollars. During the same year much wheat grown in the county had been sold in Cannon Falls, Lake City and Hastings. The whole crop raised within the county that year could not have been less than three million bushels. From that year the chinch-bug began its depredations. Two other causes tended to diminish the amount of wheat raised about the same time, the price of wheat falling and the amount that could be raised per acre on the same land, decreasing. The wheat producing elements of the soil were becoming slowly exhausted, and a change of crops or the use of fertilizers was found to be a necessity. Diversified farming has since taken the place of wheat raising alone.

The raising of beef, mutton and pork for market; the improvement of stock of all kinds; and dairy farming, are now claiming the attention of farmers generally throughout the county. The past two years have proved that wheat can be still produced here of a superior quality in the absence of the chinch-bugs.

Timber for building purposes was not plenty at the first settlement, being found only in small groves and along the banks of the larger streams of water. Consequently, the lands first claimed were along the borders of those wooded streams. Among the forest trees more abundant were the red, black and burr oaks, white birch, maple, elm, poplar, box elder and ash. There were a few groves of white pine, and also black walnut and

butternut trees on the Cannon and Zumbro rivers, but the demand for building materials was so great when the white settlers first came that all these finest of trees were soon removed. Since that time lumber for building and manufacturing purposes has been obtained from the northern part of the state, and from Wisconsin. Where groves of maple, poplar and box elder have been planted for a few years on prairie farms they afford great protection for stock during the cold storms of winter, and valuable shade for protection from the heat of summer. These groves now surround the buildings of nearly all the farms in this county; many are now so large as to furnish the wood for the family use. Where twenty or thirty years ago there was nothing but prairie grass, may now be seen fine houses and barns surrounded by beautiful groves. Since annual prairie fires have ceased, natural groves have sprung up in uncultivated portions to such extent that timber for fencing and firewood is more plenty than formerly.

Fruit as well as forest trees are easily grown. Apple orchards seem to decay after bearing abundant fruit a few years. This is thought to be owing to the rapid growth of the trees. Crab-apples, plums, grapes, gooseberries, strawberries and blackberries are indigenous, and by the aid of proper cultivation all these fruits are produced in abundance.

There were settlements begun here in several places before the county was organized. Very soon after the Indian title had been extinguished by treaty in 1852, settlers began to come and mark off their claims. Town-sites were selected along the Mississippi at all points where it was supposed steamboats could conveniently make a landing.

James Wells, an Indian trader, had been living for several years on the shore of Lake Pepin. At the head of the same lake, George W. Bullard, another Indian trader, had established himself for the ostensible purpose of dealing with the Indians as early as 1850. Mr. Wells sold his improvements and left with the removal of the Indians.

Mr. Bullard remained and laid out a town around his trading post, naming it Wacouta. The charming summer retreat at the head of the lake now occupies the same locality, and bears the same name.

The only Indian village within the limits of what is now Goodhue county, was Red Wing's village, the site now occupied by the city of Red Wing. Several families came and began work, anticipating a future town at this place, in the autumn of 1852. The first towns laid out along the river were Red Wing, Wacouta and Central Point.

The Dakota Indians had for some time occupied the southern part of the now State of Minnesota, when the whites began to settle here. This tribe are often called Sioux, a name given them by their first traders, the French. The northern portion of the state had been claimed by the Chippewa tribe. These tribes were deadly enemies to each other. For a long series of years, their numbers had doubtless diminished rather than otherwise, on account of the frequent raids made by war parties into each others' dominions. So abundant were fish and all kinds of game found in the country, that this people indulged in war as a pastime. In the whole tract of land now called Goodhue county, there was only one village of Dakotas, and the population of this village was about three hundred. Such small vil-

lages, from forty to fifty miles apart, left large room for wild animals, and afforded ample sustenance to the few inhabitants, who lived chiefly by hunting and fishing.

But there are evidences that these savage tribes had been preceded by a more peaceful people. A dense population had once occupied this part of the county; perhaps up to the first landing of Columbus, or a few years later. The numerous earthworks and mounds which were found here furnish these evidences. As the farmer's plow has nearly obliterated these mounds and other marks of human tribes now passed away, a description of some, which were found in this county, will be given.

These earthworks were quite numerous in the vicinity of Red Wing's village, but the Dakotas professed they knew nothing of their origin. When we came in 1849 there were several mounds enclosed in the Indian cornfield, and the plat where West End Driving Park now is was pretty generally covered with them.

Dr. W. W. Sweney, who came in 1852, made some investigations of these artificial remains, the results of which are substantially as follows:

Evidences of the occupation of the country by a race of people, whose habits in some respects differed from the Dakotas, were numerous. On the sharp hill points in the vicinity of the Cannon river and Spring creek, were a number of cairns or stone mounds. These were on the highest points where shell rock outcropped and always overlooked the lower plateaus or valleys, on which were situated large groups of earthen tumuli. The cairns were of various sizes, ranging from six to twelve feet in diameter at the base. Their shape was conical, and some of those in the best state of preserva-

tion had an elevation of from eight to ten feet. The base was on the bare rock and all the loose stones in the vicinity had evidently been gathered to complete the structure. The first layer was in the form of a circle, and by inlapping towards the centre in every succeeding layer an apex was finally reached. A majority of these structures had fallen in, leaving a circle of rude masonry from three to four feet high, while the remains of the upper portion laid in a mass inside the wall, showing very conclusively they had been built hollow. Being very desirous of ascertaining the purpose for which they had been built, I selected two of the most perfect for a minute examination. The larger cairn was at least twelve feet in diameter and nine feet high. It had settled considerably, pressing upon the cavity. After an hour's hard work we were in a situation to observe the condition of its foundation. A few handfuls of black mould scattered over the bare rock base, a fragment of bone, three inches long, a muscle shell nearly in powder, and two remnants of wood distant from each other about six feet, in the east and west direction of the cairn, was all it contained. Of the bone there was hardly enough left to determine conclusively as to the species of animal to which it belonged; but I think it was a portion of the upper arm-bone of an adult human being. When found, the wooden fragments were standing upright as stakes supported by rock and were dryrotted to points. With a knife I cut off all the decayed wood, the centre being a mere splinter, but enough to distinguish it to be swamp, or blue oak. The other mound did not yield the same amount of discoveries; a little mould and traces of what were supposed to be decayed bones or shells was all

that repaid our labor. I searched very thoroughly for teeth, as my opinion was and is that these cairns were burial places, but no teeth were to be found. I think these cairns were the burial places of distinguished personages. The material of which they were composed secured them against the depredations of wild animals. Their number, however, would lead to the conclusion that it was not the common mode of sepulture.

The groups of earth mounds overlooked by these cairns were counted by hundreds, and I think were once human habitations, and if my conjectures are in the right direction, these isolated cemeteries could not alone contain the mortuary remains of as numerous a people as the evidences then to be observed indicated. These rock structures were found nowhere else in this county but on those bluffs between Hay creek and Cannon river, overlooking the valley of the Mississippi. And nowhere else in our state have I seen remains of a similar character. On breaking up the land where the earth mounds existed, large quantities of broken pottery and muscle shells were found. The fragments of pottery appeared to be a combination of tenacious clay and pulverized shells. It had a thickness of about one-fourth of an inch, and on the outside were rudely delineated figures of men, animals, foliage and other objects. The representation of a weapon of war or the chase was not to be found; which would have been different had the habits of the makers been similar to those of the modern Dakotas. This earthenware appeared to have been sun dried as there was no trace of the action of heat to redden the clay. In digging into several of these hillocks I have invariably found in the centre of the base charcoal and earth reddened by the

action of heat. On the Wisconsin shore, opposite Red Wing, there were vast numbers of mounds dotting the plain between the river and the bluffs. Some of these deviated from the regular circular form, being composed of a main body of an oblong shape with wings, resembling the prostrate form of a bird with wings outstretched.

On the farm of Charles Spates, near Cannon river, was the largest collection of tumuli in a given space I ever saw, rendering it difficult to bring the ground into proper shape for cultivation. I could fancy when I first saw this locality, on which were some three hundred mounds, that a little ravine running down to the water's edge had been worn to that condition, by the constant tread of a busy multitude, and the appearance really indicated the fact without calling on the imagination to assist in forming conclusions.

I have as yet not found the first trace of a warlike people in the remains above described; not even an arrowhead of flint, which would be imperishable. The Dakotas used them; but I have never seen one taken from a mound, or from close proximity thereto.

These earth works have been found in all parts of our country, west of the Alleghany mountains, and have been the subject of much speculation as to their origin.

We frequently find in books and papers the expression, "mound builders," conveying the idea that the country had formerly been inhabited by a race of people whose occupation was to build mounds. It is my opinion that these conical hillocks, once so numerous on the upper Mississippi and its branches, are the sites of ancient towns and villages of a race who lived and built their shelters in very much the same manner as

our Indians did here when the white people first came among them.

These mounds were always found in clusters of from thirty up to hundreds in a single locality, in distances apart about the same as the Dakota bark houses were in their villages. They were generally of a uniform size, being about twenty feet in diameter at the base and rising to eight or ten feet high in the centre.

It doubtless seems strange to some that the present tribes did not pretend to give account of the origin of these mounds. But when we consider that the different tribes of barbarous men were almost constantly at war with each other; that whole tribes were often driven from their former homes, or perished by pestilence, it does not appear so wonderful.

I noticed that there was seldom any depression in the surface of the ground immediately surrounding those mounds, which proves, I think, that they were not thrown up by human hands. When entirely removed it is seldom anything is found except a few traces of ashes at the bottom on a level with the surrounding ground. A partly decayed bone has sometimes been found.

Those who have observed the spot where a house once stood and was left to rot down, the ground not having been disturbed for many years, will remember there is a depression which marks where the cellar was. Yet around this cellar hollow is a ridge several feet higher than the land adjacent. The material of the building, if of wood, is all decayed; if of brick or stone, it is covered with earth, grass and shrubs; and the cellar is also nearly filled. Now whence all this accumulation of earth? It is evidently the result of time and natural causes.

When an old house is left to decay it soon becomes a ruinous heap. A thick growth of tall, rank weeds spring up every summer. Among this luxuriant growth the floating sands and dry leaves of autumn are lodged from year to year by the driving winds. After a few scores of years the weeds will have run out and grass, shrubs or trees grow up in their place. Apply this work to dwellings once occupied by a people who never have any cellars and we have a solution of the problem, Whence came these mounds?

There were occasionally found mounds of a different shape and size from those described, which were the remains of rude fortifications or burial places for the dead.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY SETTLERS' EXPERIENCES.

There appears to be no limit to human progress. Its onward march is often retarded, however, by those who, having obtained positions of power and influence, begin to flatter themselves that they are the people and wisdom will surely die with them. A life of ease and luxury opposes real progress. It is a life of toil, the meeting of disappointments and trials, which makes for higher and better things.

In recurring to the events of former days we enjoy the contrast between those days and the present time. To those who saw the land now comprising this county, forty years ago, and can look upon it today, the contrast must be indeed gratifying. The changes that have been wrought, and improvements made, are simply wonderful. A waste, howling wilderness has become a fruitful field. The desert has been made to bud and blossom. A country which had been roamed over for centuries by wild beasts and a few savage men, has become dotted over with towns and villages, wherein are the homes of thousands of intelligent inhabitants, engaged in trade and the manufacturing of articles of commerce. The puffing of steam engines, the hum of machinery, the voices of children playing in the streets on their way to the school-houses, and the church-going

bells, are heard on every side. Besides all these, and of still greater importance, is the progress of improvement to be seen on all the broad stretches of land surrounding the villages; the valleys and plains covered with neatly cultivated fields of growing crops, and green pastures wherein cattle, sheep and horses are grazing; the beautiful farm houses, the large and convenient barns, surrounded by shade trees and shrubs bearing fruits and flowers, and also, at proper intervals, the country churches and district school-houses.

It is evident that such a change has not been brought about by magic, nor by any evolution of nature; but chiefly by earnest, honest labor. Through patient toil and the endurance of privation and suffering on the part of somebody, has this change come.

The history of a county should contain the personal experiences of some of its pioneers, and we shall devote a few chapters to such experiences as I have been able to gather, knowing that many others might be given which would be equally interesting had we the means of obtaining them. But many of our pioneers have passed away from this world. We can relate the personal experiences of only a few.

The difficulties of going from one point to another in a country where there are neither roads nor bridges, hotels nor farm houses, are among the most formidable that first settlers have to encounter. I started, in September 1849, alone on horse-back, to go from Red Wing's village to another Indian village on the Minnesota river, to attend the annual meeting of the Dakota mission. I was to follow the Mississippi river up to the mouth of the Minnesota river, and then the latter stream some eighty miles to my place of destination,

which was near the place now called St. Peter. The first day I expected to reach Kaposia, which was an Indian village a little below St. Paul. Dr. T. S. Williamson was the missionary stationed there, and from that point I was to have his company the remainder of the journey. There were no human habitations between Red Wing and Kaposia at that time.

The morning was warm and sultry on the day I set out. I was directed to follow "the trail." After fording Hay creek I was convinced that my horse had not been accustomed to follow an Indian trail. The marshy ground on the sides of the creek was rather soft for his weight. The grass had grown so tall that season as to hide the trail entirely in many places, and I found it the only safe way to lead my horse over the marshy ground. At the crossing of the Cannon river the same difficulty occurred. The tall grass there reached above my shoulders while I sat on my horse. Where I crossed that stream it was so deep for a short distance that the water took in the horse except his head and a part of his neck.

After reaching the high prairie between the Cannon and Vermillion rivers, and then crossing the latter without trouble, I could see a long stretch of prairie before me, and knowing there were no more rivers to cross that day I began to feel that I should reach Kaposia in due time. Occasionally I could see plainly a mark where the Indian ponies had traveled, and tried to keep the same direction. But the sun was shaded with clouds and a storm came on at about four o'clock. The thunder rolled and the lightning flashed. Soon the rain fell in torrents and I could no longer see the trail. The prairie grass covered it. There was a grove

apparently at some distance on the left, and I made towards it. The distance was greater than I expected, but I finally reached, not a grove, but a few oak trees scattered widely apart, affording no shelter from the wind and rain. I rode on. Shower followed shower; night came on and still it rained. Finally I reached a grove where the trees stood near together and were filled in by underbrush. It was now so dark that it was impossible to go further with safety. I stood there under the forest through several thunder showers holding my horse by the bridle waiting for the morning. The ground was too wet to think of lying down and I leaned my back against a tree and got some sleep. Morning dawned at last and the clouds had dispersed. My horse was still near me, biting the herbage. Reconnoitering the ground, I found a path, and by a streak of light, which showed where the sun was going to rise, I knew the points of compass. Following the path in a northwesterly direction about a mile, I should judge, I came to the village of Mendota, at that time a trading post for the American Fur Company. There I was shown a trail that led to Kaposia, some five or six miles below on the Mississippi river. I took that trail and soon after arrived at the Kaposia mission. Both horse and rider were weary, wet and hungry; and thanks to missionary hospitality our wants were supplied. For the remainder of the trip I had the company of those who knew the way, and had experience in the methods of traveling. Many strange incidents occurred to me during that journey, but the trials of that first day were the most severe. It was the occasion of the annual meeting of the Dakota mission. Once a year all the missionaries to that tribe were accustomed to meet for

two or three days and consult together at one of the stations. At this meeting at Traverse des Sioux I first made acquaintance with the older missionaries and learned much of their methods of procedure.

I learned afterward that oxen were more safe and reliable for traveling through the country than horses. The Red river trade was then carried on between the United States and Canada chiefly by means of oxen. For transportation they used two-wheeled carts, each drawn by one ox.

In the spring of 1852 I started for Lac qui Parle, the mission station among the Dakotas farthest distant from Red Wing. A young man who was engaged to go there to assist the missionaries accompanied me. Having some baggage, consisting of a small cloth tent and a few blankets for the night rests, some carpenter's tools, provisions for ten days, and the mail for the mission families at Lac qui Parle, which had been accumulating at Fort Snelling all winter, we loaded all into an ox cart and traveled in Red river style. We were nine days going from Traverse des Sioux to our destination, and no sign of civilization did we meet on the way. There were plenty of sloughs to cross, streams to ford and rainy days and nights to endure. Sometimes we were mired down in a marsh. But our ox was patient. He could rest awhile and then use his strength again. Often did we lift at the wheels to help release them from the mud. The rains and melting snow had raised all the streams to full banks and swimming was the last resort in order to cross some of them which in ordinary times could easily have been forded. We came at last to what was then called the Chippeway river. This was skirted with timber and the water was flowing over the

timbered bottom. We could not tell where the regular channuel was. It seemed to be at least three-fourths of a mile across that valley covered by a swift rushing stream. We considered ways and means. Finding a tree in such a position as to be obtained we cut it down and constructed a small raft with sections of the trunk fastened side by side and branches spread on the top. But this raft would only carry one of us at a time; it was now near night and after crossing this stream, it would be five miles to the mission and our provisions were exhausted or nearly so. My companion agreed to stay there with the ox and cart until another day, while I should go over on our raft and walk to the station where we could get help. I took the satchel which contained the mail with me and placed it upon some brush near the middle of the raft, and with a pole in my hands, standing close behind the satchel, I commenced the perilous voyage. Had some hard hits against standing trees for a time, and when I reached the real bed of the river my frail vessel was carried down stream with a rush. I could only use my pole like an oar, and I went down much faster than across, till I came to a fallen tree, the top of which was partly out of water. I tried to steer the raft around it but the current sucked me under and I was struck off into the stream, while my raft swung around under the tree top. I caught hold of the satchel and followed the raft by clinging to the upper branches and before it had become disentangled from the tree top I was on board again. I had evidently now crossed the main channel and by clinging to passing trees I made the opposite shore. Walking along up the stream till I found the track, I pursued my way through a storm of sleet, five miles, to the mis-

sion, arriving sometime after dark. The next day, by means of a boat belonging at the station, my companion in travel was relieved. I remained at Lac qui Parle more than a week, hoping the waters would assuage, which was the case to some extent.

On returning we had a yoke of oxen attached to a lumber wagon, for our means of conveyance as far as Traverse des Sioux. Mission supplies were sent up to that point in boats; and to convey a load of such supplies to the mission it was necessary for this team to go down at that season, which was in the early part of May. I was entrusted with management of the team and, as I had only a light load, expected to enjoy the trip. The distance, as then traveled, between the two stations was a little over one hundred miles. No human habitation, not even an Indian hut to be seen all that distance. The streams were forded on this occasion without difficulty. Although the water would sometimes reach the backs of the oxen and leak into the wagon box, there was a solid bed for our team to walk on. Not so accommodating were many of the marshes or sloughs. When once you broke through the turf you went down, at least as far as legs would reach. There seemed to be no bottom. On coming to the edge of a slough it was necessary to halt and reconnoitre. It was never safe to follow any former track; there the turf would be already broken. If there could be no way found to get around we ventured in and tried to keep the team up on an untrod way. But just at that season, before the new grass had started the old turf was very tender and very frequently our team went down, so as to be obliged to wallow, until the wagon, (narrow-rimmed wheels) would sink to the hubs, when the oxen would become discouraged and the

whole concern would cease to move. The next thing to do was to "rope out." A strong rope sixty or seventy feet long, was an indispensable article to carry coiled up in one corner of the wagon box. Thanks to the more experienced, we were provided with one. "Unloose the team from the wagon and drive them ahead to a piece of firm ground; fasten the rope to the end of the tongue and the other end to the ring of the ox-yoke. Now you can perhaps draw your load out of the mud." This was called roping out, a process which I had become pretty well accustomed to at the end of this journey. Once we were so completely fast that I had to unyoke the team and let each ox get out by himself. Then I yoked them, but before I could get them to draw the wagon out I was obliged to unload and carry the loading to a dry place on my shoulders. I took the wagon box off and the team drew it out first. Then uncoupled the wheels and by the strength of the oxen, drew each pair out separately.

It took time and patience to travel in those days. If I remember rightly we were eleven days performing that trip. Sleeping under our wagon for ten nights in succession. I could never since consider camping out much of a pleasure. Traveling by canoes and steamboats in those days was a more comfortable mode than by land. We could only avail ourselves of the last-named craft when we wished to go to the head of navigation on the Mississippi.

X For two years and a half our nearest post-office was Point Douglas, twenty-five miles by river from Red Wing. After learning how to manage a log canoe, I could go that distance in one with pleasure.

The missionaries on the upper Minnesota in conjunc-

tion with the Indian traders, used a large boat, carrying several tons, for transporting their goods and supplies from Fort Snelling to their several stations during the summer. In September, 1851, I had the pleasure of a trip on the boat, named Winona, on its return from Traverse des Sioux to the fort.

It had been raining for a week or more and early in the morning of the day fixed upon for starting the rain was still pattering upon the roof of the mission house. By eight o'clock the storm ceased and the clouds began to disperse. Preparations were immediately made for embarkation. By nine o'clock our party were all snugly packed on board the Winona, a barge of eight tons burden. The party consisted of twenty-four persons; nineteen were missionaries and their children. Some were returning to their several stations at Shakopee, Oak Grove, Kaposia and Red Wing, after having attended the annual meeting. To complete the number there were two Frenchmen, employes of the traders and three Dakotas. For freight we had three horses, sixteen packs of furs and a considerable quantity of baggage belonging to one of the mission families who were on their way to visit friends in Ohio. When all were ready, farewells were exchanged with those left behind and our little vessel moved out upon the bosom of the charming river. It seemed to me that nothing on earth could have exceeded the variety and beauty of the scenery, by which we were surrounded as we glided down the "sky colored water." The dark rain clouds had disappeared and the golden-edged fleeces which appeared in their stead were moving in majesty, adorning the great archway with the richest drapery, while sheltering the traveler from the too constant heat of the sun. In conse-

quence of the great rain, the banks of the river were full and in many places overflowing. No ghastly forms of uprooted trees, no shelves of dropping mud, nor bars of yellow sand were visible. Every object that could be thought disagreeable was covered by the flowing waters. We sailed on, in our winding course, through banks of living green. The willows which skirted the stream in abundance, bending under the force of the current, seemed to be bowing their heads and kissing the water, like things of intelligence expressing their gratitude for favors received. Our course for that day was bounded for many miles by dense forests; occasionally, however, we were greeted by an opening meadow covered with tall wild grass. We had a view of nature unalloyed by the hand of art. Night came on at last and it was not considered safe to continue our journey in the dark. Our barge was directed to the shore and made fast to a stately elm. After evening prayers our cheerful company spread their blankets, some on the grassy bank, some on board the boat and laid themselves down to rest. A little past midnight our rest was disturbed. The moon had appeared above the horizon in all its brightness. The land-sleepers were aroused and summoned on board, the line was hauled in and the boat began again to move down the bold current. Before sunrise we were in sight of what was then called "Prairieville Station," the village of the chief called Little Six, now Shakopee. On arriving near the mission house our boat was again tied to a tree and all accompanied Rev. Mr. Pond to his house where we partook of a warm breakfast, seated at a table once more. After tarrying at that place some two hours, having parted with some of our company, we re-embarked and

wended our way down the river. The day was fine and the views most enchanting. We had left the big woods and the country was a rolling prairie, but no human habitation nor cultivated fields were to be seen, until we came to "Oak Grove Station," or Black Dog's village. Here we halted and left Rev. G. H. Pond, the missionary at that station. At about three o'clock in the afternoon we came to Mendota, the meeting of the waters of Minnesota and the Mississippi. When Fort Snelling was descried in the distance those missionary children began to dance for joy. Having been born in an Indian village, they had only seen pictures of really civilized habitations before. Who can describe the feelings of those children on that occasion? Our bark was soon moored under the battlements of the fort and we pursued our way homeward by other methods of conveyance.

CHAPTER IV.

EXPERIENCES CONTINUED.

While the Dakotas were in possession we had no lack of wild fresh meat, but the advent of white hunters soon diminished the amount of game in all the region. The Indians were skillful in taking their game by stealth, instead of chasing it with hounds. They were careful not to kill any more than necessary at one time. I have seen a Dakota go through the prairie grass on all fours, or rather on threes, for he held a shot-gun near the ground in one hand. At a few rods distance I should easily have taken him to be a quadruped. He was on the track of a deer. I have the impression that a fresh sirloin steak of elk or bear, killed by an Indian in those days was much finer than any meat I have ever eaten which came from the butcher.

John Day and family were residents of Trenton, Wisconsin, for a time previous to their coming to Red Wing. The story we now relate is told by Mr. Day, the circumstances occurring while they lived at Trenton:

While seated at breakfast one morning Mrs. Day called the attention of her husband to a large black object which at first they thought to be a black hog, but which on closer inspection proved to be a bear. Day seized a gun loaded with slugs and fired at the bear, but the slugs fell short of the mark. The bear took to the river

and made for the Minnesota shore, leaving Mr. Day standing disappointedly watching his movements. While thus engaged a splashing of the water near attracted his notice and looking in the direction he saw his wife coming towards him with a small skiff. As soon as she discovered that her husband had missed his aim and that the bear had taken to the water, with a woman's forethought she caught up an axe, and hurrying to the skiff, unmoored it, and started to the aid of her husband, determined that the bear should not escape. As soon as the skiff touched the shore, Mr. Day jumped in and following bruin's wake, succeeded in heading him off and turning him towards the Wisconsin shore. When nearly opposite his home Mr. Day managed to get near enough to his game to use the axe. A short and desperate struggle ensued, resulting in victory for Day. The bear was towed to the shore and found to weigh 400 pounds. Mr. Day was much praised by the Indians for his daring and prowess. They forgot that the credit for the success of the adventure belonged to Mrs. Day. Had it not been for her forethought in taking the axe and canoe when she did, her husband would have stood there looking until the bear had crossed the river and made his escape. Mrs. Day was an example of the kind of stuff many of Minnesota's pioneer women were made of.

The Dakotas of Red Wing used log canoes for navigating the rivers. It required some skill to manage such a craft in the water. My first experiences in canoe traveling were rather ludicrous. Being at the landing one day when a man and boy were about to launch one of these vessels for a hunting excursion I asked the privilege of a ride with them, which was readily granted.

As I attempted to board the thing, it slipped from me so quickly that I came near falling into the stream. But the man and boy held the canoe so that I succeeded in the next attempt. We had not gone far up the stream keeping along near the shore, when I noticed the water was not very deep and having a long stick in my hand, which I had been using for a staff, I thought I might increase the speed and help the rowers. I put my stick over the side, touched the bottom and gave a good push. The stick stuck in the muddy bottom and when I pulled to get it out, quick almost as lightning the boat rolled over and all three were ducked headforemost into the water. When I regained a standing position the two Indians were fishing for their guns and powder horns from the river bottom. We soon secured all the lost baggage as the water was not more than three feet deep where the catastrophe occurred. It was fortunate for me that I had but little acquaintance with the language at that time. So the scathing rebuke which was given did not arouse my indignation. Acknowledging my ignorance I promised to keep still in the future and after wringing some of the water from our garments we embarked again and finished the trip without further accident. After this I learned very soon how to paddle the canoe and frequently took short journeys in one. The same vehicle could be, and was sometimes used for traveling on the land.

On the Fourth of July, 1852, we celebrated the day by an excursion down to the head of the lake, visiting with the trader, Mr. Bullard and family, at that place. The party consisted of Mr. John Bush, Indian farmer, his wife, myself, wife and one child. Mr. Bush considered that it would be easier to take a team and go by

land than to go on the river. A large canoe was brought into requisition. The oxen were hitched to one end by a log-chain. We four took seats on quilts in the canoe. Mr. Bush driving the oxen, walked by their side. The wild grass being quite tall and thick the canoe glided along where the ground was level like a sleigh over the snow. But in many places the land was uneven. The oxen seemed in good spirits and walked rather lively. Frequently the canoe struck a stone or a sideling place and we were immediately turned out. These turnovers were often and gave us great merriment. We were thrown out at different times and found ourselves in all sorts of positions imaginable. Mr. Bush protested that he tried to find the smoothest places, but I rather suspected his honesty. We accomplished the trip however, had a good time and returned in the evening with the same consequences of turning over and fun. That twelve miles of riding in a canoe by land was the most laughable experience of my life.

On the fifteenth day of June, 1869, W. W. Sweney, M. D., delivered an address in Red Wing, describing scenes and incidents attending the first settlement, well worthy of a permanent record. I have selected from his address the following extracts:

"In the spring of 1852, Calvin Potter, with whom I had previously been acquainted, called at my office in St. Paul and informed me that he had bought out Mr. Snow, a licensed Indian trader at Red Wing, and in view of a treaty then in process of confirmation, he thought that point a good location for a town site; also that he would like to interest some one with him in a claim he had there. Mr. William Freeborn, being one of the old residents of St. Paul and having a large ac-

quaintance, Mr. Potter thought, would be a desirable man. From my opinion of the country, acquired by various conversations with an old French voyager and also from an Englishman by birth, but in language and habits a compound of English, French and Indian, who had been in the country for thirty years, I was more than anxious to take a part in the enterprise and brought about a speedy meeting between Mr. Potter and Mr. Freeborn. In our council Mr. Freeborn demurred at first, urging his inability to remove to the new El Dorado immediately. I proposed to remove that objection by coming myself, to which he acceded. The result was that we three took the return boat and landed in Red Wing in the early part of May. While there I purchased a claim-right from a half-breed, named Benjamin Young, of that part of the city known as Sweney's addition, as also that old weather-beaten two-story log house, known to old settlers, that stood near the ground now occupied by the La Grange Mill. This done I returned to St. Paul, put my business in proper shape and came back to Red Wing with James McGinnis who concluded to try his fortune in this then unexplored country. We made our headquarters in the venerable tenement before mentioned and 'kept back.' This was in the latter part of May or the beginning of June.

"As it was not advisable to go into any farming or building operations until the treaty was ratified, we had plenty of idle time on our hands and the grand difficulty was to know how to dispose of it. The families then here were the Rev. J. W. Hancock, of the Presbyterian mission and John Bush, Indian farmer. John Day was not far off, however. The old 'Excelsior' never made a trip up from below that John did not board her, to

hear 'about the treaty.' There were several transient persons here whose whereabouts are not now known. The only actual residents of the county previous to my coming, besides those above mentioned were George Bullard and family at Wacouta, James Wells, since killed by the Indians, who then had a trading post at what is now the village of Frontenac and a Mr. Gould who resided near the mouth of Wells creek with his family. This comprised the white population of what is now Goodhue county. Of the county back of us even for four miles I could learn nothing. Mr. Knauer, the engineer of the old military road up the river, said he rode out to the source of Hay creek and that it originated in a fine tamarack marsh. It occurred to McGinnis and myself that a good tamarack swamp in a prairie country would be a fine thing to possess, and being like the caged starling, anxious to get out, we just went for Hay creek and to our intense disgust, didn't find any tamarack. In an after conversation with Mr. Knauer, I am persuaded that not following the valley of the creek all the way he mistook a popular grove, known in early times as 'Albert's grove,' for the swamp aforesaid. After the disappointment about the source of Hay creek our trips were mainly confined to the river side of the county, between the divide of the waters of the Zumbro and Mississippi. Even Belle creek was not known except as its locality and course was described to us by an Indian. It was not deemed advisable to go far from the river, as many of the Indians were decidedly hostile to ceding their lands and the Zumbro country was the common hunting ground for several bands of the Mdewakantowan Dakotas, besides being in the traveling route of the Indians from the upper

Minnesota to Wabasha, the residence of the acknowledged head chief of the seven bands.

"Having become acquainted with the principal men among the Indians, I thought it safe to bring my family from St. Paul, which I did in July, 1852, as did also Mr. McGinnis. I have a very lively recollection of getting our household stock from the landing to our residence. A winding rugged path up the bank was the course by which we conveyed it. 'Mc' and I transformed ourselves into pack mules, until stoves, bureaus, provisions and various etceteras of two households were placed under shelter and we were at home. Within the next twenty-four hours ninety-nine hundredths of the Indian population had called in through curiosity, and their various comments would have doubtless been edifying had we been able to understand them. Friendly relations were established however, and we never could complain of lack of company as long as they remained in the village. I must also say in justice to these original settlers and occupants of the soil, that I was never more kindly treated by any people, nor did I ever enjoy myself better.

"The treaty being ratified by the Senate of the United States with some alterations from the original, as framed by the Dakotas and commissioners, it became necessary to convene the different bands interested therein to get their consent. Notice was accordingly given them to meet at Fort Snelling early in the fall, in consequence of which a perfect exodus of the aborigines took place, and nothing more was seen of them here until late in November, after the close of navigation. When they did return a more squalid, wretched looking set I never saw. Bitter were the complaints against the govern-

ment officials. Their annuities were spent in waiting at the fort. The best of the hunting season had passed, their canoes were frozen in the ice away from home and would be mainly lost. I remember well when the first installment that came home, three families, pitched their tents in the evening near the mission house. They were worn out, cold and hungry, the children emaciated and sick from want and exposure. They were supplied by the whites with food until the men could obtain game for their sustenance. In the morning two of the men went out hunting and as I came home in the evening unsuccessful from a similiar expedition on Hay creek, I struck their trail and in a short time overtook them, a little below where Cogels' flouring mill now is, each of them toiling through the deep snow under the burden of a deer. The men seemed exhausted and requested me to stop at their teepees and tell the women where they were, that they had got tado (fresh meat) and wanted them to come to their assistance. I hurried home to communicate the joyful intelligence to the inmates of those three lodges. Upon reaching them I told one of the women the good news. She immediately shouted forth a peculiar cry which was echoed by all in the tent. This brought out the inhabitants of the other lodges. Upon being told the cause of the commotion, the same shout went up from all present. The women rushed about for straps, knives and blankets and the children jumped up and down for joy. After giving them proper directions three women started on a dog trot and were soon lost to view. Sometime after dark I called at the lodges and found them busily engaged in masticating large mouthfuls of venison. The cry or shout mentioned I have heard frequently and it is made

on the occasion of the intelligence of a successful hunt.

"The additions to our population that fall were John Day and family, E. C. Stevens, David Puckett, Jack Saunders, Ben. Hill and Charles Parks who came in November. The proprietors of the townsite had procured lumber late in the fall for the erection of a hotel early in the spring and it was necessary to engage carpenters to prepare such material in the winter as could be done in the shop. H. B. and Joseph Middaugh were obtained and became residents of the town in December. About this time also, the first of our Scandinavian population arrived here. Mathias Peterson (Ringdahl,) a Norwegian by birth, and Nels Nelson, a Swede, who for a long time lived with me. These two men were the pioneers of that nationality in Goodhue county. Both these men formerly resided in St. Paul. In the spring following, Albert, a Norwegian, settled here and made his claim in what is now Featherstone township at Albert's Grove, now embraced in the limits of the farm of Mr. Frenn.

"The winter of 1852-3 was passed very pleasantly by our little isolated community. The natives soon left on their winter's hunt after their return from the treaty ratification at the fort and we saw but little of them until sometime in January; in fact we saw nobody but our own residents. Communication between us and the civilized world was only resumed when the frost had rendered traveling safe on the Mississippi river. The mail was carried from Prairie du Chien through Wisconsin, crossing the Chippewa river near Menomonee, thence to Stillwater and St. Paul. When the ice was safe trains passed frequently from below, laden with pork and flour. Our isolation was from about the middle of November

till some time in January. Such supplies as ran short were obtained of Mr. Potter, whose establishment contained those articles more especially demanded by Indian trade; from G. W. Bullard, at Wacouta, whose situation at the head of the lake rendered it necessary for him to keep a more extensive assortment of goods to supply the wants of the lumbering interests; or if these stores were deficient, then St. Paul was the last resort for the winter. As it is impossible to relate all I wish to say in chronological order I may as well give a few incidents connected with our county history even though out of their proper era.

“On the Wisconsin side of the river, previous to the settlement here in 1852, the land was ceded, surveyed and opened to settlement. At Diamond Bluff lived John and George Day, Allen Wilson and Jack Payne; at the mouth of the Trimbelle, ‘Old Hawley,’ and Jack Meade, at Things’ landing (now Trenton) Wilson Thing, E. C. Stevens and Mr. Dexter, all more or less engaged in getting out wood for the use of steamboats. The two Days and Stevens afterwards resided in this county. ‘Old Hawley’ was rather a hard case. By his sale of whisky our community was frequently disturbed by the whooping and yelling of drunken Indians, upon which occasions about all the natives not engaged in the spree would flee to the houses of the whites for protection and there remain until the ‘Minni Wakau’ gave out and the legitimate results of a high old time had overtaken the carousers. Nothing is certainly known of Hawley’s fate, but from a knowledge of his character, I would infer that he is at some side station or switch-off in that undiscovered country from whence no traveler returns.

“In justice to truth and history I must say something

of Wilson Thing, a very eccentric man, a strict vegetarian, a man of strong prejudices, but moral and upright, a good neighbor and an honest man. He was the only justice of the peace for many miles around and consequently had a little legal business to perform.

"Previous to my coming here a fair widow of this place had entered into a marriage contract with a gentleman of St. Paul and the time was fixed for a consummation of the happy event. When the time arrived and the parties to the contract were present, a grand difficulty occurred. Rev. Mr. Hancock, the only one authorized to solemnize marriages, was absent. The bridegroom was impatient and the bride annoyed. Friends suggested a canoe ride to Trenton and the services of Squire Thing as the only solution of the difficulty. Of course under the circumstances, the bride and bridegroom acceded to the proposition and in a short time the bridal party was under way for the residence of the justice. They found this worthy representative of the law, as enacted and promulgated by the great state of Wisconsin, busily engaged in the rather feminine occupation of washing a two months' accumulation of dirty shirts (he being at that time a bachelor) and he was somewhat embarrassed by the sudden irruption into his sanctum. The bride, however, was plucky, and to relieve the justice and give him time to make himself presentable and con over the marriage ceremony, she proposed that herself and mother would finish the laundry operations while he got ready for his part of the proceedings, which was accepted, and in due time both the shirt washing and marriage ceremony were completed to the satisfaction of all concerned.

"As winter approached it was necessary for us to look

about for a supply of vegetables for winter use, as there was none to be had on this side of the river. Upon inquiry I found that Mr. Thing had planted four or five acres of potatoes, besides some beets and cabbage which latter we were able to purchase. The potatoes, however, were not to be obtained by a regular business transaction of cash down. In the first place they were planted on the sod, that is two rounds were plowed, the potatoes dropped in the last furrow and covered by the sod of the next round, and so on. The squire's field was the prairie between Trenton and the bluffs. The season was not favorable for rotting the sod and the tubers were hard to excavate. He wanted help which was hard to get. We wanted potatoes and money would not buy them. Consequently it was 'root, hog or die' with us and we went to rooting. A hard day's work unearthed ten bushels to the man, for which one bushel was given as wages. I have to this day a very acute appreciation of the pleasant occupation I was then engaged in. Just fancy my getting up at four o'clock in the morning, breaking my fast as soon as possible, getting into a canoe with my hoe, basket and sack and paddling up to Trenton, thence to the field. Now commence the dissection of those guttapercha sods with a plantation hoe. A little experience in another line of business enabled me to get the hang of the thing. In getting honey out of a hollow tree, the best way is to cut two carfs into the cavity, then split off the block of timber between. The same rule held good in the present instance, but I must say I never saw sod so tough, potatoes so hard to get at and so small when I got them. But as an offset I have never eaten potatoes of equal excellence, and I was prouder of the ten bushels I thus acquired, than of the

biggest buck I ever arrested in his wild career through the woods, or the largest trout I ever landed from the clear rushing waters of his native brook. Just think of it, ten bushels all my own, no gift, not begged, but earned. One hundred bushels torn from the rugged earth, ninety given as a peace offering, but ten my own for use and dissipation. I think I didn't dissipate. On my back I nightly bore my wages down to my gondola and sailed away for home.

“Among the first items of information I obtained from the Indians was that the small spring brooks contained an abundance of trout and the equally gratifying intelligence that they never used them as an article of food, as their religious notions tabooed their use. From the name they gave the speckled beauties I would infer they considered them too bad to eat, ‘Hogan-wich-astasni,’ literally, wicked-man-fish. They really believed some malign influence resided in the fish and that to eat them would be to invite disease and the anger of the gods. This feeling was very prevalent among them, and the chief Wacouta, being invited to take dinner with me at which meal I informed him there would be a dish of trout, he consented to be present provided we would lock the doors, eat dinner up-stairs, hang a curtain before the window, and say nothing about what he had eaten. This was done and the old shooter made a very hearty meal, as Indians are apt to do, but I thought during the trout course, that he acted as though the morsels were hard to bolt, like a boy swallowing his first oyster. He ate frequently with me afterwards, but I cannot say that trout ever appeared to be a favorite dish with him. All the small streams within the limits of our county abounded with trout, with the exception

of the Zumbro, Prairie creek and the Little Cannon. The latter stream has since been stocked and now affords very fine sport. I only fished in four of these streams the first two years of my residence here, to-wit: Troutbrook, Spring creek, Hay creek and Bullard's creek. The first of these being adjacent to town, was where I got my supply for home use. An hour or two in the evening would net me eight or ten pounds of the fish. X

"In the fall of 1852, having a fishing seine in our possession, we organized a fishing party and built the necessary craft for running a fishery. We began this enterprise for the purpose of supplying our own wants. Meeting with great success and having nothing else to do, salt and barrels were procured and in a short time we supplied St. Paul with forty barrels of good fish at the remarkably low price of six dollars per barrel. Our fishing grounds were the bay in front of Cogel's (now Betcher's) mill and a lake on the Wisconsin shore about a mile above Bay City. Large quantities were caught of all kinds inhabiting the river, but we only preserved the best fish, rejecting pike, pickerel, bass, sturgeon, dogfish, sheephead and gars, while the rich, fat and luscious cat, buffalo and carp were carefully cleaned and salted, well repaying us for our labor. At one haul of our seine in the lake above referred to, we took out over eight barrels of fish when cleaned and packed, besides an innumerable quantity of the 'baser sort' as before indicated. These remarks may provoke satirical comments from the members of a certain fishing ring, who think that the mantle of old Isaac Walton has fallen on them individually and that their palates and peculiar notions should form the standard of true sport and gustatory excellence. But to these I

would say, we only wanted such fish as would repay us in nutriment and feed for the animal economy, when the mercury ranged from zero to forty below. This was supplied by our selection, some of the fish yielding over a pint of good oil. Pike, pickerel, bass and trout, as salt fish, are about as nutrient as floating-island, puffs, pastry and gimcracks, and all are measurably worthless as food to strong, hearty, working men.

"In the spring of 1853 I farmed the old Indian corn-field, which occupied that portion of the city now lying between Third and Bush streets and College bluff as far west as Mr. Densmore's residence, besides breaking up that portion lying west of the latter point and extending to the John Day farm. The crop was oats, corn, seven acres of potatoes, six of rutabagas, turnips, pumpkins, cabbages, beans, etc., all of which yielded largely. In the fall I needed help to secure the corn and potatoes, and there was no other resource than to hire native laborers. The Indian camp was then on the Mississippi bottom near the mouth of Cannon river. I sent word to the camp that twenty women were wanted to help me, who should receive a barrel of potatoes for every four times they dug across the field. Thirteen women came the next morning accompanied by about two dozen dogs and as many children. The day after thirty-two squaws appeared with their camp kettles, pack straps and hoes and this number continued until the field was finished, having gathered for me over 1,000 bushels of potatoes exclusive of their own wages."

CHAPTER V.

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES.

Fifty years ago the Northwest Territory, which included the present State of Minnesota, was little known. It was sparsely inhabited by wild men, who lived chiefly by hunting and fishing. The different tribes were often engaged in war with each other, which had a tendency to diminish their numbers. A military post had been established by the United States at the junction of the St. Peters' river, as the Minnesota river was then called, with the Mississippi river. A few Indian traders and Christian missionaries had in a few places raised the signals of a coming civilization. Buffalo, elk, bears and other wild animals had large and free pastures on these widely extended prairies and in the forests which bordered the numerous lakes and small streams. A stranger might then have roamed over the country for many days without seeing any signs of human habitation. The natives lived in huts or tents which were few and far between. Their villages were situated in covert places and consisted of a few bark covered huts huddled close together and these villages were usually fifty to a hundred miles apart.

It was in the early part of May, 1849, that we started for this wild region. Our whole party consisted of my-

self, my wife and a young babe. The evening previous to our departure our friends had given us a farewell meeting at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. We traveled by rail to Buffalo, thence by steamer through the lakes to Chicago. At that time no cars were running from Chicago further west. The construction of the first railroad pointing towards the Mississippi had been commenced. Having been informed that a horse and light wagon would be a great convenience at the mission and that it would be advisable to purchase such an outfit in Chicago we waited there several days in order to obtain them. Stages were then running from Chicago to Galena to accommodate travelers, but we had some extra baggage which the stage would not accommodate. After some delay we obtained a horse and wagon, put all our luggage aboard and started for Galena. Unfortunately for us, it was a rainy time and the roads were in a very soft condition. That part of the country was then new and sparsely settled. Sometimes we "got stuck" in the mire and were obliged to go quite a distance for help. We gained some experience which was valuable to us afterwards, but the journey was a tedious one. We got through to Galena in the course of a week, all safe and well. I remember that my sleeves were pretty well plastered with Illinois mud, gained by frequently lifting at the wheels when we drove up at the hotel. At Galena we spent several days in preparation for the last stage of the journey, which was by a steamboat up the river to our destined Indian village. I purchased a cow, some provisions, groceries and some articles of furniture for house-keeping while in Galena. These and all our other stores were taken on board the steamboat "Franklin," on which we secured passage. This

trip was a pleasant one. There were some other passengers on the boat who were going to the new towns of St. Paul and Stillwater. Among others with whom we had formed acquaintance was Henry M. Rice, afterwards Senator Rice. He pointed out to us the top of Barn bluff while our steamer was somewhere in Lake Pepin, and told us that it marked the place where we were to land. Peculiar sensations were felt by us at the sight of that bold bluff standing in the middle of the great valley through which our steamer was plowing its way. But there was not much time to indulge in sentiment. It was incumbent upon us to gather up our loose and scattered belongings that we might be ready for debarkation. The idea of cutting loose from all the enjoyments of civilized life and spending one's whole energies in the midst of a heathen people, seemed at that moment a little absurd to our fellow passengers, I think. We kept cheerful as possible while making preparations and saying good bye to our companions in travel. The bell rang to announce that the boat would soon make a short stop. As it began to draw near the shore strange faces began to appear. Nearly the whole village came down to the landing place to give us a welcome. Some were fantastically dressed and oramented with feathers and paint, while others were almost destitute of clothing. Two pale faces soon appeared among the motly crowd, our former friends, Rev. J. F. Aiton and John Bush. The boat hands made short work in dumping out our luggage upon the beach. But when the turn came for the live stock, especially the horse and cow, that was labor. Both those animals strongly objected to going ashore. The admiring crowd of men, women and children had no attraction for them. No coaxing could

prevail. Human strength and skill finally accomplished the work. We had a long handshaking with our new friends who gave us a very hearty welcome. They kindly helped us in moving our things up to the mission house. The only road up the river bank seemed a sort of gulley through a thicket of bushes. A large tree which had been broken down by the wind somewhat obstructed our way. It was about four o'clock p. m., on the 13th of June when we landed and there was a slight thunder shower between that time and sunset, yet everything was safely housed before dark.

The mission premises consisted of two substantial log buildings a few rods in the rear of the native houses. The latter were built of poles covered with bark and stood along the river bank near where Main street now occupies, between Bush and Potter streets. The mission houses were near the junction of Bush and Third streets. Narrow paths were crossing each other in various directions among the hazel bushes. There was a ravine just back of the mission houses in which many springs of cool water gushed forth, forming a small creek, afterwards called the Jordan, the outlet of which may still be seen. The mouth of this creek was then the safest harbor for canoes. Beyond the creek on rising ground extending some sixty rods east and west, were the Indian corn-fields. Each family had a separate patch of corn, the whole being fenced around by stakes and willows. Poultry and dogs being the only domestic animals kept in the village at the time, no stronger fences were needed. There was a fine meadow of wild grass between Sorin and Barn bluffs. We were obliged to keep our horse and cow tethered or confined in a rude stable. The poor cow seemed to suffer much

before being reconciled to the new home. Once she got away and swam the river in her fright. We soon found her on the island opposite the village and with the aid of a canoe brought her home. Some time passed before she could understand, seemingly, that the evil one did not wear a blanket.

Some privations were suffered by being cut off from the rest of the world. Our nearest post-office was twenty-five miles up the river. From thence we received our mail by going or sending for it by canoe. Three or four weeks often elapsed without news from the outside world. However, there were some things to balance the disagreeable. Plenty of work studying a new language, trying to teach the children and talking with the older people. The assessor did not trouble us. For about five years we had no special taxes to pay. For the use of a garden spot we paid the natives in vegetables. The single tax theory was then in practice at this point.

The first white person known to have been buried within the limits of this county was the dear wife who accompanied me hither from our eastern home and shared in the labors and privations of the situation for the first two years. She was a daughter of New England and of Puritan stock. We were joined in marriage at her father's house in Worcester county, Mass., in 1846. I was at that time a school teacher at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., where we commenced house-keeping and lived about three years. In the latter part of the year 1848 we received the appointment to go and labor among the Dakotas west of the Mississippi river. For several reasons we did not start for the west till the following spring. The health of my wife seemed great-

ly improved for a time after our arrival at Red Wing's village. She entered upon the task of acquiring a knowledge of the Dakota language with great zeal. She attracted the attention of the Indian children, taught the girls knitting and sewing and soon had three of them washed and dressed like white folks, living in the family with us. But I think she labored beyond what her strength could endure. In the autumn of 1850 her health began to decline and she gradually wasted away till death came to her relief on the 21st day of March, 1851. We had the kind services of the good Dr. Williamson, who came down from Kaposia often during her last sickness, doing everything in his power to help restore her to health. The doctor's sister, Miss Jane Williamson, also came and remained with us during the last months of the sick one and ministered to her necessities. But the call had come from heaven and she yielded with a firm trust in Him who is the Resurrection and the Life. In a notice of her death in an eastern paper it was stated that she was one who never sought great things for herself, but spent her active life in doing good, in such ways and by such means, as showed that she labored not to win praise. I will add here what another writer has recorded concerning her: "At the beginning of life's young dream, this estimable woman left her eastern home, parents, friends, all that was dear to her girlhood's memory, to labor as a missionary of the cross among the untutored children of the forest; in fact to live and die among a heathen people." If an artist had desired a model to picture a true heroine, if a poet or novelist had desired a character to represent a brave and fearless, yet modest and unassuming chief of hero-

ines, they might have secured that model and that character, when with her husband, the subject of this sketch, landed at Red Wing's village where she was at once surrounded by several hundred savages who were henceforth to be her principal society associates. She was not to be molded to their habits and customs, but they were to be educated and emancipated from the errors and superstitions, habits and customs, of many generations and brought to see and walk the better way. What a courage she displayed! Weak, yet strong; bold, yet modest and shrinking. Bravely she met and engaged in her work. Faithfully did she discharge every duty; carrying the presence of the Master wherever she went, until the Father above called, Enough, come up higher. At her own request she was buried on Indian ground, beneath the shadows of the towering bluff at whose base her life had gone out, and where the wild flowers grew and bloomed in pristine beauty, when the spring times and summers came. Just before her death, when all knew that she must go, her husband asked her if she desired to have her earthly remains taken back to the home of her childhood for sepulture. She answered, "No, I came to live among this people and help teach them there was a life after death, the spirit was immortal, that it mattered little what became of the body, the spirit would return to God who gave it. Bury me here, that our people may see, and realize our belief in the truths we have sought to teach them." When her free spirit had winged its flight to where angels dwell, a grave was prepared near the mission house, into which, after the usual Christian ceremony, performed by Dr. Williamson, her mortal remains were lowered by kindly hands. As the group of Dakotas stood

around the open receptacle of the dead, more than one tall savage was seen to weep over the departure of one they had learned to love, and whom they called, "Wash-tay ween"—the good woman.

When a more advanced civilization came to found a city on the site of this Indian village and the ground was wanted for business blocks, a city for the dead was platted on the summit of a southern bluff overlooking the place, to which her remains were removed, and there in our beautiful Oakwood cemetery, may be seen a marble slab to indicate her last resting place on earth. The following lines composed by a dear friend are carved upon the stone which has been erected to her memory:

The mother, sister, wife and friend,
Has passed away. Far from her early home,
In sorrow and in tears, the precious dust
We lay to rest in hope, until the tones
Of the archangel's trump announce the dawn
Of brighter day.

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

The Old Settlers' Association held a meeting in March, 1882, in the city of Red Wing, and listened to a very interesting address delivered by Swante J. Willard, whose name appears frequently in connection with the early settlement of the town of Vasa.

Mr. Willard was elected county auditor in 1864 and continued to hold that office by succeeding elections sixteen years. He is at present the City Clerk of the city of Red Wing, an able and efficient officer to whose services the present prosperity of the city is in a measure attributed.

Some items of his experience during the first years of his life in this county are here given, taken from the address above mentioned.

"After our arrival from Sweden we came to Moline, Illinois. From thence, on a trip up the Mississippi to St. Paul, our boat made a stop at Red Wing. The singular formation of the hill, (Barn bluff) attracted my attention. I knew not even the name of the place. I said to our company that I would like to settle there on account of its singular beauty and attractiveness. I then for the first time saw Indians. At St. Paul I met Peter Green and Abraham Peterson who had been in the country about a year. I learned soon after that a

committee of our countrymen, having visited Red Wing and vicinity, strongly recommended the place as the desirable one for settlement. I came with my family in the fall of 1853. Leaving my family in Red Wing I went with Mattson to Spring Creek valley, thence on to where Roos and Kemp had begun to build but had not finished their house. They were camping in a tent near by. Mattson and I stopped over night with them. We heard the most hideous music of prairie wolves. Mr. Kemp being of rather nervous temperament, was disturbed by their close promixity. Several times he awakened Mr. Roos and whispered, Roos, Roos, they are trying to dig under the tent! Mr. Roos being a good deal of a stoic finally blurted out, 'Let the wolves howl; they have not worked as hard as I have during the day, or they would be willing to be quiet.'

"The next morning I selected and marked off my claim. One peculiarity about making claims: As the new settler could not carry surveying instruments, it was customary to pace out the lines and distances, which almost invariably resulted in large quarter sections. I was somewhat surprised to find by the government survey the next year, the claim I had paced off for my quarter section, held land enough for about two more. But foreigners have a faculty for profiting from the examples of others, and we have observed that our American friends selected those who were capable of taking long strides to do their measuring.

"Red Wing was then in its infancy. As is well known, it had been a mission station. The houses were few and as near as I can recollect as follows: An old log house occupied by Dr. Sweney; Calvin Potter lived in a house near the river, one room of which was used

as a store, where he kept Indian goods; Warren Hunt lived in a small new frame house a little in the rear of Potter's; James Akers in another small frame house further west, or beyond Jordan; Wm. Freeborn had built a good two-story frame house which stood near the spot now occupied by the La Grange mills; the Red Wing house, afterwards 'Teepetonka,' a good sized hotel and two log houses, formerly used by the first missionaries to the Indians here; Rev. M. Sorin was then building a house on what is now called the McSorley block and John Day had a log house nearly as far west as the stoneware factories. XMattson and myself engaged the following winter to chop wood for Mr. Freeborn. It was a new life for us to be out in the forest. Our house was a shanty 10x12 and combined sleeping apartments, dining hall, parlor and kitchen, circumstances common to all in those days. We were contented with a great deal less than is now deemed necessary. During our stay at this place Indians often visited us, but we were seldom annoyed or frightened by their presence. Their canoes were often moored on the river near us. One day Mattson and I resolved to try our skill in one, but like many a bark on the financial sea, it upset a few rods from shore, and as we succeeded in reaching dry land we concluded to leave the Indian to paddle his own canoe. We left the wood chopping early in March, 1854, and moved out to our claims. Having built our house of logs we moved in and considered ourselves established as regular farmers. After a few week's labor, our provisions, which we had brought with us, gave out and Mr. Mattson went to Red Wing to procure more. No steamboat having yet come up the river, he found scarcity prevailed in town.

There were no provisions for sale, and Mattson remained in town waiting for the arrival of a boat. During his absence on this occasion, I and my little family experienced the hardest privation of our lives. For nine days we had only white beans, excepting one day I shot a few blackbirds. Before our stock of beans was exhausted Mattson returned with provisions. During that year several more families arrived in Vasa. Carl Carlson, Gustaf Carlson, Peter Nelson, Nels Peterson, Erick Erickson, and Samuel Johnson.

"In the summer of 1856 we ran a breaking team. I managed the plow with Frank Carlson for driver. We were breaking for a man in Spring Creek valley, who, on account of his anxiety to have us plow deep, used to follow the plow and weigh down the beam. One day we turned up a large snake, over six feet long, which was evidently as much disturbed as we were and in trying to escape chose as a retreat the pants of our employer, who, fearfully frightened, yelled, kicked and almost fainted. I jerked the snake out and killed it. This cured him from riding on the plow beam. If my team could not appreciate that snake's appearance, I could and did."

The following extracts from C. J. F. Smith's address before the Old Settlers' Association will be of interest in this connection:

"In the month of June, 1854, I first set foot in Red Wing. I took dinner at the Red Wing house, then kept by Andrus Durand. The most striking feature of Red Wing was then, as it is now, to one approaching the place on a steamer, the bold isolated Barn bluff. About the only things I remember doing on my first visit were: First, to climb the to summit of that bluff right

up its precipitous nose and take a view of the extended landscape, the winding river skirted with timber, the plateaus and bluffs in the distance, all together making an enchanting picture.

“The next thing I did was to purchase about two, or it may have been twelve, acres of land. The said land was described as being on the side of Sorin bluff and pointed out to me by a wave of the hand while standing on Bush street near the Red Wing hotel, said description being apparently satisfactory to the purchaser, who was bound to make an investment in the land of promise. Suffice it to say, I have never heard where that land lay, or that the seller had as much as the ‘shadow of a title.’ Yet there is no doubt of land being there on the sides of that bluff.

“On my next visit I came to stay—on the 3d of July the same year, having on board the steamboat from St. Louis a small stock of merchandise, which I persuaded the captain to leave on the upper side of the Jordan, the usual landing being a few rods below. A large number of the inhabitants flocked down to the river as the boat drew to the shore. The goods were put into an unfinished store which stood at the foot of Broad street near the ground now occupied by the Milwaukee depot. The doors not being yet hung I staid with the stuff that night, which was perhaps altogether unnecessary, as everybody was imbued with primitive honesty in those days. In fact everybody was bent on making money faster and easier than by stealing. The experience of that first night will never fade from my memory. I had no sooner composed my head for the enjoyment of sleep on a pile of mattresses than a whole battalion of mosquitoes presented their bills in fierce

battle array, accompanied with wierd strains of music, which awoke me to the necessity of immediate fortification. So I surrounded my couch with inverted chairs, barrels and boxes, spreading over the whole a web of mosquito netting. I then crawled into my barrack, but my hope of safety was soon dispelled. My attempts at self-defense seemed to increase the energy and fierceness of the assailants; and if only a few found their way in, the hungry cry of the ten thousand without, and the possibility of all soon following the suit, forced me to arise, and grasping the netting scatter their ranks for a few moments. But the same attack and counter attack were enacted over and over during that longest of long nights; and I wonder to this day whether or no all the mosquitoes in the neighborhood were not notified that a fresh subject had arrived in town that day.

“Our communication with the rest of the world was by the Mississippi river in the summer, but in the winter this means was cut off most effectually by the ice. True, there was a post route by the river valley, but the mail was carried by a one horse train. The great mail route from St. Paul to Galena passed through Oronoco, out back from the river some twenty or thirty miles. Hence the necessity arose for a better road, or rather some definite roadway should be made passable for teams to various points in the interior, which then were tributary to Red Wing for steamboat landing. To secure this desirable result a party was formed consisting of Wm. Colvill, Jr., who has since been the hero of more dangerous expeditions, T. J. Smith, Spencer Fellows, and one or two others, with myself, and a Mr. Hunt, a teamster. The only way out of Red Wing to the back country was then by the street

now called Central avenue, and between the Twin bluffs. This was the starting point for Oronoco, Featherstone, Cannon Falls, Faribault, Owatonna and other places then known.

“Our object in this expedition was to find the shortest practicable route to Oronoco, including a place to ford the north branch of the River Zumbro. We were to be met by another party from the other end of the route, supposed to be as much interested as ourselves. About six miles out we struck the bend in Hay creek, and some five miles beyond on the prairie we passed a large burr oak tree, and not far from it a kind of basin, which seemed to be a receptacle for the surface water. These landmarks have since been obliterated to some extent.

“The first night we encamped on a little level spot of prairie near the banks of the Zumbro. On the opposite bank from our camp was an extensive piece of woods which came down to the border of the river.

“This ford was somewhere between the two places since settled and named Zumbrota and Mazeppa. We drove the pins to our tent in a drenching rain and thunder storm. Our beds that night not being conducive to sleep we had an early breakfast. While some were employed in grading the banks of the stream others crossed and make an attack on such trees in the woods as would interfere with the passage of a team. We spent several days in clearing a way through these woods. Returning to Hay creek on Friday we put up our tent near the bend. This creek had not then been fished dry of trout, and as Mr. Colvill took more to the department of commissary and cook than the handling of axe, shovel or crowbar, he supplied us with a nice mess of speckled trout for dinner, while the rest

of the party worked with a will upon the ravines that led down to the creek. We tented on that spot for the night following. My ardent friends, the mosquitoes, were plentiful and hungry. Choosing the least of two evils, we provided a smudge in an iron kettle and tried sleeping in a smoke house. It was not long before a suspicious smell of burnt leather greeted us and aroused us to the fact that we were in danger of a conflagration. One rushed out of the tent with the kettle, and on examination we found a hole burned in one of the buffalo robes about the size of the bottom of the kettle.

"Saturday noon found us within fifteen minutes reach of a dinner at Red Wing's first-class hotel. But the romance of the trip still lingered with us till we had finished up the last delicacies of prairie chicken and trout under some shady oaks near the base of Twin bluffs. Those oaks have been since cut down by some utilitarian hand, who had no respect for the spot of the last dinner of that road improvement party from Red Wing.

"Some later settlers may wish to know what we found to do during the long winters and winter evenings, cut off as we were from the rest of the world. We had lyceums, lectures and a literary society paper, instead of the opera. We had regular church services, singing schools, and occasional merry makings. The young folks enjoyed sleigh rides in primitive style. I will give a short account of one.

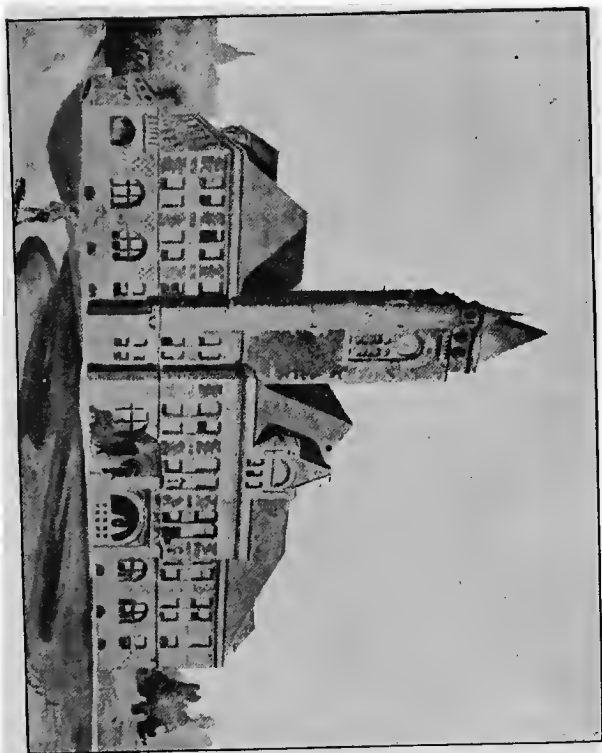
"Early in the spring of 1855, as the snow was fast melting away, one afternoon, we thought it would be the last chance of the season for a sleigh ride, so a party was arranged for that evening and the girls invited. A sleighing party then meant a lot of girls and

boys piled into a lumber wagon box placed on runners. But in this case, before it was time to start, it commenced to rain and we spent some time in deciding whether to go on runners or wheels, or whether to go at all. Finally we decided to go on wheels, and by the time we had got the box back on the wheels and driven around and collected our load, it was nine o'clock and pitch dark. Dr. F. F. Hoyt and his brother Frank were holding a claim and occupying a shanty near where Mr. Danforth now lives on the road to the county poor farm. Dr. William Brown and W. S. Grow were living with their families in shanties three-fourths of a mile beyond. The party were destined for Mr. Grow's. We had Rev. Mr. Sorin's team and his hired man for driver. Coming to Hay creek bottom, we found the road and bridges submerged with at least a foot of water; we crossed one bridge safely, but when we got to where the other one ought to be, we could not find it and our driver refused to go a step further. To go forward to be sure was presumptuous, to attempt to turn around on that narrow pike was pretty certain to spill us all out into the overflowing stream; so we sat there coaxing and threatening until at last the driver was induced to move on. We got safely over, went on calling at the Hoyt shanty, routed the boys up and took them aboard. When we got to Mr. Grow's and Brown's both families had retired, but after all our troubles we could not be cheated out of the expected social enjoyment. So they were all routed out and seemed to enjoy the fun as well as we, until the wee small hours came on, and the light of the moon sent us home."

CHAPTER VII.

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF EARLY SETTLERS.

Among the hardships to which our early settlers were exposed, especially those who came to cultivate the soil, not the least, by any means, was that which enabled them to gain a recognized title to a quarter section of land. Townsites were occupied before farming began. Before the land was surveyed and offered for sale by the government, no title could be obtained except that of being the first claimant. It frequently happened that when a man and his family arrived with their goods and chattels, and, finding a suitable tract of unoccupied land, began to build a shelter, a prior claimant would appear and order them to leave. The prior claimant could show his name marked upon some tree or stake, and if the family refused to obey his order within twenty-four hours, a company of fifteen or twenty men armed with clubs, axes, and hammers, would appear upon the scene. The new settler had to take his choice either to abandon the claim immediately, or pay the first claimant a sum of money, generally \$50 or \$100. This in many cases was a real hardship, greatly reducing the funds necessary for the subsistence of the family until the first crop could be raised upon the farm. A large number of farmers who came in the summer of 1854 and spring of the year 1855 were subjected to this



MAIN BUILDING MINNESOTA STATE REFORM SCHOOL.

annoyance. Occasionally, however, the *bona fide* settler was able to maintain his rights. Mr. C. C. Webster relates a case, which occurred near the village of Zumbrota, as follows:

"Several of the first settlers, members of the (town-site) company, had not only selected claims for themselves, but as they claimed, for their friends. The proxy claims were for a time respected. Outsiders, however, soon found out about them. One day a load of lumber came in sight from Mazeppa. It was watched with curiosity. Presently it was unloaded on a claim which had been selected by Dr. Perry for a friend of his, and in a brief time a shanty was erected. This was considered a bold invasion upon the rights of the settlement. Next morning, at daylight, some twenty of us, armed with axes, clubs, etc., resolved to expel the invaders. Upon reaching the shanty a call for surrender was made and in a few moments the shanty was leveled to the ground. There was no one inside. A shout rang through the valley and the valiant heroes retired. During the day the fellow whose shanty had been demolished appeared upon the scene. At a distance he looked somewhat disconsolate and we fancied he would disappear and not return. Not so, however. The next day he returned with some companions. They seemed to carry something which looked very much like shot-guns. The shanty was not again disturbed. We thought it best to bottle up our wrath, and not take any chances."

Exposure to the extreme cold of the winters was another very common trial. Mr. Nelson, of Wanamingo, relates the story of a man who stayed over night with him in the winter of 1855, on his way to Oronoco, Olm-

stead county. The man started for his destination early the next morning with a yoke of oxen. The third day after, he drove his team into Mr. Nelson's yard again, having wandered three days and two nights on the open prairie in a snow storm. His feet and hands were badly frozen. There was a stage road running north and south through the county at an early day, called the St. Paul and Dubuque road. A party from Red Wing surveyed a branch road to connect with this in 1855. These and the old military road along the river were the only established highways in the county for some years. Consequently, the settlers were accustomed to take the shortest and easiest route toward any point where business or pleasure led them. No one was obliged to follow another's track if he thought he could find a better. So there were roads and roads, and it puzzled one to cross an uninhabited reach of prairie without wandering. It was really dangerous in the stormy season of winter to venture far from home. There were many cases of persons being lost within a few miles of their own home, and several perished by freezing while being thus lost.

Rev. J. G. Johnson says: "I built a claim house 16x20 in the town now called Burnside, commencing it in January, 1855, and moving into it in August following. I found out that naked nature needed more clothing than a new born child; first a hen-roost, then a pig-sty, a stable, stack-yard, corn-yard, a forty acre pasture, one hundred acres encircled with a wooden fence, breaking costing five dollars an acre, school houses to be built, cemeteries laid out and enclosed, bridges everywhere to be built; highways surveyed and worked. The winter of 1855-6 was a rough winter. As a mem-

ber of the Minnesota Methodist Conference I was trying to supply the work of preaching at a point five miles above Hastings in the forenoon, at Hastings two o'clock p. m., and at Ravenna, seven miles below, at "candle light." Late in the fall, one of the darkest and most stormy nights known to men overtook me on the open prairie below Hastings. The only way to find the path and keep it, was to feel it out with the feet. After a while a distant light appeared in view, and thoroughly drenched I soon found shelter in a small house occupied by two families. But the poor pony had no shelter and scant feed.

"One Monday morning of that winter, in trying to get home from my appointment, a blizzard commenced raging. Scarcely any travel on the road except one stage through. About forty degrees below zero of cold came on. The wife and two little children at home alone. Neighbors few and far between. Stern necessity says, You must get home; but that open bleak prairie in the town of Welch, then unoccupied, was a precarious place for night to close in upon a wayfaring man with a dubious track to follow. Yet at about nine o'clock in the evening we were all made unusually glad that the storm had been weathered, and the harbor safely reached.

"In the summer of 1856 I raised two acres of wheat. Thirty miles away at Northfield there was a mill. With a one-horse load I reached it at sundown to find the mill full of grists; the water too low to run on full time. The only chance was to exchange a few bushels of my wheat for flour, receiving thirty pounds for each bushel. The rest of my grist I brought back as far as Cannon Falls and left to be ground without bolting. Winter

soon came on and no roads opened on my route thither. I found my wheat, which was left there, the next spring, musty. My next milling was done at Kinnikinnick, eight miles beyond Prescott, Wis., a four days' journey going around through Cannon Falls and Hastings.

"The early settlers wanted church privileges. A meeting was held at the house of Mr. More, near Cannon river bridge, in Burnside. More had an awful poor house. He had also the inflammatory rheumatism. He lay flat on his back on the loose boards of the only floor except bare ground. The people had brought all their young dogs to the meeting. In the midst of services the dogs became unseemly uncereemonious. More evidently felt his responsibility for better order and rising with difficulty, in apparent wrath, he took his own dog by the neck, dragged him to the door and with a toss and a kick sent him yelping out. At that all the dogs rushed in sympathy out, and the man took his lowly place again. All reverence and devotion fled, and appointment was not renewed at that place.

"We had frequent visits from the Sioux Indians who often killed deer in the neighborhood. On one occasion three of these animals were shot by an Indian without moving from his secluded position. This occurred near where T. J. Bryan's house now stands.

"Our women, although alone generally through the day, were not disturbed in these early years by the visits of the red men."

Mr. John Stowe, one of the early settlers of the town of Goodhue, relates that he began farming under disadvantages which were common at the time. He had no team at first. Worked for a neighbor to pay for

the breaking of a few acres on his claim. He planted corn on the sod which had been broken. One day, when he had nearly finished planting, he noticed that a striped gopher was following him. On examination of the premises he found that his corn was being taken out of the ground before it sprouted. He soon commenced trapping. He had two daughters, who were just old enough to enjoy such sport. They soon caught over one hundred of the little thieves. Finding them very fat they extracted from them oil enough to furnish the family light for the next winter. Notwithstanding the success of the girls in hunting, Mr. Stowe was obliged to plant his corn field over the second time.

A bachelor's hall—"what a queer looking place it is!"

Young men while pre-empting and improving their claims were often obliged to do their own house-work. The mistakes made in cooking were sometimes amusing. A number whose claims were in the same neighborhood often took their meals together, each furnishing a portion of the raw material and doing his share of the cooking. It was at one of these club boarding houses that some corn meal was brought, and a desire expressed to have a Yankee hasty pudding that very day. The appointed cook filled his kettle partly with cold water and dropping in the meal slowly by handfuls, stirring together until the mixture was about the usual pudding consistency. Then he started his fire beneath and brought the mixture as quickly as possible to a boiling point. This last process he considered essential. It was served hot, each guest sweetening it with molasses to his taste. But every one was soon satisfied with his first plate of that hasty pudding. It

did not taste natural. What was left was given to the dog. The dog was hungry and ate it up. That dog left the shanty that afternoon and was never seen there again. His owner insisted that the pudding had killed his dog. The usual process in making bread from wheaten flour was by mixing the flour with water, kneading the same with the hands, and baking in the stove oven. One who came later to this boarding establishment expressed his desire to improve on that kind of bread. He was allowed the privilege of trying his hand. He knew how his mother made salt-rising bread and following her example produced an article that was pronounced good. This man was installed chief cook of the shanty from that time. But it proved afterward that even he was not familiar with all the branches of the culinary art. Some one furnished, for the sake of variety, a small sack of beans. He knew that his mother used to boil them for awhile then bake in the oven. He placed in the pot what he thought a sufficient quantity of beans for the guests for one meal. Before the pot began to boil, he found the beans were crowding one another up and over the rim. He hastened for another vessel and divided the mess. Yet the quantity of beans kept on multiplying. He had no thought of beans swelling so. It was necessary to obtain another vessel and all three were filled when the boiling was ended. He had cooked beans enough to last the house several days. He learned some things by experience.

A wagon used by some of the first immigrants to this county is thus described by Col. Matson:

"When, in the spring of 1854, Willard and myself received a pair of three-year-old steers and a cow from

my father, we could get no other wagon than a truck with wheels made of four inch thick oak cylinders sawed off a log. A good wagon was made in this way. The wheels were only about twenty inches in diameter. Hence I had great trouble in getting over the stumps between John Day's ravine and Hay creek. The road was about where the Milwaukee railroad track is now. I often had to lift one end of the axle, to straddle the stump, one axle at a time of course, and as the steers were wild, and my assistants always newly arrived emigrants, who did not understand how to conciliate our steers by forcible English, I often had great trouble. The wagon was stronger than the steers, however, and that helped me. On that truck or wagon I carted out the goods and supplies for all the immigrants that arrived in Vasa township that year."

Mr. Lewis Johnson, a well known and successful farmer in the town of Goodhue, relates the following account of his early experience:

"In the first part of the year 1857, when the township of Goodhue was settled by few, and these far between, I located a piece of land for a home. The snow was then more than a foot deep on the prairie. We removed the snow and dug a hole in the ground, about 6x8 feet, which was intended for a future cellar. There we placed some bedding and covered the hole with boards. My father, my brother and myself, all used that apartment for our sleeping room, while we were building our first house, a building 12x16, which served as our family residence for many years. Thus we began our pioneer life like many others in those days, without any other means of support, except good health and a willingness to work for anything and at anything as

opportunity presented itself, until success crowned the efforts put forth."

Another who was born in Germany and came to this country in 1840, at the age of fifteen, relates the following experiences:

"He served two years in the United States Navy. Afterward resided in New Jersey, where he learned the hatter's trade, and having found for himself a helpmeet, they emigrated to the west in 1852, settled first in Wisconsin and a few years later in the town of Holden, Goodhue Co., Minn., where he engaged in farming, and in the course of about fifteen years became the possessor of 200 acres of land under cultivation. The log cabin had been exchanged for an elegant mansion. Barns and other suitable accommodations for stock and grain-raising, had been erected. A numerous stock of domestic animals surrounded the premises. In short, everything showed thrift and prosperity. Then he left his farm to the care of one of his sons and engaged in a successful business in a neighboring city. He says: 'When we had been living some time on our new farm without coffee, my wife and myself having been accustomed to use that beverage in the east, we naturally desired to enjoy it again. Like most of our neighbor farmers we had a yoke of oxen. But the roads were very poor, almost impassable, especially in the spring, and so I undertook the journey to market, twelve miles, on foot. My load consisted of a basket containing eggs and a roll of butter. For fear of getting stuck in the mud, I left the road and went across lots. In doing so was obliged to climb over a number of fences. My load soon began to feel heavy and I put it on a stick and carried it across my shoulder. Very soon after I

came to another fence. I got over all right, but not the eggs. The basket slipped from the stick and every egg was broken! The only satisfaction I had was to sit down and make a meal of the raw eggs. I then continued my journey with the roll of butter. The cloth about it was of course badly colored by the broken eggs, but I succeeded in disposing of it at the low price of seven cents per pound. Thus we once more had coffee. A little later my wife got a ride to town with a neighbor, when she carried seventeen dozen of eggs, which she exchanged for seven yards of calico." Calico must have been rather high in those early years.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ABORIGINES.

Some fifty years before Minnesota was known, the point of land now occupied by the city of Red Wing, was the planting ground of a band of Indians who were a part of a large tribe called Dakotas. The word Dakota means friend. The name Sioux was given to them by their French traders. The origin of the word Sioux is said to be the last syllable of the name which the Chippewas gave them. But I am inclined to believe that *Sioux* is a corruption of the name Jews.

This tribe was said to be "the most powerful and warlike of all the North American Indian tribes," in our old school geographies. They occupied nearly all the northwestern territory of the United States at the time of the Louisiana purchase in 1803, which included the upper Mississippi valley and west to the Rocky mountains; and from the mouth of the Big Sioux river north to Devil's Lake. They were divided into several grand divisions under the names Mdewakantonwans, Sissetonwans, Titonwans, Ihanktonwans, etc.

There were seven bands or villages of the Mdewakantonwans, of which Hhemnicha, or Red Wing's village, was one. Three of these villages were situated on the Mississippi river below St. Paul; four on the Minnesota river below St. Peter, at the time Minnesota was organized as a territory in 1849.

The several bands contained from three hundred to five hundred inhabitants each, all the Mdewakantonwans numbering about three thousand.

I shall give in this chapter a brief sketch of some of the peculiarities of this tribe, gained by a short acquaintance among them.

Their language was a surprise to me. It was quite full of words to express every variety of thought which could possibly come to the minds of a people so rude and uncultivated. For instance, the Dakota verb admits of a great number of inflexions. The various modifications of an action are expressed with conciseness and precision. They have prefixes to indicate the manner and instrument of an action. The prefix, *Ba*, shows that the action was done by cutting with a knife or saw; *Bo*, by shooting or punching; *Ka*, by striking, as with a club or axe; *Na*, by kicking; *Pa*, by pushing, as with the hand. *Ya*, as a prefix, signifies that the action was done with the teeth; *Ksa* means to separate; *Baksa*, to cut in two with a knife or saw; *Boksa*, to separate by shooting; *Kaksa*, by striking; *Naksa*, by kicking; *Paksa*, by pushing; *Yaksa*, by biting.

There are separate personal and relative pronouns, adjectives, adverbs, conjunctions, prepositions, and interjections almost without number. The personal pronouns, when used with verbs, are incorporated with the same, so that the verbs are conjugated regularly, as in the Latin and Greek.

The Dakotas were more careful than some other people in preserving the purity of their language. Nick-names and slang words were not used. Children were early taught to speak their words correctly. This

task was generally performed by their grandmothers. Their religious ideas were vague and unsatisfying, even to themselves. Seldom did they spend time to think of a future world.

Their religious ceremonies were all performed apparently for the purpose of obtaining present good. Yet they firmly believed in a Spirit world to which they should go after death.

The following is a paraphrase of an Indian mother's lament on the death of her child, written for the *Dakota Friend* by Rev. G. H. Pond, one of the earliest missionaries to the tribe.

"Mechoonkshee! Mechoonkshee! (my daughter, my daughter) alas! alas! my comfort, my hope has departed, my heart is very sad. My joy is turned into sorrow, and my song into wailing. Shall I never behold thy sunny smile? Shall I never more hear the music of thy voice? The Great Spirit has entered my lodge in anger and taken thee from me, my first born and only child. I am comfortless and must wail out my grief. The pale faces repress their sorrow, but we children of nature must give vent to ours or die.

"Mechoonkshee! Mechoonkshee!

"The light of my eyes is extinguished; all, all is dark. I have cast from me all my comfortable clothing, and robed myself in comfortless skins; for no clothing, no fire, can warm thee, my daughter. Unwashed and uncombed, I will mourn for thee, whose long locks I can never more braid, and whose cheeks I can never again tinge with vermilion. I will cut off my dishevelled hair, for my grief is great. Mechoonkshee! Mechoonkshee! How can I survive thee? How can I be happy, and you a hopeless wanderer to the spirit

land? How can I eat if you are hungry? I will go to the grave with food for your spirit. Your bowl and spoon are placed in your coffin for use on the journey. The feast for your playmates has been made at the place of interment. Knowest thou of their presence? Mechoonkshee! Mechoonkshee!

"When spring returns the choicest of ducks shall be your portion. Sugar and berries also shall be placed near your grave. Neither grass nor flowers shall be allowed to grow thereon. Affection for thee will keep the little mound desolate, like the heart from which thou art torn. My daughter, I come, I come; I bring you parched corn. O how long will you sleep? The wintry winds wail your requiem. The cold earth is your bed, and the colder snow thy covering. I would that they were mine. I will lie down by thy side. I will sleep once more with you. If no one discovers me I shall soon be as cold as thou art, and together we will sleep that long, long sleep from which I cannot wake thee, Mechoonkshee! Mechoonkshee!"

The earliest songs to which Dakota children were accustomed to listen were war songs. The first lesson a little boy was taught was the use of the bow and arrow. The noblest act to which he could aspire was to kill an enemy. At about the age of sixteen every boy must become a brave soldier, and would become a man as soon as he had taken the scalp of an enemy. He was presented with a war club and told by the sacred war prophet that he must make a man of himself by using it. The following is a translation of the speech of an old Dakota warrior:

"The gods gave me a war club, and inspired by them, with it I walked the earth without fear. When I

am hungry I satisfy myself on the flesh of Chippewas. The wind blows from four points, and with equal freedom I tread the wide world. With my war club I strike, and the effect is terror and death. It supplies me with food so nutritious, that my appetite but seldom returns. Death agonies are music to the gods by whom I am inspired."

The numerous mounds and cairns which abounded in this vicinity, at the time of its settlement by the whites, gave evidence that the country had been inhabited long time ago by a people who had towns much larger and in closer proximity than the Dakotas. There were plain evidences too that that ancient people were not accustomed to the arts of war. As has been already alluded to in this work, no warlike instruments were to be found among their relics. But the favorite pastime of the Dakotas appears to have been war. A man was famous among them just in proportion to the number of enemies he had slain.

That warrior chief, Scarlet Wing, made choice of this place, where a busy multitude had once pursued the paths of peace, for his headquarters; from whence he would lead forth his band of followers from time to time, armed with tomahawks and scalping knives, to surprise and murder their enemies, the Chippewas.

It is related of this chief that he became famous for his success in hunting and war; and that he acquired his name from the color of his blanket, and the celerity with which he swept over hill and prairie, through swamp and stream, to surprise and conquer his enemies. While on his last expedition he was taken suddenly ill and died away from home.

The nephew of Scarlet Wing was the last reigning

chief of this band of Dakotas. His name was Wacouta, the shooter. It was this chief who informed the writer that his uncle, the Scarlet Wing, was buried on a bluff near Wabasha. Wacouta was a man of peace. He was not accustomed to lead in the warpath, although his braves had the privilege of forming war parties and making raids against their enemies whenever they desired.

Wacouta was very tall, straight and dignified in his demeanor. He was also a man of good judgment. His authority was not absolute. He rather advised his people than commanded them. He encouraged industry and sobriety; was a friend to the missionaries, and sent his own children to their schools when he was at home himself.

The Dakotas, at that time, had no real homes. Each band had its own planting ground, where the women and children lived and raised a crop of corn. During the time from early in May till about the middle of September, they were engaged in planting, cultivating and harvesting their corn. Between four and five months of the year they dwelt in their bark houses which were stationary. The remainder of the year they dwelt in movable tents, wandering from place to place, according as game was plenty in the different localities. In the winter their tents were invariably placed in the thickest groves for the sake of shelter from the wind and storm.

The labor in the corn-fields being performed by the women and children, the men were in the meantime engaged in going on war parties, or hunting and fishing. So at least it was understood they were engaged. But as far as my knowledge of them extends, the men spent

a great part of the time in summer playing games or lounging in the shade. Game was too plenty to occupy much of their time in securing what would supply the immediate wants of the family. Whiskey was occasionally brought into the place, which event was followed by a drunken row.

War parties, consisting of a few young men, were often started out with great ceremony, but generally returned without accomplishing anything; for the reason that they were not accustomed to attack an enemy except by a surprise. Once only did we witness the return of a war party in triumph. Some six or eight Dakota braves came home with the scalp of one Chipewa, probably taken from some poor straggler, who had unfortunately strayed from the camp alone. As this victorious party emerged from the grove at the lower end of Barn bluff, their shouts of victory were heard by the people of the village. They bore aloft the bloody trophy, stretched upon a hoop, which was fixed to the end of a pole, and could be seen at a distance. The whole village was soon in marching order to meet the conquering heroes. Songs of victory filled the air while those brave young warriors were escorted into the centre of the town by a triumphal procession. Feasting and dancing now began and was continued a part of each day for a month. When one set of dancers became tired another took their places. Women generally held the scalp while the dance was continued with beating the drum and shaking the rattle for several hours at a time—such was the scalp dance.

There were other social gatherings and festivals common among the Dakotas when dancing and wild music were the chief part of the ceremonies. The scalp

dance was observed only when the victory over their enemies had been gained.

Three other festivals were observed, each about once every year; namely, the raw fish dance, the sun dance, and the medicine dance. The raw fish dance usually occurred in the month of June after a number of days of rain, or cool and cloudy weather, and was generally observed for the purpose of bringing weather which would be favorable to the growth of corn. At least such was the reason given for the one held in Red Wing's village which the writer attended as a spectator.

An oblong enclosure of about one-quarter of an acre of ground was surrounded by a stake and brush fence. At one end was a booth or shelter where the principal actors occasionally rested, and where those who made the music sat. This booth was open at the sides. Near the middle of the enclosure, a pole had been placed in the ground in a perpendicular position upon which hung two large fish which had been recently caught from the river, weighing probably about two pounds each. The chief actors on the occasion were four young men who had evidently spent some time at their toilets in preparation. Their dress consisted of a simple cloth about the middle, and the remaining part of their bodies was painted with charcoal dust, blue clay and vermilion. Their faces were striped with the different colors, and were as hideous in appearance as possible. When all were ready the music of the drum and rattle commenced, while the four dancers began to move out upon their hands and feet, uttering strange sounds, seemingly trying to imitate wild beasts. Beating time with the music with both hands and feet, they passed around inside the enclosure several times, apparently getting more excited

each round. Occasionally a short rest was taken. Finally, the music struck quicker time and these hungry dancing bears, or wolves, began to stretch up their mouths towards the fishes and to snatch bites from them, continually dancing around while chewing and swallowing the same; then returning and taking another mouthful, each endeavoring to get his full share until naught was left but the heads, back-bones and tails. The four dancers had actually devoured all the rest, so far as the spectators could see. When they had finished they were loudly applauded by their relatives and companions. So ended the raw fish dance. How it affected the weather the reader can imagine.

The medicine feast was of a more serious nature. The word medicine is here used in place of the Dakota word wah-kwan which is applied to anything mysterious. Their word for the name of the Supreme Being is Wah-kwan-tanka, translated into English, Great Spirit. The medicine dance, or feast, generally begins at sunset and continues twenty-four hours, or, until sunset the following day. The ceremonies of this feast are unknown as to their deep meaning, except to those who have been initiated as members of the secret society called Mysterious Men. It differs from secret societies among the whites in the fact that women were received as members as well as men. This society among the Dakotas pretended to be the depository of all their sacred mysteries. The medicine sack was the badge of membership. This was the dried skin of a beaver, mink, muskrat or other small animal, prepared in the form of a bag, open only at the mouth, in which were a few bird's claws, or some dried grass, supposed to be endowed with power to work wonders.

Great preparations were required for this mysterious dance. There was cooking of food like unto the preparation for thanksgiving dinner in respect to quantity, but it was generally all of one kind which would be called soup. The high priests, leaders of the ceremonies, spend a whole night in vapor baths, sweating, singing and holding communion with the Spirit World; that they may be prepared for their sacred duties.

All the members must appear in their best attire, with faces gaily painted, with badge in hand. Before the appointed day arrives a large space of ground is enclosed by a slender brush fence. Over this is provided a temporary shelter, made with stakes, poles and brush, to keep off the sun. The sides of the enclosure are left open so as to afford spectators a good view. None but members are permitted to come within the sacred enclosure.

Our party arrived at the scene a little after noon, and were present during the concluding hours of the strange performances. We found all quietly sitting and eating soup from wooden bowls with spoons of the same material. Large kettles of the soup stood at one end of the space enclosed to which all had access. And when all had finished their eating, the master of ceremonies arose, said a few words, and the music began. Then all arose, put away bowls and spoons, and with medicine sack in hand, carried conspicuously in front, they kept time with the music, dancing up and down the shady hall. Thus with singing, dancing and feasting, by turns, the more solemn and mysterious parts were enacted without being tiresome to lookers on.

After the music ceased for an interval of rest, an old war prophet stood forth and made a long speech,

recounting the great deeds of a succession of ancestors, which had been handed down by tradition, not forgetting in conclusion to mention what he himself had done.

At another interval the time was occupied in the reception of new members. The qualifications for such, we were told, were: First, suitable age; second, fees for initiation paid in advance. These matters were considered and decided by the high priests. The candidate being informed of his acceptance by them was also duly instructed in regard to the ceremony of reception beforehand. This ceremony took place in the presence of all in open day.

Great solemnity pervaded the countenances of the whole assembly. A fish bone of considerable size, to think of passing down a person's throat, was given to the novitiate to swallow. After due incantations were gone through, he was requested to raise the bone again from his stomach, which he did apparently without injury. After this was done, the mysterious badge was presented to him, and all the mysterious knowledge, privileges and immunities of full membership conferred upon him. But the most wonderful spectacle of all was enacted towards the close, in which the great power of the medicine sack was displayed in the presence of the outsiders.

While music, by the rattle, drum and singing voices was in progress, and all were in motion upon their feet, the members began to point at each other, by holding up the medicine sack, as if it were a gun and that he was going to shoot; and as soon as the member pointed at, saw the other's motion, he immediately fell to the ground apparently dead. Something like one-third of the members were thus shot down in the course of fifteen or

twenty minutes. These fallen ones had not power to rise from their lifeless condition, it seemed, until touched by the hand of a high priest. We rejoice that we can testify that in every case of death which we witnessed on the occasion, the victim was mercifully restored to life again. The exercises were closed by a grand procession, or what might be called a promenade around the enclosure four or five times.

The leaders or high priests of the medicine men were supposed to possess great power in the spiritual realm. They had the power to heal the sick, and it was believed by many that they could cause the death of any person, simply by willing it. Consequently they were much feared by the common people. When one in a family was taken sick, one of these doctors was sent for. A nice present was also sent by the hand of the messenger. On being satisfied that he should be well paid the doctor takes his rattle and goes to the sick person. With a knowing air he carefully examines the body of his patient until he finds the particular locality of the evil spirit that has caused the sickness. The patient is now stretched at full length upon a blanket in the middle of a tent and a bowl of water placed near. The doctor divests himself of clothing except the breech-cloth, and commences his conjurations by shaking the rattle and uttering the most unearthly sounds possible for a man to make. By and by while continuing the noise he gets down upon his knees by the side of the sick one and slowly moves his mouth to the spot where the disease is located. The noise ceases for a few minutes while he sucks and draws out the evil spirit. Presently he jumps to his feet, with violent contortions of his body and retchings, at the same time yelling and howling, he

spits into the bowl of water till apparently relieved. This performance is repeated several times in the course of five or six hours. During short intervals the doctor stops for a rest and a smoke. Finally when the evil spirits have all been drawn out, images are made upon a piece of bark to represent them. The bark is placed outside the tent and shot to pieces by three or four men who are ready with their guns for the occasion. Another method of destroying the spirits was sometimes adopted. The bowl of water was set outside and fired into with guns, while a woman stood astride of it. After this treatment the sick person is expected to recover, which is often the case. But it is understood, however, that if the doctor has not been duly respected, and well paid for his services, he may have performed his work deceitfully, and the sufferer will die. Thus all failures are accounted for.

Polygamy was allowed, but not common among the Dakotas. Seldom had a man more than one wife living. Wives were generally purchased after being wooed. The women were accustomed to do all the hard work. They were hewers of wood and drawers of water. They cut the wood, hauled it, made the fires, cooked the food, and besides all this, planted, cultivated and harvested the corn. A tired woman once came to the mission house from the field saying that she had finished her planting. On being asked why she did not have her strong, brave husband help her in such work, she replied, that he would then be called a woman and she should be made ashamed.

If a young woman had no father living, an uncle or elder brother could bestow her in marriage, which was generally done after a good price had been offered.

It was a custom for the young man to woo the girl of his choice by playing the flute around and near the tent; where the desired maiden dwelt, at different times, until he could gain a personal interview. The next step after obtaining her consent, he must deposit the article, or whatever he intended to pay for his bride, in front of her father's or her guardian's wigwam. If the price was accepted it was soon taken in. But if left long untouched the disappointed lover was allowed to take away his property or add something more valuable. Whenever the articles proffered were taken into the father's possession the young man was at liberty to come and claim his bride. To complete the transaction and confirm his right, he sometimes carries her to his own tent on his back, a piece of gallantry not often practiced after that time.

The Dakotas in their wild state, had a singular mode of disposing of the remains of their dead. The body was neatly wrapped in bark or a blanket and placed upon a scaffold some eight or ten feet high, near the wigwam, and there permitted to remain for a month and longer often times. Afterward it was taken down and buried on high ground. A row of stakes were driven into the ground each side of the grave in a slanting position so as to meet together at the top, and thus prevent wolves and other wild animals from disturbing it. Great wailings were often heard for several mornings and evenings after the death of a person. Relatives were accustomed to place food near the grave, and on the scaffold near the body of their dead, believing that nourishment would be needed by the spirit during its long journey to some other world.

The Dakotas were a kind people to those who were

friendly and kind to them. During several years residence among them we had no difficulty with them except in one instance.

Whiskey could be obtained on the opposite side of the river at any time for money, furs, or anything valuable which an Indian could part with. They were not moderate drinkers of intoxicating liquors. Nor were they habitual drinkers. They wanted enough to make them drunk, when they wanted any. Several would put their valuables together and go over and purchase a gallon or more at one time, bring it to the village and have a good spree. As an Indian was not considered responsible for what he did while drunk, these sprees often ended in injury to somebody, and custom allowed the injured no redress.

When five or six men were crazed by whiskey, the whole village were on the watch. Every dangerous weapon was taken from them, and the children kept out of the way, if possible. I remember being called upon to dress an ugly wound which had been inflicted by a drunken brave upon the head of a woman with a hatchet. Whiskey often excites men who are wanting in self-control, to do some horrid deed. My one difficulty was occasioned by whiskey.

It was but a week or so after a drunken row had occurred, that I was walking near the teepees and heard a woman cry out, "Now they come with it;" pointing to the river she added, "more whiskey." I saw there was a canoe approaching which had just left the Wisconsin side, and waited at the head of the path which led up from the landing. There were six young men in the canoe. After trying their boat they came up the bank in single file, the leader carrying a covered tin pail.

I met him and asked what he had there. "Whiskey," he answered. I immediately snatched the pail from his hand, and its contents went to soak the ground. Loud talk followed on both sides. I told them that whiskey was their enemy, that it was unlawful on our side of the river, and advised them to bring no more to this village. The young men looked ashamed, but offered no violence. I was told by an older man, a little while after, that one of them boasted that *he* would bring more whiskey over, defying the missionary to spill it.

But a few days passed before he made the trial. The first intimation I had, a man came hurriedly into the mission house calling upon me to come out. I went out and saw those same young men marching along single file, singing as they went. The one who took the lead was carrying a two-gallon jug in front, which he seemed anxious that I should notice, affirming it to be whiskey. I took it as a challenge and boldly grasped the handle of the jug to pull it from him, but could not wrest it from him, for the reason that a stout cord, tied around the mouth of the jug through the handle, also passed around his neck. He had kept the cord covered with his blanket so that I did not see it until after my vain attempt. But I soon managed to draw the cork and with both hands inverted the jug in spite of all his efforts to prevent it. Not one of his companions offered to help him. It was pure whiskey that gurgled out upon the ground. When he found that my hands had so firm a grip upon the jug that he would lose its contents, although he dragged me about trying to get it away before the whiskey was quite all run out, he clinched me by the hair and tore out some locks. But I held on till the whole was soaked into the ground.

During this contest a large number of Indians were present. It was doubtless an exciting spectacle. They cheered me at the close. My antagonist threw away his empty jug. He evidently did not like to give up as beaten. When the people began to disperse he stretched himself at full length upon the ground before the door of the mission house. I kindly asked him to leave and go to his own home. He declared he would not go. After waiting some time with the hope that he would leave, I took a piece of rope and slipped one end carefully around his ankles, bringing his feet together, and tied it; took the other end over my shoulder and dragged him several rods. He begged to be let up, promising to go. I took the rope off and he went peaceably away. They did not bring whiskey in any considerable quantity here afterwards to my knowledge.

Early in the spring of 1851 a new scholar came to our school with the other children. Her appearance being somewhat strange, we called her the wild girl. It was nothing uncommon for boys and girls to go from one village to another to stay a month or so and return again to their parents. The severity of parental discipline, I think, was often the occasion of such wandering. To have a new scholar some fourteen or fifteen years of age make appearance at the school was therefore no matter for wonder. But this one was somewhat peculiar in her manner, and attracted attention. There was a wild look in her eyes, and though in girl's dress, her hair had been cut off in front like an Indian boy's hair. She appeared very anxious to learn to read, applying herself with an unusual ardor; but would not say anything about her true residence and former history. The other children could tell us nothing about whence

she came. I think she was here about two months or more. Her departure was as unexpected as her coming.

It was but a short time after the wild girl left, that the following account appeared in the *St. Paul Pioneer* :

"In the spring of 1850, at one of the villages on the Minnesota river, a young girl fourteen years of age, shot another girl with whom she was quarreling. The deceased was the daughter of a sullen man named Black Whistle. The affrighted girl, after she had fired the gun, fled to the trader's house, and was by him aided to make her escape down to Wabashaw's village. While stopping at Red Wing's village, some hundred miles from where the deed was committed, the incensed father overtook her. His first plan was to carry her home and sacrifice her at his daughter's burial scaffold; but through the influence of some advisors, he changed his plan and resolved to make her his slave or his wife. For some time she endured what to her was a living death, and one night she suddenly disappeared.

"Not many days after there appeared at Good Road's village a young Indian boy, stating that he was a Sissetonwan just arrived from the plains. He was well received, no one dreaming that he was the fugitive Indian maiden. While in this disguise she went out one day to spear fish, when her enemy, the revengeful father of the girl she had shot, met her and recognized her. He avowed his intention to kill her. She very coolly assented to the justice of what he said and left. She next appeared at Kaposia, Little Crow's village. Here she passed herself off as a Winnebago orphan, in which disguise she succeeded for a time. Her sex being suspected she was again obliged to seek for safety by flight, and took up her abode at Red Wing's village, where she dressed like other maidens and attended the mission school."

The subsequent history of this girl is not known to anyone now living.

On the Wisconsin side, in the early days, there lived a man named Hawley who had no family with him. He lived in a shanty alone. He was a cripple; one leg bent almost double at the knee, and yet could walk about tolerably well. He seemed to be holding a claim and

trading with wood-choppers, but deriving most of his income from the sale of whiskey to the Indians. Some of the latter having returned and encamped near the mouth of Spring creek in the summer of 1854, were accustomed to visit Hawley's shanty. One day they had a quarrel with him in regard to some bargain in which he had deceived them. He ordered them to leave his premises, but they refused and continued to annoy him till in anger he shot at them and wounded one of them so that he soon after died. There was now a great outcry in the Indian camp. Every white person who came near was threatened and ordered away. People were under the impression that revenge was meditated upon somebody. Hawley had fortified his shanty with loaded rifles. It was reported that he threatened to shoot the first man who came to take him. The few settlers in Red Wing, Burnside and Vasa, were very much alarmed. The alarm almost created a stampede. A deputation, consisting of Dr. W. W. Sweney, Lawyer P. Sandford, and the writer, all being well known by the Indians, visited their camp to make peace if possible. We were kindly received, and after a short talk were convinced that they did not intend to injure anybody except Hawley. What ever became of him we do not know. It was reported that his shanty was deserted very soon after. The Indians watched him day and night, and he was probably killed in his last attempt to make his escape.

CHAPTER IX.

DANGER APPREHENDED.

In the summer of 1850 a report came to Red Wing's village that a party of Chippewas were coming upon us. Then "there was hurrying to and fro in hot haste." All the men gathered their weapons of war and took their canoes and were soon out of sight, in some hiding place along the river. The women and children taking what valuables they could carry, ascended Barn bluff, where they gathered stones and other missiles for self-defense.

The few white inhabitants were not very much alarmed; yet we kept a good look-out for several hours, but no Chippewa appeared. The report was founded upon the fact that some one had seen at a distance, what he took to be a Chippewa, which was probably a defect of vision, as no enemy appeared.

After the Indians had been removed and the place occupied by white settlers, fears were entertained by some of the latter that there was some danger of a night attack by the former inhabitants. There were some grounds for such fears. The Red Wing band had, as a body, opposed the selling their title to this country. The graves of their kindred dead were here. This had been for many years their hunting ground. The majority of them were born here. It was natural they should desire to remain here.

When the council was called to meet the United States commissioners at Mendota for the purpose of a treaty, the people were much excited and many angry words were expressed. The young braves, it was said, had threatened to shoot the chief who should first attempt to sign any paper or treaty that would oblige them to remove farther west. Some were willing the whites should have a part of the land, but they wanted their reservation to include the present planting ground with adjacent territory sufficient for hunting purposes.

They met the commissioners at Mendota, and after the delay of several days a treaty was consummated, and signed by sixty-four names designated as "chiefs, head-men, and warriors." By this treaty they agreed to remove to a reservation upon the head waters of the Minnesota river. Why was no one killed? The following circumstances will answer the question.

That council was held under the walls of Fort Snelling in the presence of a band of United States soldiers. The Indians were subsisted during the time on fresh beef and flour furnished by the United States Government. They were told they should have schools, farming implements, and money—\$20,000 in cash—to be paid to them the next day after signing the treaty. One remark in a speech made by Col. Luke Lea on the occasion will solve the whole question. Col. Lea, one of the commissioners appointed by the President, said: "Suppose your great father (the President) wanted your lands and did not want a treaty for your good. He could come with 100,000 men and drive you off to the Rocky mountains. But your great father loves his red children as he does his white children, and he wishes us to make a treaty which he knows will

save you from the trouble which is now coming upon you."

The truth, I think, is that not one of the seven bands concerned in that treaty would have given their consent to the same had they not felt compelled to do it. But after their removal the Red Wing Indians did not return to do any mischief among the white settlers. Some who are now living can remember how quietly they acquiesced in the general conflagration which consumed all the bark tepees in the village in the spring of 1853. The few who returned that season made no signs of ill temper; but went and rebuilt in other places where the whites would not use the land.

The people of this country, since its early settlement, can congratulate themselves that they were never seriously molested by the former inhabitants. There were two frights, however, in Red Wing. The first was on this wise.

A wedding had occurred under peculiar circumstances in regard to one of the parties, and after night had far advanced, and the people of this thriving little burg were nearly all asleep, a band of boys and young men assembled by a previous agreement to give the newly married couple what is called a "charivarie." Some had learned how to give the Indian war-whoop, or, at least, could give a good imitation of it. This, with the noise of a few tin pans accompanying, soon awoke the sleepers in the neighboring houses. One man, a young lawyer, on waking, was immediately impressed with the thought of Indians. Telling his wife to dress and go to the river and escape in a skiff. Without waiting to dress himself, he took his loaded revolver and bounded into the street determined to sell his life as dearly as possi-

ble. He rushed to the shelter of a clump of bushes which stood between him and the place whence the sounds came, and waited the attack. A short interval between the whoops revealed the sound of familiar voices, talking plain English. The truth soon came to his mind, and he returned to his home before his wife had made her escape. Others remembered the wedding soon enough to escape being much frightened.

The whole town was stirred at the time the news came of the Spirit Lake massacre. A public meeting was called to devise measures for putting the place in a state of defense. No Indians appeared, and after a few days the people slept again in peace.

SPIRIT LAKE MASSACRE.

The Dakotas of Red Wing's village used to say that "although they killed the Chippewas whenever they found any, they nor any of their tribe ever killed a white person." Perhaps this was true at the time it was told us in 1850. But not many years later in March, 1857, there occurred at Spirit Lake, in the northwestern part of Iowa, a terrible scene. In the spring of 1856, a company of men, consisting of G. W. Granger, Bartel Snyder and Isaac Harriett, went from Red Wing to Spirit Lake to select claims and lay out a town. The fall of that year saw seven cabins built around that lake, all of which were occupied. The three young men from Red Wing above named occupied one of the cabins, keeping bachelor's hall.

A Mr. Thacher and family, Marble and family, Mattox and family, Judge Howe and family, a Mr. Gardner and family, and Mr. Noble and family, each occupied separate cabins.

On Sunday, the 8th of March, a band of roving outlaws, under the leadership of an ex-communicated Dakota, named Inkpaduta, came to the cabin which was occupied by men only and asked for beef. Understanding, as they afterward claimed, that they could take one of the cattle, they did so, and commenced cutting it up, when one of the white men came out and knocked the Dakota down. The white man was immediately shot in retaliation. Surrounding the house, the Indians set fire to the roof and killed the occupants, as they attempted to escape from the burning building. Other authorities say there was no beef demanded; that Inkpaduta was not assaulted by the white men, but that the attack was instigated solely and simply by Indian treachery and thirst for blood. This version of the affair is reported by Isaac Lauver, W. W. DeKay, and others who went down to Spirit Lake from Red Wing as soon as they heard of the massacre, to bring the remains of the murdered victims, and look after the claim interests.

These murderers went next to a cabin occupied by Mr. Gardner and his family and asked for food. Their request was granted, and while they were disposing of the food given, Mr. Gardner's son-in-law and another man who was there went out to see if everything was right at the neighboring cabin. This was their last mission; a part of the Indians lying in ambush shot and killed them also. After securing all the food the cabin contained they left Gardner's, but returned again the latter part of the afternoon and killed Gardner, his wife, two daughters, and his grandchildren, carrying away as prisoner the other daughter, named Abby. The same night or the next morning they visited the

homes of Noble and Thacher and carried Mrs. Noble and Mrs. Thacher prisoners to their camp. The following Thursday, March 12, an Indian called at Marble's cabin, three miles above Thacher's, and told Mrs. Marble that the white people down on the lake had been killed. This intelligence alarmed the family, the more so as the great depth of snow had prevented any communication with the other settlers for some days; but it was impossible to inaugurate any measures for flight or means of safety. The next morning four Indians with friendly appearance came to Marble's and bantered him to trade rifles. The trade was made, after which they prevailed on Marble to go down to the lake and shoot at a mark. After a few shots they turned in the direction of the house, and managing to get Marble in advance they shot him and he fell dead in his tracks. Mrs. Marble, who had been watching the maneuvering of the bloody fiends, saw her husband fall and ran to him. The wretches siezed her, telling her they would not kill her but they would take her with them, and she was carried to the camp where they had previously taken Mrs. Noble, Mrs. Thacher, and Miss Gardner.

Inkpaduta and his followers went next to Springfield, where they surprised and murdered the whole settlement, consisting of over thirty inhabitants. The news was sent to Fort Ridgely and a detachment of U. S. troops were sent out in pursuit of the murderous band. Learning that soldiers were after them the outlaws made haste to leave the vicinity of their depredations, taking the four captive women along with them. Mrs. Marble and Miss Gardner were afterwards permitted to return to their surviving friends and civilization. The other two, Mrs. Thacher and Mrs. Noble, were relieved

from their cruel bondage by death before their rescuers reached the camp of the outlaws.

Only one of this murderous band was killed by the U. S. soldiers who were sent to punish them. That was a son of Inkipaduta, who was shot and killed while escaping from a camp on Yellow Medicine river. The rest of the gang managed to escape probably into the Dominion of Canada. The two captive women were redeemed and brought to the white settlements by some friendly Indians.

CHAPTER X.

POLITICAL HISTORY.

The first Territorial legislature of Minnesota met in St. Paul on the third day of September, 1849. During the session they passed an act relating to the "division of the Territory into counties and their boundaries." The following named counties were designated: Washington, Ramsey, Benton, Itaska, Wabasha, Dakota, Cass and Pembina. The first three comprised all that part of the territory which had been ceded to the United States by the Indians up to that time. Consequently the act declared that the other named counties were organized only for the purpose of the appointment of justices of the peace, constables, and such other judicial officers as might be specially provided for.

Wabasha county, by that legislature, was declared to include all that part of the territory lying east of a line running due south from Pine Bend, on the Mississippi river, to the Iowa line, which tract has since been divided into eight counties, namely: Wabasha, Winona, Olmsted, Fillmore, Houston, Mower, Dodge, and Goodhue. When the present counties of Dakota and Goodhue were set off in 1853, the boundary lines were vaguely and indefinitely defined on account of the absence of United States surveys. Goodhue county was then bounded as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the southwest corner of Dakota county, thence due south-

east on a line twenty-five miles, thence on a due line to Lake Pepin at a point on said lake seven miles below Sand Point, thence up the middle of said lake and the Mississippi river to the boundary line of Dakota county, thence along the line of said county to the place of beginning.

These boundaries were modified by subsequent legislation in February, 1854, and made to conform to the United States survey. The county of Wabasha was at that time attached to Goodhue for judicial purposes. It was further enacted that at any general election after March, 1853, the county of Goodhue might be deemed organized for all county purposes; *Provided, That* at said election there shall not be less than fifty legal votes cast. The law under which the county was thus organized authorized the Governor to appoint all county officers until the next general election thereafter.

The second Tuesday in October of each year was at that time the day of general election. The people could only vote for a representative to the Territorial legislature and for the location of the county seat. Party spirit did not run very high at that time, but there was a necessity for calling out every legal voter in order to have at least fifty votes cast. And at the same time Red Wing and Wacouta were rivals for the temporary county seat honors. Wacouta was at that period the headquarters of the lumbermen, and the enterprising proprietors of that townsit were not slow to take advantage of the fact, and to concentrate as many of those hardy sons of toil against the day of election as possible. The proprietors of Red Wing were no less earnest in their efforts to secure a majority of votes in favor of their future city. In a sudden fit of enterprise

and industry they hired, it is reported, twenty unmarried young men from St. Paul and set them at work in various capacities. The law required six months' residence in the Territory; but ten days in the precinct gave to a citizen of the Territory the right of suffrage. Great care was taken to have the young men here in time, quite a number of whom remained as permanent residents. At last the second Tuesday of October arrived. Great preparations had been made for the election. There was no one in Red Wing at that time authorized to administer the oath of office to the judges of election. Among those who had been selected for judges was Benjamin Young, a French half-blood, who had been educated so as to read and write the English language tolerably well. He visited Point Douglass, where he found a justice of the peace who administered to him the legally required oath and returned fully prepared to act and to qualify the others to act. As the day drew near it was found that no ballot-box had been provided for this voting precinct. Young was equal to the emergency. He found an empty tea-chest on which, among other devices was the figure of a dove with red wings, a very appropriate emblem for the place. Had that ballot-box been preserved till the present day it would be a valuable relic.

The statutes of Wisconsin in relation to the manner of conducting elections was used as a guide on this occasion, and Judge Young was exceeding jealous of the purity of the ballot-box. He guarded its sanctity with great caution. It is proper to explain here that at the time this first election was held a number of men were employed in cutting wood for steamboats at different points up and down the river. They lived in log-

cabins at their respective wood-yards, and as the line between the State of Wisconsin and the Territory of Minnesota was not clearly understood by the judges, it seemed necessary for them to challenge every wood-chopper and oblige him to swear in his vote in order to prevent illegal voting.

James Wells, who lived down on the border of Lake Pepin was the candidate for the legislature. Previous to the day of election he visited Red Wing and made a speech. He was not an educated man in the usual sense of the term and his speech was said to be rare and racy. Said he was willing to serve the people rather than the interest of any party. Being the only candidate he was elected. We heard that he was made chairman of the committee, in the legislature, on military affairs, but did not learn of his making any report.

A majority of votes were cast in favor of Red Wing for the county seat and Wacouta retired from the contest without murmur. The fifty voters required by the act by which the county was to be organized, had been obtained and the people were happy in the anticipation of a large immigration and a complete organization the next year, which proved to be actually the case.

In the spring of the following year Governor Ramsey appointed county officers. The records of the proceedings of this first county board are of interest, showing, as they do, how great a portion of the county was then an unexplored region. The first boundaries of assessors' and road supervisors' districts are especially amusing.

The first county officers were appointed by the Governor of the Territory, and were as follows: Sheriff, P. S. Fish; Treasurer, Calvin Potter; Register of Deeds,

J. W. Hancock; District Attorney, Charles Gardner; Clerk of District Court, P. Sandford; Justice of the Peace, James Akers; County Commissioners, William Lauver, H. L. Bevans, Rezin Spates.

The first meeting of the Board of Commissioners was held on the 16th of June, 1854. The members were seated upon a pile of lumber near what is now the intersection of Main and Bush streets, Red Wing. H. L. Bevans was chosen chairman, and J. W. Hancock, register of deeds, was *ex-officio* clerk. The office of county auditor had not been created at that time. But little business was transacted at this meeting. The following named assessors were appointed and districts assigned them: L. Bates, John Day, M. Sorin. The northern district, including that portion of the county between the northern boundary and Hay creek, was assigned as Mr. Bates' district. The middle district, including that portion of the county between Hay creek and Bullard's creek, was assigned as Mr. Day's district. The southern district, including that portion of the county not included in the other two districts, and the whole of Wabasha county, was assigned as Sorin's district.

The next meeting was held June 28, when the following bills against the county were presented, the first evidences of county indebtedness: W. S. Combs, blank books, \$23.85; Leman Bates, assessor, \$6.00; John Day, assessor, \$16.00; total, \$45.85.

The returns made by the assessors showed the assessed valuation of taxable personal property in the two districts to be \$65,305.

The estimated expenses of the county for the year 1854 were \$554.09, and it was ordered that a tax of one

per cent be raised on the present assessment to meet the same.

Charles Spates was appointed road supervisor of road district No. 1, which extended east to the west side of Hay creek, and embraced all the northwestern portion of the county from that line. T. J. Smith was appointed supervisor of road district No. 2, which extended from the west side of Hay creek to Bullard's creek, embracing the middle portion of the county. Charles Reed was appointed supervisor of road district No. 3, embracing all the southern portion of the county from the line of Bullard's creek.

Wm. Freeborn, P. Sandford and Leman Bates were appointed judges of elections in the Red Wing precinct. Alexis Bailey, Chas. Reed and F. S. Richardson were appointed judges of elections in Wabasha precinct. Wabasha had been attached to this county for judicial purposes.

The following resolution was passed :

Resolved, To raise six hundred dollars toward the erection of county buildings next year; *Provided*, that the legal voters of the county, by a majority of votes, consent to the same.

The location for court house site was discussed at some length, and the subject finally laid over till the next meeting.

At the next meeting, held July 22, the following resolution was passed :

Resolved, That the court house for Goodhue county be located on the block marked and known as "Court House Block," on the town plat of Red Wing, according to the survey of the same made by J. Knauer, June 23, 1853.

The next meeting was held on the 18th of November. The consideration of bills against the county was taken up, and bills allowed to the amount of \$84 60; also for sheriff and justice fees, \$145.45.

At the closing session in December the following additional amount was allowed, \$61.00, making the total expenses of the county for the year \$336.90.

On the second Tuesday in October, 1854, the people elected a full board of county officers: Commissioners, Rezin Spates, A. W. Post, P. S. Fish; Sheriff, Harry C. Hoffman; Treasurer, M. Sorin; District Attorney, P. Sandford; Judge of Probate, A. D. Shaw; County Surveyor, S. A. Hart; Clerk of the Court, P. Sandford; Register of Deeds, J. W. Hancock.

The first meeting of the regularly elected board of county commissioners was held on the first day of January, 1855. No business was transacted at this meeting. The members simply subscribed to the oath of office and elected P. S. Fish as chairman.

At their second meeting, January 8, the following bills were presented and allowed: Charles Spates, for services as road supervisor, \$5.00; H. S. Simmons, burial expenses of a German pauper, \$6.00.

At this session the first list of grand and petit jurors was selected. A re-adjustment of assessment districts was agreed upon. Wacouta precinct was set off from Red Wing precinct and boundaries given. J. C. Wetherby was appointed justice of the peace; W. R. Culbertson and Joseph Middaugh, constables.

The clerk of the court and register of deeds were directed to procure a case for each of their offices suitable for filing papers. The register was also directed to procure blank books for the use of the county.

Provisions were made for offices for the county officials. Philander Sandford had erected a small building on Main street, Red Wing, for a law office. This building was used by the clerk of the court, the register of deeds, for the meeting of the board of commissioners, court room, and U. S. land office.

It appears that the people did not vote in favor of raising money for county buildings and nothing further was done by the board of commissioners towards that object till 1857, except discussing the matter.

A number of new school districts were set off, making the whole number in the county at the end of the year nine. Several new road districts were established and road supervisors appointed.

At a session of the board in April, 1856, the following named citizens were appointed judges of elections in the several election precincts into which the county had been divided: Red Wing, Seth Washburn, R. C. Todd, T. J. Smith; Wacouta, H. F. Simmons, George Post, Abner W. Post; Belle Creek, Hans Mattson, Walter Doyle, S. P. Chandler; Florence, Samuel Cory, Henry Phillips, J. L. Dixon; Sackton, Simon Sackett, D. F. Stevens, P. G. Wilson; Cannon Falls, Andrus Durand, E. N. Sumner, Alonzo Dibble; Dunkirk, Ole Oleson, Samuel Knutson, Gunder Oleson.

The business transacted by the board this year was similar to that of 1855. As the county was constantly filling up by immigration, new school and road districts were necessarily formed. The total valuation, as returned by the assessors, was \$630,227. This was the first year that lands had become taxable.

In the year 1857 action was taken in earnest to provide county buildings.

The county board consisted of S. P. Chandler, S. J. Hasler, A. W. Post. S. J. Hasler was elected chairman. At a meeting held on the 10th of April the following action was taken:

Whereas, It is the duty of the board of county commissioners to provide for the erecting and repairing of court house, jails, and other necessary public buildings for the use of the county; and,

Whereas, This county has no court house, nor jail;

Resolved, That this board provide for the erection of suitable buildings for the use of the county.

Several resolutions followed in regard to the issue of bonds, their negotiation, etc. Then they resolved to receive plans and specifications for a court house, to be furnished on or before the first Monday in May, at the register of deeds' office, and directed the clerk to have these resolutions printed three successive weeks in the *Red Wing Gazette*.

It was the opinion of this board that the court house block was too far from the river, and they resolved that the block now occupied by the Episcopal church should be the site for county buildings, provided a good title could be obtained. But nothing came from the above resolves of the commissioners, probably on account of the great stringency in money matters which prevailed throughout the country that year.

The next reference to building a court house is found under date of February 2, 1858, when it was voted to erect county buildings according to plans and specifications presented by Messrs. Chaffee, provided that sufficient county bonds can be negotiated at a sum not less than ninety cents on the dollar, the cost of said building not to exceed thirty thousand dollars.

It will be remembered by many of the older citizens that our county orders at that time were worth from sixty to seventy-five cents on the dollar.

On the third Monday in May the bids were opened and the contract awarded to Hill, Simmons & Stevens for completing the building of a court house and jail under one roof. Voted to notify the contractors that the same be erected on the "Court House Block," as designated on the town plat of Red Wing.

Tuesday, June 8, the board voted to accept the sureties given by Daniel C. Hill and others for the completion of the contract for building court house and jail; and ordered the same to be placed on file. Voted also that the contract entered into by the county commissioners, parties of the first part, and Daniel C. Hill and others, parties of the second part, be placed on file.

The court house was finished and turned over by the contractors to the county board in August, 1859.

On the 20th of March, there was enacted by the Territorial legislature a law providing for a system of township organizations, which was to go into effect the 12th of July, 1858, which came near discontinuing the work of the contractors for a time. A new county board, consisting of the chairman of each board of town supervisors, was elected to transact the business of the county.

Pursuant to the provisions of this act, William P. Tanner, Martin S. Chaudler, and Jesse McIntire, proceeded to the discharge of the duty assigned them, defined the boundaries and named the several townships in Goodhue county to the number of twenty-one. So the new board consisted of twenty-one members.

Their first meeting was held on the second Monday

in July, 1858. That little office occupied by the register of deeds before mentioned was too strait for so large a body, and a room was found in Todd & Hasler's block on Main street.

The first day was spent in organizing and appointing committees. "Tuesday the committee on rules and regulations submitted their report which was adopted. These rules fill about eight pages of the journal and are about as voluminous as the rules governing the congress of the United States."

It was further related of the proceedings of this new board that they were marked by motions and counter-motions, speeches and counter-speeches, a few men doing the speaking, and a few others doing the work. In fact it was a kind of young congress in which some men made speeches of the buncome sort.

That this board held their next meeting in "Harmony Hall," a building which stood on West Main street, seemed a fitting appointment. Yet the good name of the hall was sadly misused by them. In fact, they had two presiding officers for a time.

The following account was written by a member of this board who took an active part in this meeting:

"The facts, briefly, are these: At the first meeting of the county board in July referred to, S. P. Chandler was chosen chairman, and acted as such, without any sign of opposition from any one. The annual meeting of the board was fixed by law on the second Monday in September, and the board adjourned to meet at that time. The board so met, and it was the understanding of the entire board that at this annual meeting a new election of officers was to take place. Accordingly the board proceeded to the election of chairman, and I. C. Stearns

was elected by nearly, if not quite, a two-thirds majority. He took the chair without any opposition and a large amount of business was transacted at that forenoon session. During the adjournment of two hours for the afternoon session, the matter was talked up in town, and it was the opinion of the lawyers that the new election of officers was illegal, and that the officers elected at the first meeting held over for the ensuing year. Mr. S. P. Chandler was therefore advised by them to again assume the chair and claim his right as chairman. So at the commencement of the afternoon session both officers called the meeting to order simultaneously, and both put motions as they were made and seconded. This, however, continued but a very short time, for as the voice of the new chairman was stronger, and the board paid attention to him rather than to the other, the old chairman subsided, and said he appointed the other to act for him until the matter was settled. The board then proceeded to discuss the question at length. The house was crowded with the talent of Red Wing, and the excitement was at a high pitch; for it was understood that the validity of the bonds issued for the building of the court house would be affected by this decision, as the chairman of the board must sign the bonds.

"Hon. W. W. Phelps was invited to address the board on the subject, and he made a lengthy argument in favor of the continuance of the old officers. This discussion occupied nearly the entire afternoon. It was finally decided by the board that the old officers held over, and Mr. Chandler was allowed quietly to resume his seat as chairman."

The building of the court house at the time was

considered by many of the people in the south part of the county too much in the interest of Red Wing. When this board of supervisors succeeded the county commissioners the country towns had much the larger representation, and the majority sought to avoid the responsibility of the contract made by the old board. Legal advice was secured which satisfied them that the contract was legal and binding, and rather than risk involving the county in heavy damages, the contractors were allowed to proceed and the court house was finished according to the time specified.

A feeling of dissatisfaction with the township system became general very soon throughout the State, and early in 1860 an act was passed by the legislature, providing that each and every county in the State should be deemed an organized county, and that in those counties in which at the last general election there were cast eight hundred votes or over, the board of commissioners should consist of five members and in all others three members, who should hold their offices one year, or until their successors should be elected and qualified.

The last board of supervisors adjourned *sine die* on the 10th of January, 1860. The new board of commissioners held their first session on the 4th of June following. This board was composed of J. A. Thacher, H. L. Bevans, J. A. Jackson, A. Hilton and E. A. Sargent. Since then there has been no change in the management of the affairs of the county.

The old court house, with some necessary alterations and repairs, has served the purposes intended for more than thirty years. Another building upon the same block was erected in 1887 for sheriff's residence and jail. Few counties in the State have better public buildings.

A large farm was purchased by the county commissioners in 1864 for the purpose of providing a home for the poor for the sum of \$3000. Necessary buildings were erected thereon at a cost of \$5,737.18. The buildings were completed and ready for occupancy in 1867, where many unfortunate and aged invalids have enjoyed a comfortable refuge during the last days of their earthly career. The main building was accidentally consumed by fire in October, 1889. The inmates, about thirty in number, all escaped injury, and temporary accommodations were provided for them till a new house was erected.

The new building was completed during the following year at a cost of about \$20,000. It is situated on Spring creek in the town of Burnside, and presents a very fine appearance. There is an artesian well on the premises and the whole surroundings are such as make it a pleasant home. The farm is under as good cultivation as any in the neighborhood. The whole is managed by an overseer who is appointed by the board of county commissioners.

The first political movement having a tendency to shape the future complexion of the parties in Goodhue county was a meeting held October 8, 1856; on the corner of Main and Bush streets, Red Wing.

Franklin Pierce, a Democrat, was then President of the United States. As a matter of course, all appointive officers of the Territory were Democrats. A U. S. land office was located here. The Hon. C. Graham was receiver and Hon. W. W. Phelps was register. The chief justice of the Territory, Hon. W. H. Welch, also resided here. Henry C. Hoffman was post-master. Nehemiah Bennett, editor of the *Sentinel* (now *Argus*),

was justice of the peace. The elective offices for the county were then filled with those who were adherents of the party dominant at that time.

While no vote for President could be taken here, the interests of the party must not be allowed to flag, and in consequence a grand demonstration rally was announced for above date. After a large pile of empty barrels, boxes, and other combustible materials, had been fired and allowed to burn some time for the amusement of the boys, and gather a crowd, an organization was effected by the selection of Dr. F. F. Hoyt chairman, and N. V. Bennett secretary. Hon. W. W. Phelps mounted a dry goods box directly in front of the Tee-peatonka hotel, and for about an hour poured forth the Simon-pure Democracy on the compromise measures of 1850, and the Kansas and Nebraska bill of Stephen A. Douglas, commonly known as Popular or Squatter sovereignty. Mr. Graham followed in the same strain, except he interspersed his speech with many anecdotes which kept the boys in a very good humor. The meeting closed after Mr. Graham's speech, but the people did not seem disposed to leave hastily. They gathered into small groups, discussing the matter for themselves. Many young men, and some older ones, had come into the Territory expecting to make their homes here. Among them was the Hon. Charles McClure, from Illinois, who had been trained in the anti-slavery army for some years and had been acquainted with such men as Abraham Lincoln, Lyman Trumbull, Owen Lovejoy, and others of like sentiment.

The result of the group conferences was the holding of a Republican meeting then and there. Dr. Hoyt was found and on being questioned said the Democrats were

through, and had no objections whatever to the Republicans having a meeting. H. L. Bevans, John Going, and Manville Comstock, a self-constituted committee, called upon Mr. McClure, who had been sitting at his office window listening to the former speakers, and was waiting for just such an opportunity. He was soon mounted upon the same box previously occupied by Phelps and Graham. McClure had not spoken ten minutes when it was apparent to all who claimed to be Republicans that he was annihilating the doctrine of popular sovereignty. He had not proceeded much longer when a whoop was heard from the front of Clark & Allen's hardware store, as if a company of Comanches had been let loose, and a moment later down the street came some men and some boys with a small wagon and some sheets of iron laid so as to flap together; and with blow-horns and cow-bells, attempting to drown the voice of the speaker. C. C. Vandenberg, Louis Bennett and others came very near getting into trouble over the matter. They being the leaders, or able to control the leaders of the affair, quiet was restored and Mr. McClure was permitted to finish.

The following spring Charles McClure was a candidate for delegate to the Constitutional convention to form a State constitution, and after a very hard contest was elected by a majority of three over his competitor. Since that time the county has not failed to give a Republican majority for all National and nearly all State nominees for office when privileged to vote for such.

In the early years of the settlement of the county, but little interest was taken in politics. While a Territory we could not vote for President.

Minnesota did not become a State until May, 1858.

The first opportunity we had of voting for President was in the fall of 1860. Until 1857 party lines were not strictly drawn; candidates were voted for on grounds of popularity, or individual preference.

In September, 1857, a new paper made its appearance in Red Wing styled the *Red Wing Republican*. The first number was dated the 4th of the month and contained a full copy of the State Constitution which had been framed by a State Constitutional convention at St. Paul that year and was presented to the next meeting of Congress, asking for admission into the Union. The same number contained also a report of the proceedings of a political county convention which had been held a few days previously, to promote the interests of the Republican party. Lucius F. Hubbard, who had lately become a resident of the county, was the first editor of this paper. From this time, party lines were more distinctly drawn, the *Red Wing Sentinel* being the organ of the Democratic party, and the *Republican* the organ of the party of that name.

In the proceedings of the first convention of the Republican party, it is stated that William Stanton, of Cannon Falls, served as chairman, and Henry L. Bevans, of Red Wing, as secretary; that the convention was addressed by the Hon. Charles McClure in a spirited and practical speech, representing the position of the Republican party in the coming campaign. A full ticket for county officers was put in nomination and the nominees were triumphantly elected.

The political campaign of Goodhue county in the fall of 1860 was an exceedingly lively one, as well before as after the nominating conventions. This was especially the case with the Republicans.

The main contest in the Republican convention was for the office of register of deeds, and the principal candidates for the office were: Matthew Sorin and T. B. McCord, of Red Wing; Aaron G. Hudson, of Florence; and C. C. Webster, of Zumbrota. The convention was held at the court house on the 11th day of October. The feeling among the friends of the different candidates was at fever heat, and at one time during the convention, a personal encounter took place. After several ballots had been taken Mr. Webster was nominated, a result brought about by a combination of the friends of the nominee and those of Hudson and McCord. Mr. Sorin and his friends were terribly chagrined at the result, and in order to give public expression to their feelings, an "indignation meeting" was arranged for, to be held at the court house a few evenings later, at which Mr. Sorin was to be the principal speaker. His well known eloquence and ability as an orator could not but attract a large crowd, and the court room was filled to its utmost capacity, to see and hear what might take place.

The speaker was at his best, and the audience, both friend and foe, were richly entertained. He took up the case of one of his rivals for the nomination, who had sold out his delegates to Mr. Webster, and who happened to be at that time a young man. In sarcastic language and manner he referred to him as a mere cipher in the community, and concluded by asking: "Who is he? and what has he ever done for Goodhue county? He has not done so much as build a hen-coop. A man without a home, without a wife, and perhaps without a child."

Afterward he referred to some other young men who

had been somewhat conspicuous in bringing about his defeat, as he expressed it. A young man called Capt. Smithers, then a well known resident of Red Wing, supposing himself to be the person alluded to, rose in his seat and asked, "Mr. Sorin, do you mean me?" The speaker stopped, straightened himself to his full height, and looking steadily at the captain, till every eye in the room was turned upon him and perfect silence prevailed, he answered: "*You, sir; no! I am on the descending grade, but haven't got down to you yet.*" Of course, every one shouted at the reply; but it is doubtful if the answer was nearly as mortifying to the captain as was the fact that the speaker did not reach him during the remainder of his speech.

It was admitted by all present that Mr. Sorin thoroughly vindicated himself and discomfited his enemies on the occasion. He was afterward appointed postmaster at Red Wing by the incoming administration. Some other defeated candidates have not fared as well.

This county has been fortunate enough to secure men of ability and honesty to conduct its affairs with prudence and economy, to whatever political party they may have been attached for the time being.

CHAPTER XI.

THE HALF-BREED TRACT.

The above named tract of land, which comprised a large portion of this county, was in the early settlement often the subject of absorbing interest, but is now almost forgotten.

When the Mdewakantonwan Dakotas sold their lands along the western bank of the Mississippi to the United States by treaty they expressed a wish to reserve a portion of said land for the benefit of the mixed bloods, their relatives, who would, as it was supposed, desire to cultivate the same, and adopt the customs of the whites instead of going to a reservation further West.

The following described tract was accordingly set apart for the purpose: Beginning at the lower end of Barn bluff and running thence southwesterly on a line at right angles with the general course of the Mississippi river fifteen miles; thence southeasterly on a line parallel with the general course of said river, to a point fifteen miles west of the foot of Lake Pepin; thence to the foot of said lake; thence up said lake and river to the place of beginning. As will be readily seen a large part of this tract fell within the limits of Goodhue county, and the remainder within the limits of Wabasha county.

There is no doubt that Indian traders and those in their employ were the chief instruments in having such

a reservation made. The persons who would be entitled to share in the same were at the time chiefly children under age.

For some reason this land was not laid off into townships and sections by the surveyors until about a year after the other part of the county had been surveyed. A few settlers however had, by permission of some relatives of the Indians, settled here. Some had purchased the rights of a mixed blood and made a claim accordingly.

I think that the United States surveyors finally completed the survey of this tract during the year 1855. It was laid off without regard to the boundaries given in the treaty, into townships and sections in conformity with the adjacent lands.

Soon after the land office was opened in Red Wing a list of the names of all persons entitled to a share of this reserved tract was made out and sent to the general land office in Washington. Scrip was immediately issued to each name designating the number of acres the person named was entitled to hold.

Gen. Shields brought the scrip to Minnesota for distribution. It was a matter of course that the greater portion passed into the hands of parents or guardians of children, and from them it passed into the hands of speculators. About this time there were probably two hundred families of white people settled upon this tract. Many of them held quit claims from individual half-breeds for a certain number of acres. But the land officers could not recognize the quit-claims. Nothing but the scrip from the general land office would avail in filing an entry upon any portion of this land. Speculators saw their opportunity and began to take up

the land by "laying the scrip," as the act was called in the land office. The choicest locations were already occupied by settlers, and those who held scrip could enter the lands these settlers had chosen, many of whom had made expensive improvements. The soil had been broken and crops raised; buildings and fences erected.

The actual settlers had the sympathy of all the surrounding population, but scripholders had the advantage of the situation and commenced to obtain title to farms already improved. This caused the settlers to rally in self-defence. That was an exciting time in Red Wing. The disputed tract invaded the eastern part of the town itself, and the land office was located here.

Meetings were held by the actual settlers and counsel taken as to methods of procedure. They assessed upon themselves a tax, raised money, and sent one man to Washington to demand justice in their behalf. They secured from the land office correct copies of plats of all the townships and fractional townships included in the tract. And upon whatever quarter section a settler had made his improvements, that quarter was definitely marked. Scripholders were publicly warned against filing upon such land. At a meeting of those interested in the cause of the settlers, which was held at the Kelly House in Red Wing the 17th of March, 1856, a vigilance committee was chosen to prevent any more scrip being laid upon any land already occupied. This committee was empowered to demand that in every case where scrip had been laid on actual settlers' land, said scrip should be immediately raised. This committee was composed of twenty-one members. They were men of dauntless courage and muscular power, and devoted their whole time and energy to the work

appointed until it was accomplished. Two of them stood as sentinels at the land office armed with loaded revolvers constantly watching every transaction therein, being relieved by other two at stated times. In the meantime the majority of this committee were acting as detectives, arresting and bringing to trial those who had already offended.

It should be remembered that we had then no court house and no jail. Lawyers were but few and these few all on the same side, so that summary justice seemed absolutely necessary. We will relate the details of one case disposed of by this committee.

It was a former Indian trader who lived on Lake Pepin. He had been a member of the Territorial legislature, was a man of some notoriety, whose well known character had procured for him the appropriate name of "Bully." He had succeeded in laying some half-breed scrip upon a settler's land before the committee was appointed. They were watching his movements; knowing that his family was entitled to a large amount of scrip, they waited for his next visit to the land office, which was not many days after. He came as far as the door of the land office when he was taken into the custody of a strong guard of armed men whose leader commanded him to march into the office forthwith, and raise the entry he had made upon a settler's land by scrip. He utterly refused to do so, and defied the committee to compel him thus to do. He was escorted to the Tepee-tonka hotel where a strong guard was kept over him for several hours. Meantime preparations were made for his trial and its consequences. Witnesses were summoned and he was convicted of refusing to obey the mandate of the committee. He was then escorted

down to the river which was still covered with ice, though it was near the close of March. Very near the middle of the stream a hole had been cut large enough to put a good sized man into. He was there told to take his choice either to go immediately to the land office, and in the presence of the members of the committee, raise that entry of scrip, or be put down through the ice. He looked into the faces of those determined men a moment, and made up his mind to go and do as they had ordered in relation to the scrip. Two or three other cases of this kind were disposed of by the committee with similar results. No personal injury was inflicted upon anyone and the committee accomplished the work which was appointed them, for the time being, in a very efficient manner. A decision from the general land office at Washington in a few weeks relieved them from their task, and gave satisfaction to all the settlers. By this decision, those who had settled upon the tract and made improvements thereon, had the preemption and homestead rights, the same as on other government lands. The same decision granted to the holders of half-breed scrip the privilege of laying the same upon any other government land not previously claimed by an actual settler. All the vacant land on the half-breed tract was taken very soon after this decision, the situation near the river enhancing its value. The distance of a few miles from market was considered a great disadvantage before we had any railroads.

None of the mixed bloods ever cared to settle on the land thus set apart for their benefit. It soon all passed into the possession of immigrants from the other states, and those who came from Europe. But the end of trouble from that half-breed scrip was not yet. Many

of the residents of this county were subjected to the privilege of paying twice for their right to possess their farms. They first paid the parents or guardians of the children in whose names the land had been first entered, receiving a guardian's deed. A dozen or more years after, as the child arrived at majority, another payment was demanded and generally paid.

There were several cases known to the writer where a person held and cultivated the land as his own, having received a guardian's deed, for more than twelve years, when a lawyer visited the place and claimed the farm with its improvements, as the attorney of some child just become of age, and now he must pay again for a quit-claim from the child or stand a law-suit. Now a law-suit is rather expensive, as all who have had one must know, and those who have not may know by attending the session of a court where a suit is pending concerning the title to a piece of land. Any farmer will sooner pay a few hundred dollars than entertain such a thing.

The people who now reside along the valley of Lake Pepin and within fifteen miles of said lake in Minnesota, are certainly to be congratulated that they enjoy more peaceful times than were granted to those who preceded them. But a very small number of that vigilance committee of twenty-one now survive. They are entitled to honor for having done their work well.

The celebrated half-breed tract was a complete farce, and likewise a very costly one to many of our early settlers. It was a trick of the Indian traders to make money for themselves and litigation for those who came from far to make homes for their families, and lay the foundations for civilized and Christian institutions in a wilderness.

CHAPTER XII.

REMINISCENCES.

Every new region has its peculiar attractions. The largest share of the early settlers of Minnesota were doubtless attracted hither by reports of the healthfulness of the climate and fertility of the soil. But there were attractions for all classes. All trades and professions are wanted among civilized men. No better description of the employments and diversions experienced in early times in Goodhue county can be given than is furnished in the following address by Judge E. T. Wilder, delivered before the Old Settlers' Association, in January, 1883:

"In May, 1856, in company with Mr. Chas. Hall, of Ohio, the father of our O. M. Hall, I left Dubuque for Minnesota. Traveling with our own team, we went west to Waterloo on Cedar river, then up that stream, visiting Cedar Falls, Waverly, St. Charles, Osage; thence through Austin, Owatonna, Faribault, Cannon Falls, to Red Wing. Returning from this point south, we passed Poplar Grove, Oronoco, Rochester and Decorah, to Dubuque.

"The incidents of this trip were not a little diversified. Hotel accommodations, even in towns, were by no means incapable of improvement. In this particular, Red Wing was not an exception. The regulation diet was fresh pork from shoats of the racer variety; dried

apples in different forms; a decoction of the tea plant with little or no sugar; and now and then a dish of corn coffee. The only bright, sunny spot we found on the whole route was Owatonna. This picture is a pleasant one to this day. Reaching that place at noon, we stopped for dinner at a small but cheerful looking hotel. We found no one to care for us but the landlady, a neat, tidy, petite, and charming lady; for all this she was! Looking after the team ourselves, she, unassisted, with exceptional promptness, prepared the dinner. The table was neatness personified, and the dinner was in all respects entitled to equal commendation. With such a table, such a dinner, and such a waiting maid, standing out in bold contrast with the experience of the few preceding days, no one of the early settlers will doubt that we did full justice to the dinner, and honor to the hostess.

"This trip was purely one of observation. No point visited pleased me as well as Red Wing, and no section through which we passed equaled in promise what we saw in Goodhue county. In a few days I returned to Red Wing to look over the ground again and with more care. This was about the 20th of June. At this time I formed numerous acquaintances, prominent among whom were Judge W. H. Welch, Messrs. Phelps and Graham, J. C. Weatherby, James Lawther, Messrs. Smith, Towne & Co. Of the latter firm I then saw more of Mr. Towne than of his partners. My interviews were mainly with him, and though long since gone to his rest, I am pleased to say that in all my intercourse with men, few, as a stranger, have ever met me with more of cordiality and gentlemanly courtesy than he. The result of these investigations was a determination to

remain here. I rented an office in the second story of a wooden building, then nearly completed, standing on the north side of Main street, the present site of Rich's hardware store. Red Wing then contained a population of perhaps six hundred.

"A few days after, I returned to Dubuque and sent Mr. A. W. Pratt forward with our office furniture, following him about the 10th of July. I found the building before referred to completed and occupied. In the west compartment, on the lower floor, was the U. S. land office; in the east, the hardware store of Clark & Cooper; in front, over them, was our office; and in front, over the land office, were Messrs. Smith, Towne & Co.; and back of them, the law office of Murdock & Bristol.

"From that building radiated many matters of practical importance to this land district. From well nigh all parts of the State came attorneys to be heard in cases of contest in the land office court.

"In this block were concocted the thousand and one practical jokes that contributed not a little to save our people in those days from ennui.

"Those who are familiar with that period in our history need not be told that our friend Pratt was the presiding genius in this department, supported by Phelps Everett as his efficient and unfailing aid. While a volume could be filled with reports of their work in this field, I give only a specimen.

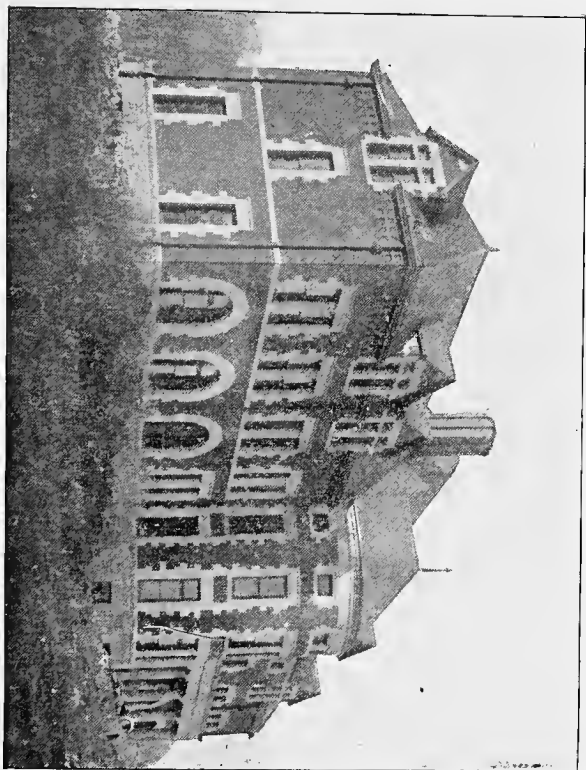
"Messrs. Clark & Cooper had ordered and received the bell for the new Presbyterian church. It stood upon the sidewalk in front of their store and of course directly below and in front of our office; its position was such that it could be easily rung. I had just re-

turned from the East with memoranda for numerous business entries upon our books. I was seated at one side of the table in the office, and Pratt at the other, making entries at my dictation. It was a hot day in summer and the office windows wide open. We had progressed with our work but a little time, when *clang, clang*, in full tone, went the bell; not a single tap or two, but persistently. Of course it disturbed us. An exclamation of annoyance on my part was followed by Pratt's quiet movement to the window to discover by whom the bell was rung, and to request its discontinuance. From him came the remark, 'The scamps have run; they must be the same cubs who have kept the bell going for the last two nights. They don't let a fellow sleep.'

"Our work was barely resumed when the boys gave notice of their return by interruption number two, and with increased power. Pratt moved rapidly to the window; the boys were just disappearing round the corner. This game was kept up two or three times more. At last Pratt left his seat, saying, 'Confound them; I will catch them anyway!' Going to his closet he produced a pitcher of water, the best part of a gallon, and taking position behind the wall near the window, watched the movements below. Some little time elapsed with no results. Meantime he stood and watched. At length came the sound of the bell with still increased volume, and simultaneously out went the contents of the pitcher, followed by the joyous outcry, 'I hit the biggest fellow squarely in the face! I guess they'll stop now.' And they did.

"The first religious service I attended in Red Wing was in July, 1856, in the seminary building of the

GIRLS' COTTAGE STATE REFORM SCHOOL.



Hamline University. A local minister, not now in the place, officiated. I remember nothing of his sermon further than that by way of illustration he presented to his congregation by a word picture, a pig, which, trying to force itself through a rail fence, finds itself caught so that it can move neither forward nor backward. On the way from meeting Mr. Pratt, being in company, suddenly stopped, and with a tone and expression of anxiety, said, 'Hold on, Judge! I have got to go back.' 'Why, what's the matter?' 'Why, don't you hear that poor pig squeal? I must go back and get him out of the fence.'

"In those days the range of amusements was limited and sports of the field and stream had many votaries. Allow me to photograph one feature of a fishing trip, and a single hunting scene. As soon as the ice in the river was known to be firm, parties could be seen, each with his blanket, spear and decoy, at an early morning hour, moving with dignity toward the favorite run way for the day's sport. The language of the thermometer was ignored. Twenty or twenty-five below prevented no one from keeping a previous engagement. Reaching the designated point, the first step was to build upon the bank a big log fire, the next to cut the number of holes, and then commenced the work of the day. Seated upon the ice under his blanket, with spear in one hand and the string of his decoy in the other, the sportsman would watch for his prey, until by reason of his cramped position his limbs uttered their protest, then join his comrades at the fire, swap yarns, roast and eat salt pork, and then again take up his spear and decoy for the second instalment of what some of you would characterize as discomfort and folly. Again and

again I have heard the question: 'What pleasure can there be in this?' If I could take one of these skeptics under my blanket and compel him to keep perfectly still, the answer would readily be given. Like a flash, like a ray of light through the clear pellucid water striking at the decoy as he goes under and beyond the hole, darts a twenty pound muscalonge. The nerves respond as to a current of electricity. Now, not a motion, not a noise, not even a long breath. In a moment or two, he comes moving slowly, cautiously, suspiciously back. You first see the very tip of his nose as it projects above the ice. In the slowest, most cautious manner possible, watching everything, he moves steadily on towards the decoy, and then when he has passed so far under the hole as to present his head and 'shoulders inside of the wall of ice, a quick, sharp, downward blow, skillfully given with the suspended spear, and the fellow is yours. If in this there is not excitement, if there is not pleasure which a sportsman feels to his very fingers' ends, then recollection is strangely at fault.

"Occasionally our trips were made with teams and to points some distance away. One trip of this sort will not readily be forgotten. The party consisted of Dr. Sweney, Prof. Wilson, Teele, Downing, Brundage, Abe Thomas, Dr. Hoyt and myself. The shoes of the team had been recently sharpened; we drove up the river some distance and then across the island and struck the Vermilion slough at a point five or six miles above its mouth. We had in that neighborhood a good day's sport, Mr. Downing using hook and line and catching 'snakes,' the balance of the company using spear and decoy taking fish. We returned by the Ver-

million; all were on board (Mr. Teele excepted, who was upon skates), Mr. Thomas driving. Moving at a good round trot, without premonition we entered upon a section of ice so thin that a jet of water of an inch or more in height followed each cork of the shoes of the horses as they were raised from the ice in our progress, and so feeble as perceptibly to yield to the weight of the load. You may well imagine that at that moment our sleigh contained white faces, pallid lips and nervous men. It was madness to stop; our only chance for safety consisted in going on and over the weak ice if possible, and this the driver instinctively appreciated. Applying the whip promptly and smartly, the team fairly flew until solid ice was reached and safety assured. For a brief period the strain was painfully intense. It was an experience no one of that party was ever ambitious to repeat.

"In the summer of 1857, a company, consisting of Mr. Going, Mr. Williston, Brown and others, left Red Wing for an extended chicken hunt. In the vicinity of Hader the troop were ranging over quite an area, yet within sight and hearing. Two of the company fired at a covey of chickens, and in a direction not toward, but from Mr. Going. The reports of their guns had barely reached us when all eyes were turned to Mr. Going some distance away, who howling in agony was at intervals hurling curses loud and deep at the heads of our companions for their supposed carelessness, while he was with both hands holding up one leg, and at the same time trying to preserve his equilibrium, by hopping and jumping, not quite gracefully, upon the other. All feared he was seriously wounded, and were at his side with the least possible delay. He was still

grasping and rubbing the calf of the injured leg and obviously suffering intense pain. We placed him gently upon the ground, removed his boots and so much of his clothing as was necessary for a thorough examination, when to our surprise as well as his, no blood, no wound, no mark, not even a scratch could be found. Further examination disclosed the fact, that a single shot had struck him on the upper lip, had passed through and lodged against the skin upon the inner surface of the lip, and that was the extent of the injury. Two questions are suggested: First, where did that one shot come from? and second, what is the nervous connection between the lip and the calf of the leg?

"Among the citizens of Red Wing and the surrounding country there are few better or more widely known than John Jordan, who is still living on a farm in Wacouta. His life's career is here given in his own words:

"I was born in Belfast, Ireland, March 6, 1805. My father enlisted as a private soldier in 1798, when the Irish rebellion was raging. The first night he brought his gun home, the rebel neighbors flocked around his house demanding the gun. My mother with a baby brother in her arms, went to the window to look out, when one of the crowd struck at her with the butt end of his gun. She ran into an adjacent room, threw the baby on the bed, twisted the bayonet off father's gun, pulled him from the door and swinging the weapon over her head, swore that the first man who would touch her she would run through. The disturbers, awed by her courage, stepped back, and allowed her to pass quietly to a neighbor's house, while they withdrew without more trouble. My mother was large and very

religious. It was the first and only time she was ever heard to use a profane word. She was a member of the Presbyterian church.

"My father was a fancy linen weaver before he became a private soldier. He was also something of a mechanic. He made his own loom for weaving, and mother spun the yarn. I was the fifth of thirteen children. My parents were very poor, and as the family was large, the children had to fight for themselves when very young.

"At the age of seven I was put into a fancy print-work establishment in Dublin, to which place my parents had removed, when the rebellion was over. I had no time to go to school. I learned to spell and read, studying by myself during the intervals when work at the factory would stop. Never wrote a copy at school. The little I learned from books was in teaching my own children at home. When I was sixteen years old I began to serve as an apprentice to the fancy printing trade. I served seven years. About the year 1832 or 1833, I was chosen out of a large factory of fancy printers, to print a dress for the queen of England when she was a little maid and before she wore the crown. It was a seven colored Chinese pattern and took seven blocks for the design. This was at Ireland-bridge near Dublin. I went from there to England and worked several years in Manchester.

"The year 1845 found me employed in the Globe print works at Fall River, Mass. From there I went to Garner's print works, Rockland county, N. Y., where I worked nine years, and laid up from my earnings \$2,000. In 1856 I left for Red Wing, Minnesota.

"This last trip was not without its trials. In Chicago

I lost \$800 in gold, which my wife forgot under her pillow in her sleeping room. She had nine in the family to look after, and in the hurry forgot the money. We spent three days in the city trying to recover it without success. We reached Red Wing, November 1, 1856, and in the following year settled in Wacouta. We were prosperous until the breaking out of the war, when all the help I had went to fight for the Union. Three sons went away; one returned broken down in health, and the other two lie in some southern ditch for the sake of their country. I was then nearly sixty years old; I had to rent out my farm. I now get a pension of \$12 per month. I had twenty relatives on the battle field. The war was a sorrowful thing on me and mine, but it had to be, or freedom was no more, and if I had been young I would have been there too."

Soon after the close of the war father Jordan wrote the following, entitled,

"MY BOYS' PICTURES."

Their pictures are here now,
But their bodies are not,
They lie far South away
In some rebel's green lot.

For their country they fought,
For this Union did fall,
On the battle field died,
By the traitors' sad ball.

The fourth of October
In the year Sixty-two,
The fighting was dreadful
At Corinth it is true.

When Nat. the brave fellow
To his comrade did say,
"Though now in great danger,
Let us not run away."

But before the stout boy
Could receive a reply,
A great shell knocked him down,
And in blood he did lie.

He was borne to a tent,
And his comrades did say,
It was of his mother,
That he spoke that day.

He said, "Tell my mother,
Do not mourn much for me;
I die for my country
And sweet liberty."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CIVIL WAR.

The part taken by the citizens of this county during the war of the rebellion is well worthy a permanent record.

Most of the people had but newly settled here. They were from many parts of the old world, and from distant parts of the United States. The people from different localities not being acquainted with each other's language or customs, made communication with neighbors sometimes difficult. Yet the call for volunteers was responded to, bravely and willingly, by all classes. When the tocsin of war was sounded in April, 1861, the whole population of the county did not exceed 9,000. During the war we furnished 1,508 enlisted men, which was about one-sixth of the number of inhabitants. The people were then fully engaged in the important work of laying the foundations of society, and building the homes for themselves and families, which they hoped to enjoy in the future.

Among all the people of the northern states, none seemed more ready to devote themselves to the cause of the Union than those who had lately come from across the ocean to make their homes in this country. From a single family of five boys in the town of Belle Creek, four enlisted as volunteers and marched to the front, while the fifth sent a substitute. In fact nearly every able bodied man of suitable age offered himself

to serve in the federal army, and those who stayed at home by the stuff, devoted their time and means to a greater or less extent in sustaining the Union cause.

Husbands, fathers, and sons bravely left the comforts of home and the society of loved ones to endure the hardships and face the dangers of war. Nor was less patriotism displayed by those who by age or physical disability were prevented from enlistment. They also contributed their time and means to sustain the wives and children whose husbands and fathers were engaged in the tented field. Whenever money was called for it was freely given. Funds were raised in the several cities and townships and placed in the hands of committees who were appointed to distribute the same among soldiers' families according to their several necessities.

A public meeting was held in Red Wing very soon after the first company of volunteers had left, to concert a plan for the relief of soldiers' families. A subscription was raised amounting to over \$2,000 and a committee was appointed to distribute the same from time to time, according to the necessities of such families.

During the progress of the war other towns in the county followed the example, by furnishing aid to soldiers' families when needed. The board of county commissioners voted a bounty of \$20 to be paid out of the treasury of the county, to each and every person who enlisted or reenlisted in the service of the United States for the war, whose enlistment was accredited to this county. Additional bounties were given in the several townships. It is not possible to give an exact account at this day of the whole amount of money

expended by the people of this county, to sustain the cause of the Union. An approximate estimate can be made by giving amounts which were raised by a few of the county towns.

According to the records of Vasa, that township raised by taxation \$12,120; Featherstone, \$13,000; Belvidere, \$3,500; Goodhue, \$2,700. Large sums were raised in all the townships by voluntary subscriptions for the sanitary and christian commissions.

Before the first battle at Bull Run, just after the federal army had crossed the Potomac, the chaplain of the First Minnesota regiment issued the following circular:

“To the churches of Christ in Minnesota of every name, greeting:

“Grace be with you, mercy and peace from God the Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the Father, in truth and love.

“By request of Surgeon Stewart and Assistant Surgeon LeBoutillier, I sent this circular.

“A regiment, during the first months of its organization, is necessarily destitute of adequate hospital funds, and owing to the depression on the department at Washington, ordinary medical supplies are limited. Soldiers exposed to the heat of the noonday sun, and the malaria that walketh in darkness, frequently find their way after the nights' watch, to the hospital. Careful nursing, and food more delicate than army rations, are the remedies prescribed for recovery. The surgeons feel that the various branches of the church in Minnesota, whose children are all represented in the regiment, will esteem it a privilege to contribute something, even the widow's mite, to procure a lemon

or orange, or a cup of cold water, or other refreshments, for a soldier debilitated by exposure to southern suns, and they have selected the writer as a medium of communication.

"Contributions should be made for the Hospital Fund of the First Minnesota regiment and forwarded in Eastern exchange. All receipts will be publicly acknowledged by

"EDWARD D. NEILL, Chaplain.

"July 9th, 1861."

The above circular was responded to so promptly and abundantly from all parts where the members of the First regiment were known, that Chaplain Neill felt it necessary to send the following dispatch to Governor Ramsey:

"Don't kill us with kindness. Tell liberal men and noble women to send us no more money, nor clothing. God bless them. "E. D. NEILL."

We cannot honor too much the memory of those who went forth in the army and gave their lives for their country; nor can we show too much respect for the survivors of the bloody conflict who still remain among us; but it is proper also that those to come after us should be made acquainted with the fact, that it was not only those who were actually engaged in the battles of the Nation, who made sacrifices and who did what they could to sustain the Union in the time of peril. Those who could not bear arms, bore the burden of furnishing supplies for the soldiers in the battle field and hospitals.

It was estimated in May, 1861, that within eighteen days after the war commenced, thirty-two millions of

dollars were contributed by states, societies, and individuals in the North, to aid the government in quelling the rebellion. This sum was given spontaneously and in addition to the taxes which the government imposed for carrying on the war. It can be readily shown that the county of Goodhue contributed its full share in this patriotic work.

On the 12th of April, 1861, the first gun of the war of the rebellion was fired. Fort Sumter, near Charleston, South Carolina, was taken by the secessionists. Two days after the President of the United States issued his proclamation as follows :

"WHEREAS, The laws of the United States have been and are now violently opposed in several States by combinations too powerful to be suppressed in the ordinary way, I therefore call for the militia of the several states of the Union, to the aggregate number of 75,000 men, to suppress such combination and to execute the law. I appeal to all loyal citizens to facilitate and aid in this effort to maintain the laws, the integrity, and perpetuity of the government, and redress the wrongs long endured. The first service assigned to the forces, probably, will be to repossess the forts, places and property which have been seized from the Union. Let the utmost care be taken consistent with the object, to avoid devastation, destruction, or interference with the property of peaceful citizens in any part of the country; and I hereby command the persons composing the aforesaid combination to disperse within twenty days from date.

"I hereby convene both houses of Congress for the 4th of July, next, to determine upon measures for the public safety which the interest of the subject demands.

"A. LINCOLN, President U. S."

The patriotism of the people in every northern state was thoroughly awakened. The new settlers in the sparsely inhabited Northwest were not a whit behind the older states in responding to the call of the President.

Only four days from the date of this call, the following notice appeared in the *Goodhue County Republican*.

“TO ARMS ! TO ARMS !!

“A public meeting of the citizens of Goodhue county will be held at the court house, Friday evening, the 19th instant, at 7 o'clock.

“In view of the public exigencies, every patriot that can attend should do so. A full company of infantry must and shall be organized for the service of the government.

“Signed,

“MANY CITIZENS.”

That day the U. S. flag was seen floating from the cupola of the court house. Early in the evening crowds paraded the streets with music and banners, and the court house was thronged at the appointed hour. Judge W. H. Welch was appointed chairman. On taking the chair the Judge made a patriotic speech which met a sympathetic response from the hearts of all present, urging the importance of raising a company of soldiers in Goodhue county at once. The following are extracts of the notice of the proceedings of this meeting which appeared in the weekly *Republican* of April 26th :

“The meeting held in this city last Friday night was an important event in the history of Red Wing. It greatly exceeded both in numbers and enthusiasm, any gathering that has ever taken place in this locality. The people turned out *en masse*, and signified by word and action their patriotic devotion to their country in its hour of peril. It was indeed a glorious sight to see men forgetting the differences of the past, laying aside the issues that had divided them until now, and rally-

ing side by side in a single cause. It was an occasion never to be blotted from the memory of an individual present. * * * The audience were entertained by stirring speeches until a late hour, when a call was made for volunteers which was responded to by upwards of fifty, who placed their names to a paper pledging their lives and fortunes for the defense of their country against an armed rebellion."

On Tuesday, the 23d of April, 114 men had enlisted, fourteen more than wanted for a full company. Friday following the company was ready for service, having organized by the elective of the following officers: Captain, Wm. Colville, Jr.; Lieutenants, A. E. Welch, M. A. Hoyt; Sargeants, Martin Maginnis, C. P. Clark, Hezekiah Bruce, H. T. Bevans; Corporals, John Barrow, A. E. Scofield, Geo. Knight, Chas. N. Harris.

Saturday afternoon, April 27, the Goodhue volunteers left on the steamer "Ocean Wave" for Fort Snelling where the regiment, First Minnesota, to which they were assigned, was mustered in. Their departure was witnessed by a large number of citizens, who gathered on the levee to bid them farewell. Among the crowd were many relatives and friends of the soldier boys, and the parting scenes can be better imagined than described. Many an eye was dimmed with tears, and many hearts throbbed with emotion, as the brave boys filed aboard the boat. And when the steamer began to move away from the landing, the crowd on shore began to cheer most heartily, which was responded to by the volunteers; and amid the waving of the flags and handkerchiefs, hurrahs and cheers of the multitude, the boat with company "F" passed out of sight. This was our first experience in the business of real war. Very

few of us even suspected that such trying times would last four years. But call succeeded call, and company after company was formed in this county and sent forth until the number amounted to over 1,500 men. More than thirty years have passed since that war commenced, almost another generation has come upon the stage of action. Many histories have been written giving the details of battles, imprisonments, sacrifices and losses, which were experienced during four years of conflict. The Goodhue volunteers were the first company, we believe, which was organized to be offered to the Governor under his call for one regiment.

Of the reception at St. Paul of this first company the *Press* of May 2, says:

"They were received at the landing by the Pioneer Guards, who escorted them to their temporary quarters in the city. An immense crowd of citizens were at the levee to welcome their arrival, and as they filed through the streets the side-walks were lined with ladies and gentlemen, who kept up a continuous cheer as the brave volunteers passed along. The ranks returned the salutations with a hearty good will.

"The Red Wing brass band came up with the company from that place and added materially to the enthusiasm of the occasion. The company is more than full, and composed of the very bone and sinew of the stalwart farmers of Goodhue county."

The movement was started for a second company as soon as the first had been filled in Red Wing, and in four days this second company was fully organized and ready to move to the front.

The country towns were not idle. A patriotic enthusiasm seemed to spread over the county like a

prairie fire. Meetings were held in almost every school house, at which spirited addresses were delivered. Besides furnishing nearly one fifth of the first company Pine Island soon came to the front with a full company named "Pine Island Rifles." Roscoe, Cannon Falls and other towns followed; and the good work continued, as the war continued, and as men were called for to recruit the army. Only six months after the capture of Fort Sumter, the following paragraph appeared in the *Republican*:

"We claim the banner for Goodhue county. She has furnished more volunteers in proportion to her population than any other county in the state. She has one full company in the First regiment, one in the Second, two in the Third, and one in the Fourth, besides being largely represented in the company of sharp shooters, and of cavalry furnished by the State, and there is now organizing a company of artillery. Is there another county in the West of a population of 8,000 that has done as well?"

The war record of this county as taken from the report of the Adjutant General of the State shows that out of eleven regiments of volunteer infantry organized during the war in the State of Minnesota in all except the Ninth were soldiers and officers from old Goodhue. Representatives from this county are also found upon the rolls of the following bands of soldiers, who participated in the conflict:

First Mounted Rangers; Brackett's battalion cavalry; Second regiment, cavalry; Independent cavalry; First regiment, heavy artillery; Second battery, light artillery; First company of Minnesota Sharp Shooters.

The names of all the brave men who offered their

services in the war for the preservation of the Union are recorded in the archives of the State, and also in the published "*History of Minnesota in the Civil War.*" It is scarcely necessary to repeat the long list on the pages of this humble volume, of the 1,508 that enlisted from this county. They are all well known and will be remembered by a grateful country. Measures are on foot to erect a suitable monument to the memory of those who served in the war from this county, and we sincerely hope these measures will soon be fully consummated. Deeds of real bravery and heroism are worthy of frequent recital. Many such deeds were performed by our soldiers during the four years of struggle for the maintenance of the Union of the United States. Two instances of remarkable bravery evinced by some who are from this county, we cannot forbear to mention. The first was at the battle of Corinth in October, 1862. The report says that the "Fifth Minnesota closed the gap which saved the day at Corinth." The Fifth Minnesota was at that time under the leadership of Col. L. F. Hubbard of this county. Gen. Stanley, who commanded the division to which this regiment was attached, accords the above credit to it on the field of battle.

The following extract of a letter from Gen. Rosecrans, tells how the act was accomplished :

"Col. Mower had ordered the Fifth Minnesota to guard the bridge across the Tuscumbia, when with the remainder of the brigade he went to help Davies. Late in the evening Col. Hubbard brought up his regiment and formed facing westward on the Mobile and Ohio railway, with its left near the depot, where they bivouacked for the night. On the next morning, when

the enemy from the north assaulted our line and forced it back a few hundred yards into the edge of the town, Col. Hubbard moving by his right flank, faced the coming storm from that quarter, and by his promptitude anticipated Gen. Stanley's order from me, to use the reserves of his division in meeting the enemy's charge. He drove back the fragments of his columns, overtaking and bringing back some pieces, without horses, of our reserve artillery, which the enemy had seized, and covering the retiring of a battery which had gone too far to the front. Veterans could hardly have acted more opportunely and effectively than did the gallant Fifth Minnesota on that occasion.

“W. S. ROSECRANS.”

The second was an act of the First Minnesota at the battle of Gettysburg in July, 1863. It appears that two companies had been detached as skirmishers while the remaining eight companies, consisting of 262 men, were sent to the centre of the line just vacated by Sickles' advance to support battery C, of the Fourth U. S. artillery. The following is quoted from the history of the regiment: “No other troops were then near us, and we stood by this battery in full view of Sickles' battle in the Peach Orchard, half a mile to the front. With gravest apprehension we saw Sickles' men give way before the heavier forces of Longstreet and Hill, and come back slowly at first and rallying at short intervals, but at length broken and in utter disorder rushing down the slope across the low ground and up the slope on our side and past our position to the rear, followed by a strong force. There was no organized force to oppose them except our handful of 262 men. Most soldiers in the face of the near advance of such an

overpowering force would have caught the panic and joined the retreating masses. But the First Minnesota had never yet retired without orders, nor deserted any post, and desperate as the situation seemed, and as it was, they stood firm against whatever might come.

“Just then Gen. Hancock, with a single aid, rode up at full speed and for a moment vainly endeavored to rally Sickles’ retreating forces. Reserves had been sent for but were too far away to hope to reach the critical position until it would be occupied by the enemy unless that enemy were stopped. Quickly leaving the fugitives Hancock spurred to where we stood, calling out as he reached us, ‘What regiment is this?’ ‘First Minnesota,’ replied Col. Colville. ‘Charge those lines,’ commanded Hancock. Every man realized in an instant what that order meant, death or wounds to us all—the sacrifice of the regiment to gain a few minutes’ time and save the position, and probably the battlefield—and every man accepted the sacrifice, responding to Colville’s orders rapidly given. The regiment in perfect line, with arms at ‘right shoulder shift,’ was in a moment sweeping down the slope directly upon the enemy’s centre. No hesitation, no stopping to fire, though the men fell fast at every stride, before the concentrated fire of the whole Confederate force directed upon us as soon as the movement was observed. Silently, without orders, and almost from the start, double-quick had changed to utmost speed; for in utmost speed lay the only hope that any of us would pass through that storm of lead and strike the enemy. ‘Charge!’ shouted Colville as we neared their first line; and with leveled bayonets at full speed, we rushed upon it; fortunately it was slightly disordered in

crossing a dry run at the foot of the slope. The men were never made who will stand against leveled bayonets coming with such momentum and evident desperation. The first line broke as we reached it, and rushed back through the second line, stopping the whole advance. We then poured in our first fire and availing ourselves of such shelter as the low bank of the dry brook afforded, held the entire force at bay for a considerable time, and until our reserves appeared on the ridge we had left. Had the enemy rallied quickly to a counter-charge its great number would have crushed us in a moment. But the ferocity of our onset seemed to paralyze them for the time, and although they poured upon us terrible and continuous fire from the front and enveloping our flanks, they kept at respectful distance from our bayonets, until before the added fire of our fresh reserves, they began to retire, and we were ordered back. What Hancock had given us to do was done thoroughly. The regiment had stopped the enemy, held back its mighty force and saved the position. But at what a sacrifice! Nearly every officer was dead or lay weltering with bloody wounds, our gallant Colonel and every field officer among them. Of the 262 men who made the charge, 215 lay upon the field stricken down by the rebel bullets; 47 were still in line and not a man was missing."

Gen. Hancock in speaking of this charge is reported to have said :

"There is no more gallant deed recorded in history. I ordered those men in there because I saw I must gain five minutes time. Reinforcements were coming on the run, but I knew before they could reach the threatened point, the Confederates, unless checked,

would seize the position. I would have ordered that regiment in if I had know that every man would be killed. It had to be done, and I was glad to find such a gallant body of men at hand willing to make the terrible sacrifice that the occasion demanded."

Col. Colville still survives but will always bear the marks of that terrible charge, as will some of his brave comrades.

There were many acts of bravery exhibited by the soldiers from this county during the war which will be found recorded in the work already referred to; "*Minnesota in the Civil and Indian Wars*," which we hope will be read by all the young people of the State.

The history of the long struggle for the preservation of the Union, and its results in relation to human freedom, will be read and pondered with greater interest by the generations yet to be, than even by the present. And we trust that the remembrance of those stirring times, the noble deeds and sacrifices made by brave and patriotic men, will serve to perpetuate the principles of our government, and advance the cause of humanity until true liberty shall not only be proclaimed, but enjoyed, throughout all the earth by all the inhabitants thereof.

Two letters written just after the first battle at Bull Run, and published in the *Red Wing Republican* at the time, will call to remembrance some of those scenes and trials experienced by our soldiers during the war. We shall close this chapter by giving a copy of each in full. The writers still live and are well known to the majority of our citizens.

The following letter from Captain Colville to Judge W. H. Welch, the father of Lieut. Welch, will be perused with interest:

Washington, July 25, '61.

MY DEAR AND HONORED FRIEND:

I have delayed writing to you up to this time since my arrival from the disastrous scene at Manassas, in order, if possible, to be able to send you something definite in regard to the fate of your son, from some of the stragglers coming in, having been cut off from the retreat and obliged to secrete themselves upon or in the neighborhood of the field and slip away as opportunity presented. The most reliable accounts that I have heard, and which also corroborate the statements of our own boys who last saw him, lead me to believe that although prisoner and severely wounded he is safe and well cared for.

I cannot give you the particulars of the fight in this, only that after Edward had been twice wounded, first shot through the arm, making a slight flesh wound, and afterwards through the thigh, but not dangerously, he yet refused to leave the field.

When late in the day our flag was the only one left—every other regiment and the greater part of ours, with all the field officers, except Col. Miller, had retired or been scattered and dispersed—when at least one regiment had refused to support us when ordered—after one division of the regiment (companies A and F) together with members of other companies who, having lost their own, joined with us and a fragment of the Fire Zouaves had again and again repulsed the most overwhelming charges of infantry, driving them back with our galling fire, and had annihilated their four hundred black horsemen, not half a dozen returning from the charge against us—as we were still acting as skirmishers, spread out along the line of the wood where we had first been drawn up, and which position we maintained through the day, Edward, at the left flank of our company, with half a dozen of our brave boys around him, was charged upon twice in quick succession by a body of the enemy's infantry. The first was repulsed, he killing four of them with his revolver, and the boys keeping up an active fire from the brush with their rifles. The next made immediately after in overwhelming numbers, surrounded him with a wall of bayonets and forced our boys back. H. N. Barber, John Williams, Henry Bevans and others were acting with Edward at the time. A member of Captain Wilkin's company seeing the force of the

enemy, secreted himself and saw, after our boys had drawn back, Edward surrounded and remained concealed until the enemy had retired from that position, went out but could not find him, and therefore assured me, that he was a prisoner, though he did not actually see him taken. This last fact I gathered last evening. The rest of our boys being farther to the right in the brush, briskly engaged, were ignorant of his fate, and all of us just about that time being driven from the woods, but retiring slowly through it and keeping the pursuit in check with our fire, and emerging from it in time to fall in where Col. Miller with the flag was endeavoring to make one more stand for Minnesota, which he did, checking the enemy in pursuit with our fire, and enabling us to leave the field, though this last stand was made far in the rear of our position during the day and of the place where Edward was taken. The enemy wished and used every means to secure officers as prisoners. Beauregard has sent a message, that he will treat our dead and wounded in his hands as well as his own. These are all the facts I can collect at present bearing on Edward's fate.

I must write to some of our friends whose boys were shot down by my side, and those whose fate is more uncertain than Edward's, among others, little Fred Miller, of whom I have been anxiously inquiring of every straggler that has come up. I cannot ascertain that anyone has seen him since he was with myself and Lee retiring along the wood, just before we made the stand under Col. Miller. Lee was shortly after seen dying. Of Fred no one in my company can give any further account. After we left the field I saw that if we had continued a short distance further along the wood we would all of us have fallen in with an immense band of the rebels, who lay concealed in the wood and whence I saw them march out and form in line of battle after we had retired upon our reserve. I think Fred was taken by them. Young Harris was shot through the upper part of the trunk, and lived but about fifteen minutes. [This was a mistake; Harris was severely wounded, afterward discharged for disability.]

Rush, one of our very best men, was shot through the neck and instantly killed; Garrison through the hips, a mortal wound; John Barrow through the shoulder, his fate is uncertain;

others severely wounded, and twelve of whom we can hear no account whatever, except when last seen they were fighting bravely.

But you will be in no mood to look over this farther. One thing I can say, and I say it with pride and gratification, and I know you will read it with the same, however disgraceful to the country this may have been, however disastrous in its results, Minnesota has every reason to be proud of her sons; and when the official reports shall be published and the truth generally known, it will be seen that no regiment was in the field so long, no regiment did such terrible execution among the enemy, no regiment sustained greater loss, both officers and men, or sustained itself with more coolness, or precision, or was closer to the enemy's position, than the First Minnesota; and no company of our regiment is entitled to greater credit than company F, and but one that did as well, and that was Captain Wilkin's. Though other companies suffered so terribly in loss of both officers and men in the first fire that they could not possibly remain as an organized company. But I must close.

WM. COLVILLE, JR.

The following letter from Lieut. Martin Maginnis, descriptive of the scene, is as vivid a picture of a great battle, as can be found in history:

Washington, July 27, 1861.

FRIEND HUBBARD:

When in earlier days in the school reader I perused the account of the Indian atrocities, which gave the name of Bloody Run to the stream on which we fought last Sunday, I little dreamed that I should be an actor in a tragedy played on its banks, like the late bloody battle, before which the affair which gave to the little stream its sanguinary title sinks into insignificance. With the particulars of our advance upon Centerville, the retreat of the rebels from Fairfax and the first battle at Bull Run you are familiar. I will commence my narrative at six o'clock Saturday evening. Having filled our haversacks with three days' rations, we lay down to rest till two o'clock Sunday morning, the time set for the movement. It is a beautiful moonlight night, approaching nearer to one of our lovely moonlit

evenings, than any night I have passed in Virginia. On hill and vale, for miles above and below us, rests the Grand Army of America gathering in repose strength for the battle. Not a breeze rustles the banners which droop over the long lines of arms that glisten in the moonlight. The thousand dying camp-fires have a drowsy look, and the stillness of the evening is for the first time since our arrival on Thursday, unbroken by the rattle of the guns of the pickets and skirmishing parties of the two armies. All is still as death—the calm before the storm. Our boys are mostly sleeping, incredulous that the enemy will engage us tomorrow. The Captain, Lieut. Welch, and your correspondent in “officers’ quarters” (the shade of a tree), are discussing the probabilities of an engagement. The Captain distrusts the policy, but poor Ed. and myself are certain of victory. It cannot possibly be otherwise, and bright are our anticipations. Alas! Alas! What may a day bring forth?

On Sunday morning at two o’clock, we took up our line of march. If you have read the *World’s* description you know the general plan of the battle. One division attacking the centre, one attacking the enemy’s right flank; and our right flank division marching by a circuitous route through the woods to the northward, to turn the enemy’s left flank. At twenty minutes past six the first gun was fired. At the same time we turned into the woods. After a fatiguing march of about ten miles, we emerged from the timber and got our first fair view of the battle ground. The enemy’s position was a crescent of hills, presenting a front about seven miles long, and swelling back in terraces and plateaus, knotty knolls and knobs, rising above and behind each other up to the summit, which was perhaps two or three miles from the Run at the base of the hill. Every one of those knobs seemed intended for a battery, and defensive position, and every one we felt was put to its proper use, by that most skillful of engineers, Beauregard. Yet experience itself can hardly make us believe what I assure you to be the fact, that every piece of woods on those seven miles of hills contained a battery, and afforded thousands of rebels a shelter from which to pour on us a deadly fire. Every road and ravine of sheltered approach was commanded by their batteries, and to cover them, they had three men to our one. But few of the batteries were engaged until

we emerged from the woods. This, however, seemed to be the signal for the fight to commence in earnest, and in ten minutes every cannon along the seven miles of our line, and in the answering batteries of the enemy, was adding its thunder notes to the dreadful diapason of war. Hunter's brigade of our division now engaged their infantry, and the rattle of musketry mingled with the roar of cannon. We stopped a few minutes to fill our canteens from the muddy run, and then dashed up the hill to assist the New York and Rhode Island regiments in their attack on the first battery. Throwing away our blankets and haversacks, so as to be unencumbered in the fight, we reached the top of the hill and closed *en masse*, for the charge, when the cheers from Hunter's brigade, as they drove on after the retiring enemy, told us the work was done. We feared we were to have no hand in the victory which seemed to await our arms from so auspicious a commencement. We waited not long, but filed "double quick" through a wood and came to where our division was driving the enemy. Onward we pushed the column, till three batteries were taken, and the enemy, driven back on his second line of defenses, on the next plateau of hills, about half a mile to the rear of the position from which we had driven him.

We formed our line of battle on the hill which he had left—now covered with his dead and wounded, of which our surgeon took as good care as of our own. We were now shown our position as forming, with the Zouaves, the advance of the army. We were to have the post of honor—and as it proved, of danger and death—the right flank regiment of the battle. From a piece of woods on the next plateau above, separated from us by a deep ravine and small run of water, the enemy opened upon us a heavy fire from a masked battery. It was directly south of the position we held. Col. Wilcox's brigade was sent around the head of the ravine, to attack it from the west. The Fire Zouaves was Wilcox's right flank regiment. The brigade filed around the ravine and took their position facing to the southeast. On the right of the Zouaves was a heavy piece of woods, from which the enemy might make a descent on their flank. To guard against this, we were ordered to march up to it. We filed along the brow of the hill, the secession battery firing away at us

with shot and shell, as if they were shooting at a target. They made good shots. I remember distinctly one ball that struck the ground about ten yards from me, and rolled harmlessly to where I stopped it with my foot. My left-hand man picked it up and tossed it towards them. Most of the balls passed over our heads and the shells, though they tore up the ground around us, did not harm any of our company. Company H, however, had the misfortune to lose some. Our boys paid little attention to this cricketing, as they called it; the bowling was not good; yet I could not help remarking to the Captain at the involuntary ducking and bowing of heads along the line, whenever old Beaugard sent his iron compliments roaring over us, that the Minnesota First was a most "demned perlite" regiment. (At this William smiled out of Leighton's canteen.)

Sherman opened his battery to protect us, and threw his shot and shell among them so fast, that it soon diverted their attention from our proceedings. We now crossed the ravine and run and formed a line of battle on the double quick. This brought our left flank on the Zouaves' right, and our line at right angles with theirs; our faces to the south and within ten feet of the above mentioned woods, into which, so thick was the brush, our gaze could not penetrate. All along the line the battle continued to rage. Only here the woods seemed naturally still and innocent. No enemy could be seen. It appeared as if we had been taken to a place of safety—out of the fight. We began to think we had nothing to do. "Feel for an enemy in there, Col. Gorman," said the General as he rode past. Col. Gorman gave the word in clear tones, "Steady, steady, Minnesota; aim low; fire!" And we poured a thousand rifle bullets into the woods. We subsequently found how dreadfully they told on the enemy. That volley seemed the signal to unchain Pandemonium. A masked battery on our left within a hundred yards, opened a terrific fire, and all along the line of the woods, not over thirty feet from us, rolled out upon us a sheet of flame and a storm of bullets, from the Alabama and Mississippi infantry. Terrific and sudden was that shower of grape and canister, ball and bombs, bullets and bursting shells, which tore through our ranks and raged along our line, beyond all I had ever read or imagined, and mowed down our gallant lads like grass before the scythe. The

din of battle was above all sounds. A couple of our cannon, which came up to assist us, fired away unnoticed and unheeded. Unexpected and terrible as was the shock, our troops stood manfully before it, and answered their fire with terrible effect. And now the dreadful cry ran along the ranks that we were "firing on our friends." This cry was raised by the secessionists and it is said they displayed the American flag. Be that as it may, the effect was awful. A momentary paralysis came upon us. Our firing died away. Our battery on the left fell short of ammunition. The enemy made a desperate charge. Their musketry deepened roll upon roll, and resembled the sharp continuous cracking of thunder. Their battery was in a sheet of flame and the smoke rose to blot out the sun.

Our left flank was driven backward on the tide of fire. So were the Zouaves behind us; our flag was pushed down the slope. The cannon was taken by the enemy. The two right wing companies stood firm. Company A and company F never lost an inch of ground. We were all kneeling, not for fear, but for accuracy in taking aim. Our boys were cool; every shot told.

The enemy were at one time between us and our regiment. The General called on us to run to the woods. We were too busy to hear such an order. "Stand fast for God's sake, company F," shouted the gallant Welch, and we stood fast. "If you budge an inch, Mit," shouted Sergeant Bevans to his brother, "I'll shoot you in your tracks." The threat was unnecessary. Why the enemy did not surround us and sweep us from the field, God in his mercy only knows.

The enemy's battery ceased for a moment. Their own men were in its path now. The musketry again subsided into sharp rattling peals. Our left flank and the Zouaves came gallantly up driving the traitors like sheep before them. The flag of Minnesota was again in the front of the battle. For a little while the firing on both sides was broken and irregular. Our lines closed up again, and then from the hill, compact and solid, shaking the ground and filling the air with dust, came down the flower of Virginia's chivalry - the "Black Horse Guards." For a moment their battery was still, the musketry was hushed, and they moved down upon us, gallantly dashingly onward. The Zouaves poured a deadly volley into them. Numerous saddles

were emptied and riderless horses plunged madly over fallen steeds and men. Now they wheeled down upon us like lightning. We closed up our ranks and poured a steady murderous fire into them. Horses and men fell together in masses, and not one-third of the dashing horsemen went back to tell the tale of their repulse. The ground was covered with the dead—their horses and accoutrements.

The enemy now sent down on us another regiment of infantry. After about fifteen minutes of a skirmishing fight, we drove them back. They were Mississippians, I believe. Following our gallant and dashing Captain, who took a Mississippi Colonel and three men prisoners with his own hand, we chased them up into the woods. Nothing like regularity or military precision could be kept in such a place. Companies and regiments were broken up. Every man fought on his own hook. Into the woods we followed them and saw there the effects of our terrible fire. The ground was covered with their dead and dying. Many of the latter begged pitiously for water. Our boys humanely relieved their wants in this respect. The enemy were every where in the bush. Friend and foe were intermingled and desperate hand to hand conflicts were going on with muskets, pistols, bayonets and even knives. * * * * *

We drove them back behind their entrenchments, back behind their batteries, back to their rifle pits, back on the solid columns of thousands that they still had in reserve. And those fresh thousands now opened upon us a terrible fire in front. Their batteries raked our flanks and our laggard friends who had just made out to reach the position we had left, poured a galling fire upon us from behind. This position was terrible. Our men fell with terrible rapidity. Rush's neck was carried away with a grape shot. Jimmy Underwood fell with a rifle ball in the forehead; Salle was pierced through the heart; Lee fell with a broken leg; Scofield was wounded in the neck; Barrow had previously been carried off the ground; the gallant Garrison fell severely wounded, and McKinley received a ball in the hip at nearly the same moment; Childs was wounded on the head. All that are now missing were with us there. Noble friend Welch and brave little Fred Miller among the foremost. What is their fate, God alone knows, but there they last stood with us and

fought like heroes for God, our country, and the honor of our home.

It was not in the retreat, not with our backs to the foe, not amid the ranks of the panic stricken cowards, who scared at the sight of a runaway team, flying towards Washington, while we waited anxiously for them to come to support us in the positions we had so desperately fought for and so gallantly won. No, it was here inside the enemy's lines—at the mouth of their cannon, whose fiery, sulphurous breath was on our cheeks, and shut from our eyes the blue dome of heaven—whose vomit of balls and bursting shells tore up the green earth around us; whose terrible thunders shook the solid hills; at the highest point that was reached on the hills between friend and foe, where the torrent of death poured in upon us on all sides. In this focus of balls and bullets, in this hailstorm of fire and carnage, Red Wing, Goodhue county, left her dead.

We fought our way out of the woods as best we could, dragging with us the prisoners we had taken. Away in a sheltered hollow we looked around us. Neither Capt. Colville, nor Capt. Wilkin, nor Lieut. Welch, nor Sergt. Clark, nor Sergt. Bevans had come out of the woods. We supposed they were dead. Sergeants Bruce and Harris were with us. We afterward learned that the others had missed us, by bearing further to the right. Lieut. Welch was not with them. Wilkin, who was with him, said he was unhurt when he left in the brush. Dave Marble, however, says he saw him wounded and refusing to be carried off the ground. Our only hope is that he was taken prisoner as the secessionists had orders to take all officers uninjured—probably to facilitate exchange. Col. Gorman was again rallying the remains of the regiment just below us. What were left of our company rallied around the Wabasha flag—you know we have none of our own—and with about forty from other companies, and Col. Miller at our head, we carried it to the top of the hill driving back the traitors who had followed us. It was in this rally that Charley Harris was severely wounded. We pressed our way to the top of the knoll. The enemy were now entirely silent in the woods. We waved our flag in triumph and gave three cheers. No troops came to support us—the enemy were pouring in thousands of fresh men—the brigade on our left gave way

before the over-powering force—our line was broken through the centre—the enemy could easily have surrounded us—the day, the battle, all was lost.

In obedience to orders, sullenly and gloomily we took our backward march, carrying off our wounded. The pelting bullets that the advancing enemy poured down on us, we regarded with the indifference of despair. Several of our men fell, or at least they were missing when we reached the hospital. Col. Gorman had succeeded in getting the regiment into something like order. We took our place in the battalion, and in pretty good shape fell back on Centerville. Here Captain Colville, Sergeant Clark and our boys up to the number of sixty came in; eight more met us at Alexandria, which left us sixty-eight, out of ninety with which we went into the fight—a loss of one-fourth in “killed, wounded and missing.” We arrived in Centerville just twenty-four hours after the time mentioned at the commencement of this narrative. What an eventful day! You probably know ere this the names of our lost. I will send another letter soon. For the present I remain,

Yours truly,

MAGINNIS.

The material interests of the county suffered greatly during the progress of war. Taxes were increased and of necessity there was a constant drain upon the resources of all who remained at home. Help for the cultivation of the soil was scarce. Prices were high. Private enterprise stood still. Public improvements were hindered. All eyes were turned toward the south, and all hearts beat anxiously for the result of the struggle. But of all the trials endured and losses sustained, in these years of conflict, none were to be compared with the loss of lives of those who went out never to return.

“Death loves a shining mark.”

How many a promising young man laid down his life for his country at that time!

Out of those who left us, one of the most prominent

of the promising young men was A. Edward Welch, Major of the Fourth regiment of Minnesota volunteers, who died at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 1, 1864. His body was soon after brought to Red Wing for interment. Funeral services were held at Christ Church, conducted by Rector, afterward Bishop, Welles.

We copy a portion of his remarks on the occasion:

God alone knows the heart of man. He only can untangle the web of human motives and detect the hidden springs of human action; but as far as can be judged by us, his fellows, no youth has ever drawn his sword in his country's cause, under the inspiration of a purer love of country, than Major Welch. Whatever may have been his original temperament, it is certain that upon his first battle field he evinced the possession of a perfect courage. In siege and battle, in the deadly air of pestilential prisons, in the long exhaustion which comes from protracted labor and suffering, his was the courage which gave equanimity to a brave and manly character. It wrings our hearts that through such sorrows as burden us today, a character so loving, so patient, so beloved, comes to be truly known. I have abstained intentionally so from any reference to his private character, in this imperfect sketch.

As we gather around the bier we do not seek to forget the earnest Christian youth, the loving son, the affectionate brother; but chiefly would we remember the brave, noble hearted soldier of his country. This concourse of citizens, these badges of mourning, betoken public grief. The flag is furled above him, which he would gladly have shielded from dishonor with his life. The sword rests upon his coffin, which in his hand would never have been used but bravely and well.

It may not be inappropriate for us briefly to review the military life of Major Welch.

When treason first leveled its shafts at Fort Sumter, in April, 1861, he was one of the first to spring to arms at the call of the President for troops. His many excellent qualities were recognized by the brave men who then rallied around the flag, and when the first company was filled, he was unanimously elected first lieutenant. At Bull Run he was among the brav-

est of brave men who fought in the disastrous battle, was wounded and taken prisoner, and for months confined in various southern dungeons. Just previous to his exchange, he was appointed Major of the Fourth regiment. While our borders were being devastated by a ruthless band of Indians, he was put in command of a detachment of the Third regiment, then on the frontier, and was engaged in the battle of Wood Lake, where he was severely wounded in the knee by a musket ball. When but partially recovered he joined his regiment before the defenses of Vicksburg, and participated in that memorable siege, being again wounded by a piece of a shell during a desperate assault upon the enemy's works. Since then, until just previous to his death, he has accompanied his regiment, being always on hand when duty called.

The following named residents of this county have served the State and Territory of Minnesota from time to time, in the several important offices indicated:

W. H. Welch, Chief Justice, from 1853-58.

Wm. W. Phelps, Member of Congress, 1858-59.

Charles McClure, Judge District Court, seven years.

H. B. Wilson, Superintendent Public Instruction, five years.

Wm. Colvill, Attorney General, 1866-68.

Lucius F. Hubbard, Governor, five years.

S. P. Jennison, Secretary of State, four years.

Hans Mattson, Secretary of State, six years.

O. M. Hall, Member of Congress, 1891 and present.

W. C. Williston, Judge First Judicial District, 1891, and at present time.

Charles McClure and Aaron G. Hudson were delegates to the convention which framed the State Constitution in 1857.

List of Legislative representatives from Goodhue county:

TERRITORIAL LEGISLATURE.

COUNCIL.	HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.
1854. William Freeborn.	1854. W. W. Sweney.
1856. William Freeborn.	1856. Charles Gardner.

STATE LEGISLATURE.

SENATE.	HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.
1857. A. G. Hudson.	H. L. Bevans, Joseph Peckham, C. W. Libby, Hans Hanson, Jr.
1858-59. R. N. McLaren.	L. H. Garrard, I. C. Stearns, R. H. Knox, L. K. Aaker.
1861. R. N. McLaren.	J. E. Chapman, C. R. White, J. A. Thacher, L. K. Aaker.
1863. Charles McClure.	J. A. Thacher, A. Hilton.
1864. J. A. Thacher.	S. S. Grannis, J. M. Gates.
1865. J. A. Thacher.	J. B. Locke, Wm. Colvill, Jr., Sylvester Dickey, Warren Bristol.
1867. Warren Bristol.	L. K. Aaker, J. F. Mitchell, A. B. Wilson.
1868. Warren Bristol.	E. G. Comstock, K. K. Finseth, J. F. Pingrey.
1869. Warren Bristol.	L. K. Aaker, A. J. Grover, C. C. Webster.
1870. Charles Hill.	John Miller, Orrin Densmore, Giles Slocum.

1871.
Charles Hill.
Orrin Densmore,
T. G. Pearson,
A. P. Jackson.
1872.
L. F. Hubbard,
Giles Slocum.
J. C. Pierce,
J. Finney,
T. P. Kellett,
G. K. Norsving,
John Stanton.
1873.
L. F. Hubbard,
J. W. Peterson.
W. C. Williston,
H. F. Armstrong,
T. P. Kellett,
G. K. Norsving,
Arthur Flom.
1874.
L. F. Hubbard,
J. W. Peterson.
W. C. Williston,
Leland Jones,
C. R. White,
N. J. Ottun,
John Stanton.
1875.
L. F. Hubbard,
A. K. Finseth.
Robert Dekin,
R. Kruger,
C. H. Bosworth,
N. J. Ottun,
F. Peterson.
1876.
W. C. Williston,
A. K. Finseth.
Charles R. Brink,
R. Kruger,
G. Westman,
Ole P. Huleback,
B. C. Grover.
1877.
W. C. Williston,
A. K. Finseth.
J. Finney,
H. B. Wilson,
B. C. Grover,
O. P. Huleback,
T. G. Pearson.
1878.
J. C. McClure,
A. K. Finseth.
Wm. Colvill,
N. C. Crandall,
S. C. Wickey,
P. N. Langemo,
S. G. Holland.
1879.
H. B. Wilson,
J. A. Thacher.
C. R. Brink,
Perry George,
S. C. Holland,
P. N. Langemo,
J. A. Bowman.

1881.	H. B. Wilson, F. I. Johnson.	F. W. Hoyt, Francis Tether, H. P. Huleback, Charles Hill, A. A. Flom.
1883.	F. I. Johnson, M. S. Chandler.	H. P. Huleback, M. Doyle, G. P. Sidener.
1885.	F. I. Johnson, O. M. Hall.	O. K. Naeseth, S. G. Holland, J. W. Peterson.
1887.	A. K. Finseth, Peter Nelson.	O. K. Naeseth, O. Nordvold, J. A. Anderson.
1889.	A. K. Finseth, Peter Nelson.	W. E. Poe, S. B. Barteau, F. W. Hoyt.
1891.	J. W. Peterson.	W. F. Cross, Ole Huset, M. Doyle.

The principal county offices have been filled by the following named :

AUDITORS—E. Norelius, in 1858, but did not qualify; Jonathan Going appointed to fill vacancy. Hans Mattson, F. Joss, S. J. Willard, C. C. Webster, E. H. Druse, Carl N. Lien.

SHERIFFS—P. S. Fish, H. C. Hoffman, M. S. Chandler, H. F. Armstrong, F. A. Carlson, A. F. Andersen.

TREASURERS—M. Sorin, James Lawther, Thomas F. Towne, Chas. Connolly, Orrin Densmore, W. P. Brown, Ole Hegna, L. A. Hancock, D. B. Scofield, Hiram Howe.

JUDGES OF PROBATE—W. D. Chillson, O. F. Smith, Wm. Ladd, Leman Bates, Orrin Densmore, C. G. Reynolds, Robert Deakin, N. O. Werner, O. D. Anderson.

REGISTERS OF DEEDS—J. W. Hancock, L. F. Hubbard, C. C. Webster, T. B. McCord, Chas. McClure, Chas. Ward, C. H. Johnson, J. H. Webster.

CLERKS OF COURT—P. Sandford, Wm. Colvill, J. Going, Wm. W. Clark, J. F. Pingrey, Robert Deakin, Hans Johnson, Albert Johnson.

COUNTY ATTORNEYS—P. Sandford, J. F. Pingrey, J. H. Parker, W. Bristol, J. C. McClure, C. N. Akers, F. M. Wilson, S. J. Nelson.

SUPERINTENDENTS OF SCHOOLS—J. W. Hancock, H. B. Wilson, J. F. Pingrey, A. E. Engstrom.

CHAPTER XIV.

EDUCATIONAL.

Private schools were taught in several places before the county was organized. The first school among the whites was conducted by Mrs. H. L. Bevans at Red Wing, in the summer of 1853. Mr. Bevans, her husband, built and opened a store on Main street that year. His family occupied one of the old Indian mission houses at the time, and Mrs. Bevans taught her school in the same building. She had less than a dozen scholars. Some few Indian families, who still lingered in the vicinity, sent children to her school.

The next year there were several similar schools in private houses where settlers had established their homes near each other, so as to render a school practicable.

The first school district was organized in Red Wing in the fall of 1854 under the provisions of the territorial school law. A board of trustees was elected under the name of "Trustees of District No. 1, Goodhue County." The boundaries of this district were left undefined till the year 1855. The county then being organized, the commissioners who had the authority to do so, set off the boundaries as follows: "District No. 1 includes that portion of the county between Hay Creek and Potter's Creek, bordering on the Mississippi river and extending back from the same six miles." The district was six

miles long and five miles wide. The same board set off and gave boundaries to eight more school districts before the close of that year.

The first building erected expressly for school purposes was in the district No. 1 before mentioned. It stood at the corner of Fourth street and East avenue; was built wholly by voluntary subscription; a very modest little building and was the only public school house in Red Wing for ten years. As the population of the town increased and more teachers were necessary, other rooms were rented for school accommodations until there were five public schools and several private or parish schools in session summer and winter in the town of Red Wing. In 1865, immediately after the close of the war, the first large brick school house was erected. Four school rooms were completed in December of that year. The rooms in the second story were completed in the following spring and all were soon filled with scholars.

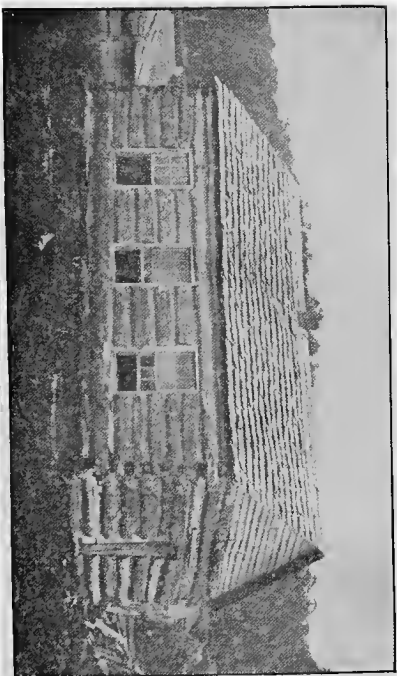
Some other towns in the county had built comfortable school houses before the war. Frontenac village, in the township of Florence, had very early a neat frame school house, located in a pleasant situation. This school house was the only one in the county for some years, which was adorned by a belfry with a bell attached. Cannon Falls village had a large frame school house early in the sixties. It was well arranged, having two good sized school rooms, and a separate room for recitations by a third teacher. By the year 1864, the town of Burnside had two very neat school buildings. Vasa, Stanton and Leon had each built a good country school house the same year. The villages of Pine Island, Kenyon and Zumbrota, built for the accommo-

dation of their school children suitable buildings soon after the close of the civil war. They had previously used rented rooms.

The first visitation of the schools by a county superintendent was made in the summer of 1864. In his report he states that no provision had been made for ventilation in more than six school rooms; and that he finds children compelled to sit for hours in rooms where the air is so impure that a stranger from outside perceives it at once on entering.

In a certain district he found the school in session in a large barn. This room was well ventilated, yet it was a question whether the air was at all times healthful. In the basement were the stables, where a large number of horses and cattle were kept at night. Two long benches without any rests for the back, were the only seats provided for the scholars while studying their lessons. The large folding doors for entrance of loads of hay, were kept open during school hours to afford light. Flocks of ducks, chickens and pigs occupied the front yard, and a portion of the teacher's time was spent in keeping the intruders from entering. The noise of these animals was of course more amusing than profitable for the children.

Another school was found in a room of a private dwelling. The room was nearly ten feet square. A large table occupied the centre; the scholars were seated around three sides of it, their backs against the walls of the room. There were nineteen scholars and their teacher. The room was well packed. A chair was brought from another room to accommodate the visitor. This chair was placed on a part of the teacher's standing room, by the side of the table, and near the



A PIONEER COUNTRY SCHOOL HOUSE.

door. Every time the door was opened for going out or coming in, the chairman was obliged to rise and incline his chair.

Another school was kept in a "lean-to" of a log house. This "lean-to" was the summer kitchen. During school hours, the family, of course, confined themselves to the limits of the main building. This school room was better ventilated than the one last mentioned. It had been built with lumber not well seasoned. The peculiar feature of the room was the seating arrangement. Often we see large blocks of unshapely wood, hard to split on account of knots, lying about a wood yard. It was such timber that had been placed on the floor, at proper distances, to support boards which were laid across them for the children to sit on in this school room. And yet these children seemed to make the best of the situation. Their teacher was pleasing in her manner, industrious and faithful in her duties.

Oftener than in any other situation the county schools were found in some log cabin which had served for a house, while pre-empting a claim of 160 acres of land, and then abandoned by the builder. In one case of this kind, the house stood alone on the prairie, which was somewhat rolling, and entirely out of sight of any neighboring house. There was a large square opening, left for a window, on one side. About the middle of the roof there was a smaller opening, which had been used to accommodate a stove pipe. These were used to let in the light. There was also a door at one corner of the building, where light could come in when the weather was pleasant. The door itself had neither hinges nor fastenings. The young lady teacher had plenty of exercise in removing

and replacing the door in windy weather. She said in answer to some inquiries of the superintendent that she was obliged to place a large prop against the door oftentimes to keep out the wind, and in case of a hard shower, "we huddle together in the dryest corner."

One school was found occupying the chamber or attic of a small log cabin; the family occupying at the same time the room below. The scholars and teacher had to go up a rude stair case, after passing through the kitchen, to get into the school room. The visitor had to get there the same way. He found there was great danger of bumping his head against the rafters. The scholars were not very tall, and the teacher had learned how to stoop; the visitor had the worst of it. But who would think of finding a public school in such a queer place at the present day?

The facts in relation to these primitive school rooms are not given for the sake of finding fault. They were the best that the times could afford, and these facts are recorded in order to show that progress has been made.

Very little advance was made in the interests of education during the war. Since that time evident progress has been made in every school district, especially in respect to the buildings, which are now generally convenient and well furnished for school purposes. We intend to present our readers with the pictures of both a former and latter rural district school house. The former was the one built before the war, the latter since the war ended.

The report of the county superintendent in November, 1864, contains the following statements: "Eighty-seven districts have reported; although there are nominally one hundred in the county, only this number are

organized. In fact two of these have commenced having a school quite lately. There are not children enough of the proper age to attend school in some of the unorganized districts, to make a school necessary. In others there is great difficulty in locating a school house, so as to accommodate all. We regret to say that in a few of the districts yet unorganized, there is not yet sufficient interest taken to hold a meeting for the election of school officers. There are only six really good buildings for common schools in the whole county, and not one of them is inclosed by a fence, or surrounded by shade trees. Many are destitute of out-buildings, deficient in their internal arrangements, and are quite often destitute of blackboards, maps, globes, etc. The whole number of school houses owned by the districts is fifty-six. Thirty-four are frame, and twenty-two are log buildings."

At that time there were but two districts in the county under the necessity of having more than one teacher each. These were Red Wing with five and Cannon Falls with two. The total schoolable population reported was 3,714; the whole attendance in the public schools 2,450. A few private schools were in session a part of the time in the largest towns.

In order to show what progress has been made in our public school interests since that first report was made in 1864, we give the following from the county superintendent's report for 1892:

"The whole number of school buildings is 150. Four of these are of stone, seven of brick, and one hundred and thirty-nine frame. The number of scholars in attendance upon all the schools, 7,381. Five districts have more than one teacher employed, to-wit: Red

Wing has, including the superintendent, 34; Cannon Falls, 7; Zumbrota, 7; Pine Island, 5; Kenyon, 5. Fifty districts have free text books. One hundred and thirty-five have district libraries."

Private and denominational schools have also been established in this county from its beginning, which have contributed much towards a higher and broader education than could be provided for in the common schools. The pioneer institution of this kind was the Hamline University, which was originally located in Red Wing under the patronage of the M. E. church. Through the influence of Rev. David Brooks, L. L. Hamline, D. D., a bishop of the church, donated \$25,000 towards the establishment of this institution.

The preparatory department of the University was opened by Rev. Jabez Brooks, A. M., as principal, on the 16th of November, 1854, with thirty-three students: The room occupied was in the second story of a store-building kept by Smith, Hoyt & Co., at the foot of Broadway. This was the only school kept in Red Wing until the following summer.

The erection of a University building was commenced in August, 1855, and completed so as to be opened for students in January, 1856. This building was located on the ground now called the city park. This school had both preparatory and collegiate departments, and was continued here till about the year 1869, when it was removed to its present location near St. Paul.

The Red Wing Collegiate Institute was incorporated in 1870, with the following board of officers: L. F. Hubbard, president; C. C. Webster, secretary; F. A. Cole, treasurer; James Lawther, Peter Daniels, L. F.

Hubbard, C. C. Webster, F. A. Cole and W. P. Hood, directors.

Two fine buildings were erected at a cost of \$17,000, on grounds donated by Edward Murphy, situated on College Bluff, and a school admitting pupils of both sexes was continued for about three years, under the management of W. P. Hood as principal. The property was then sold to satisfy a mortgage. It was soon after purchased by the Hauges Norwegian Evangelical Synod, and deeded to a board of directors consisting of Hans Marcuson, Andrew Ellingson, and others. It was opened to the public under the name of Red Wing Seminary, September 17, 1879, with an able corps of instructors. Seventy students availed themselves of its privileges the first year, and the number has steadily increased every year until the present, 1892, the number enrolled is one hundred and fifty-two. Classes are formed in two departments, preparatory and theological. The aim of this school is : First, to furnish a general christian culture ; second, to prepare young men for the ministry. On a religious basis instruction is given in the practical branches necessary for good citizenship ; and through a special course, prepares young men, who may feel a call, to labor as ministers in the Norwegian Lutheran church. Thirty-three have already graduated from the theological department of this institution.

Parochial schools are maintained in connection with the Roman Catholic and Lutheran churches throughout the county. Some of these schools are open only during the vacation of the public schools ; others are kept open during nine months of the year. There is a kindergarten branch connected with the parish school of Christ church in Red Wing.

The Villa Maria convent, a school for girls, under the auspices of the Roman Catholic church is situated in the town of Florence. The main building was completed in 1890. The following description of this institution appeared in a Red Wing paper soon after the dedication :

"The convent is situated immediately below old Frontenac, known far and wide as a most delightful summer resort. A more beautiful site than the one selected for this grand structure could not possibly have been found. The hand of nature, as it were, has here brought together her most exquisite designs of land and water, blending the beautiful, the sublime, and the grotesque, in one harmonious whole.

"The site of the convent is exactly that occupied more than a century and a half ago by the last of the old French Catholic missionary forts of the upper Mississippi. The grounds, consisting of 110 acres, were donated by Gen. Israel Garrard, who has spent a fortune and a great portion of his life in laying out and beautifying the already naturally beautiful Frontenac. The General noticed the rapid growth of the school conducted at Lake City by the Ursuline nuns and appreciating their inability to accomplish their greatest results in their rather crowded quarters, offered in 1885 a tract of land for the erection of a more pretentious institution. This was accepted with gratitude, and plans were soon devised for the erection of the largest educational structure in the Northwest. The foundations were laid in 1888 and since then the work of construction has gone on rapidly, until to-day Villa Maria, the House of Mary, stands practically completed and dedicated to the cause of the Roman Catholic church.

“The building is cruciform in shape and has a length of 301 feet and a width of 90 feet, exclusive of porches. It is four stories high, and the north end is surmounted by a tower which lifts a golden cross 150 feet above the surface of the ground.

“A paved driveway running in from the main road leads to the main entrance at the northwest corner of the building. Ascending a stairway which leads from this, the main hall is reached. This is lighted to the top of the third floor by large, stained glass windows, above which is a handsome dome encircled by a lintel cornice.

“To the left are two parlors separated by sliding doors, permitting them to be used as one. The office of the Mother Superior is situated to the right, and directly back of this is a chamber designed for guests, provided with bath and toilet rooms. The infirmary has toilet rooms attached. South of this is a broad porch. The dormitory, which is also on the first floor, is one immense room, 90x125 feet, which has been curtained off into small rooms containing each a cot bed and a wardrobe. Through this large room passes a ventllating chimney. A toilet room, fitted up with modern improvements, is placed south of the dormitory. In the east wing is the dining hall, adjoining which is the kitchen, with a mammoth range and two pantries. A room is also set aside here where children may receive their parents. The opposite wing is devoted exclusively to the private use of the nuns.

“The stairway to the second floor, seven feet wide, and finished in antique oak, leads to a large room designed for a library and for a scientific collection. This is above the parlors on the first floor, and of the same

size. Above the dormitory is the recreation hall, and a study hall comes next. On the second floor are also ten music and recreation rooms partitioned off by sliding glass doors.

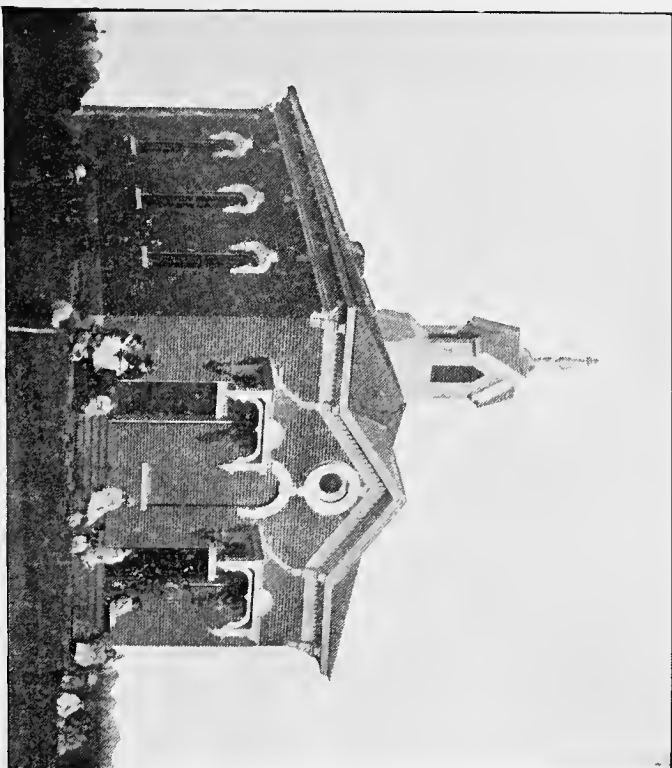
"On entering the third floor one finds to the left the art room. It is beautifully finished in frescoes, is well lighted, and has a moulded cone cornice. On the opposite side of the hall is the chapel, the wood work and seats of which are finished in antique oak. It is 41x90 feet, with arched 23-foot ceiling, and has a seating capacity of 500. There are frescoed walls and ceilings. There are three altars, and a fine vocalian pipe organ. The chapel is lighted by stained glass windows.

"Adjoining the chapel and separated by a narrow hallway are two reception rooms and a private chapel, beautifully decorated. A community room and the convent proper occupy the rest of this floor. On each of the three first floors is a corridor two hundred feet long.

"On the fourth floor is an immense water tank supplying the building with water and also serving as a protection against fire. The building is heated by hot water and will be lighted by electricity or gas. In the northeast corner of the foundation is a stone, bearing the inscription :

"'Israel Garrard, nobis Benefacieenti Gratulantes Soc. Urs. Felice.'

"The building is of wood and cost about \$100,000. F. T. Evans, assisted by O. D. Prescott, has ably superintended the construction. The course of study at Villa Maria will include all the branches of a thorough academic course. Lessons will also be given in painting, drawing, music, and all kinds of handiwork, for which the Ursuline sisters have gained a wide reputation."



A MODERN COUNTRY SCHOOL HOUSE.

Beeman's Actual Business College, an institution for pupils of both sexes in which to obtain a knowledge of book-keeping, type-writing, shorthand and other special qualifications for practical business, was established by incorporation in 1887. This school is largely attended by students from distant towns, having gained a wide reputation under the management of Prof. W. L. Beeman and a corps of able assistants.

The Red Wing Commercial College and School of Shorthand, under the management of Messrs. Curtis & Rosenberger, was opened Monday, September 5, 1892, some fifteen pupils in attendance the first day. This college is located in what is known as the Gladstone Hall, the third story of Gladstone Block, which has been neatly and fitly prepared for the use of this school. The two gentlemen in charge are experienced teachers in this line, and if they meet with the encouragement they expect, will build up a first-class commercial college in Red Wing.

Lutheran Ladies Seminary. This institution has been incorporated within the present year under the direction of a board of trustees, of which Rev. K. Bjorgo is president. A site has been secured on a fine plateau of ground in the western part of the City of Red Wing where the work on the foundation for the main building was begun in July, the present year, and will be completed in September in 1893. The estimated cost of this building is \$40,000. This school is designed to furnish a complete education for young ladies in all those branches taught in our highest institutions of learning. It is expected that it will be completely furnished with able professors and teachers and be open to students in the fall of 1893.

The Orphan's Home. The only institution in the county, established especially for the benefit of orphan children, is in Vasa. It was begun in the year 1865 by Rev. E. Norelius, the pioneer Lutheran preacher. A small one story building served all purposes for the first ten years. In 1875 the institution was placed under the care of the Minnesota Conference of the Augustana Synod. The following year a two story building of commodious size was erected on a lot containing ten acres of land, situated a little in rear of the present large brick church.

This second building was completely destroyed by a cyclone on the 3rd day of July, 1879. So violent was the storm that seven of the inmates were instantly killed and a number of others badly bruised. Pieces of the children's clothing and bedding were carried over the river into Wisconsin some eight or ten miles distant. Another building of larger dimensions was soon commenced and completed that year, for the accommodation of orphans, at a cost of \$3,000. This sum was raised by benevolent people in Vasa and Red Wing and by the Synod at large. More land has been purchased from time to time, and the institution is now in possession of 124 acres. This gives to the boys, who are of the proper age, opportunity for healthful exercise and a training in the habits of industry. The girls are also trained in the art of domestic economy.

A new building has been added in the year 1890, at a cost of \$1,500, as a dormitory for the boys.

The annual expenses are now \$3,000, which comes from the free will offerings of the conference. One school teacher is employed by the year at a salary of \$500. The Superintendent and his wife, who live at

the Home, having all the care of the children, receive \$450 per annum including their own board.

This institution is carried on upon the principles of the Christian home, and has proved a great blessing to many an ophan child. The officers of the board of control are; Rev. J. Fremling, president; P. A. Peterson, secretary; J. W. Peterson, treasurer.

State Reform School. This institution was removed from Ramsey county and permanently established in Goodhue county, near Red Wing, in 1891.

Six large buildings have been erected on a beautiful plateau which borders the great valley of the Mississippi. The outer walls of these structures are brick and stone, with slated roofs; and for beauty of architecture are probably second to none in the State. Separate buildings are provided in order that the inmates can be divided into families of 50 or more, thus lessening the labor of caring for them and influencing their minds in the right direction. Each family is in charge of an overseer and his wife, the whole being under the management of Supt. J. W. Brown and his wife. There are about thirty-five officials connected with the establishment. At present there are about three hundred children cared for and instructed here, the greater number of whom are boys.

The girls occupy a building by themselves, at a little distance from the others, where they learn sewing and other appropriate industries, and also the common school branches of education.

Each building is provided with its school room and teacher. In the main building are the officers', reception rooms, and rooms for the Superintendent's family. There is an annex to the rear of the main building in

which there is a large dining hall which is used also for a chapel.

The boys have organized a band of music, the members of which have attained such proficiency that their services are frequently called for on public occasions. Singing is taught in all the schools.

Four hundred and fifty acres of land are devoted to the uses of the institution. Besides farming and gardening by the boys various other industries are carried on, such as carpentry, wood-turning, shoemaking, blacksmithing, tailoring, and chair-making.

No one can visit the place and observe the work being done, without being convinced that the money appropriated by the State for this institution is well expended. It is reported on good authority that ninety per cent of those who receive their training here become useful citizens.

CHAPTER XV.

RED WING.

The beauty of the location of Red Wing has so often been described by visitors and tourists that it is unnecessary to dwell upon that feature here.

The first settlement of the place by the whites was made in the year 1852. Those who came before that year were either traders or missionaries to the Indians. The first missionaries here were from Switzerland, Samuel Deuton and Daniel Gavin. These men built two substantial log houses, and labored for nine years, from 1837 to 1846,. The next band of missionaries were sent here by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. John Aiton came in 1848, and J. W. Hancock in the spring following. The former left in 1850; the latter remained till the Indians removed, and is here still. In the autumn of 1850, a Mr. Snow from St. Paul, having procured a license to trade with the Indians, built a trading house of logs near the river, using the upper part for a residence, and in the basement kept Indian goods for sale. Mr. Calvin Potter came the next year and entered into partnership with Mr. Snow. The latter died of cholera soon after, while on a trip to St. Paul. Mr. Snow's family soon sold their interest to Mr. Potter and left the place. Mr. John Bush had been here to help the Indians about farming for several years, and when the news came that the land was soon to be sold to the United States Government, he and Mr. Potter staked out claims which in-

cluded the land now occupied by the city. Benjamin Young, a French halfbreed, also had a claim in the west part of the city. These claims were all made early in the spring of 1852, and before the news arrived that the Sioux treaty had been ratified.

Bush and Potter very soon sold their claim rights to Wm. Freeborn. Mr. Young sold his to Dr. W. W. Sweney. The honor of selecting Red Wing as the site for a town belongs to Mr. Freeborn and Dr. Sweney. Mr. Freeborn was frequently on the ground and Dr. Sweeney moved his family here that season. James McGinnis, John Day and E. C. Stevens made claims also in the vicinity that year. McGinnis and Day moved their families here also.

A raft of lumber from the saw mills at Stillwater was floated down and taken out of the river here for building purposes and two young men were employed as carpenters during the winter of 1852-53. These were Hiram and Joseph Middaugh. They prepared the timber and finishing portion for a hotel, which was erected and made ready for the reception of guests as soon as the weather would permit in the spring. That hotel was the first frame building erected here. It stood on the corner of Main and Bush streets, and was kept open for the accommodation of travelers for about two years by Andrus Durand. While Mr. Durand was the landlord it was the Red House; afterwards it was called the Tee-pee-tonka, or "big house," and was kept by Jacob Bennett until destroyed by fire in 1865.

The first frame dwelling house was built the same spring for Mr. Wm. Freeborn who moved his family here as soon as it was finished. This house stood

fronting the river on ground now occupied by the La Grange mills.

A post office had been established here in 1851 by the friendly agency of Hon. H. H. Sibley, our delegate in Congress, and J. W. Hancock commissioned postmaster. He was under the necessity of performing a journey to St. Paul to be qualified and execute the required bond at an expense of over five dollars. His pay for the next two years hardly covered that expense; but it was a great convenience. Up to that time the nearest post office was twenty-five miles away. The mail was carried in those days to and from St. Paul, easterly, by steamboats in the summer and by a one horse train in winter. We usually expected a mail as often as every week; it was sometimes delayed three weeks on account of storms, or floating ice in the river. In the spring of 1852 once, we remember, the one horse mail train was, by accident, totally wrecked in crossing Spring creek, three miles west of Red Wing. The mail bags, some five or six in number, were left several hours in the water. After being fished out they were brought to our post office and a whole day was spent in opening and drying the contents.

At the opening of navigation in the spring of the year of 1853, the prospects for the future city were brightened. The arrival of the first boat was looked for with great expectations, and these expectations were partly realized. It brought needed supplies of provisions. It brought also some friends, who came to be permanent settlers. In fact all that season and for several years following, the landing of a steamer at this port was hailed with delight. It was not an uncommon sight to see the larger part of the population

hastening towards the river when a steamer was heard approaching.

Besides friends and permanent settlers, many claim hunters visited the place, and the new hotel was well patronized. But those who came to speculate in land claims came too soon. It was rather dull business waiting for the land to be surveyed and offered for sale by the government. Among those who came to make the place their home this year were the following: Mr. Freeborn, Mr. Lauver, Mr. Akers, Revs. Mathew Sorin, Norris Hobart and Rezin Spates. These all brought their families. Several other families came later in the season, among whom were W. D. Chilson, Warren Hunt and T. J. Smith. The young men who were here as residents without families at that time were: Nels Nelson, Mathias P. Ringdahl, the Middaugh brothers, Hugh Adams, S. A. Hart, E. P. Lowater and David Puckett. Several built for themselves houses this year. Besides Mr. Freeborn's, already mentioned, Wm. Lauver, James Akers, Mathew Sorin, Norris Hobart, and Warren Hunt, had each of them a frame dwelling house completed during the autumn of 1853. The remainder of the population occupied shanties or log houses except the boarders at the hotel.

In August, this year, the first company of Scandinavians, who colonized the town of Vasa, landed here. These were the pioneers of practical farming in this county, S. J. Willard, Hans Mattson, Peter Green, Charles Roos, and A. G. Kemp. These men were so often seen in Red Wing for several months after their coming, they were generally considered citizens, but they were the real founders of Vasa township.

This year the town was surveyed and platted by J. J. Knauer for the proprietors who were the following named: Wm. Freeborn, Benj. F. Hoyt, Chas. L. Willis, Alex. Ramsey.

The great event of the year which did most towards transforming the old village into the new was the first great conflagration. By this the style of architecture was wholly changed. It was near the time when the Indians were accustomed to return from their winter hunting grounds to occupy the summer residences and be ready to plant corn, which usually was early in May. The day was serene and cloudless; carpenters were engaged on the new houses that were being constructed. Between twelve and one o'clock the cry of fire was heard while nearly all the people were eating dinner. Leaving the tables immediately they saw smoke rising from the bark wigwams which was quickly followed by flames bursting from the roof of every structure of the kind. Nobody seemed to know what to do. All stood looking as if paralyzed with amazement. In less than one hour all the bark covered houses in the place disappeared. This evidently was the work of incendiaries, but they were not discovered. There were no policemen and no magistrates to bring them to justice. The few log houses then occupied by the white settlers escaped the conflagration, as did the new frame buildings. Only a few days after some of the natives returned, looking somewhat disappointed at the change, but took it all as a matter of course, and fixed their habitations temporarily at other points in the vicinity.

The close of the year 1853 was made memorable by the fact that the entire community were invited by that generous whole souled town proprietor, Wm. Freeborn,

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to partake of the annual thanksgiving dinner at his house. With exception of one or two persons, the invited guests were all present and had a grand social time. It was one of those occasions when the rich and poor meet together and acknowledge God as the Maker of all, and the source from whence all blessings flow.

The little community spent the winter following in peace and safety. Religious services were held each Sabbath in the school room of the old mission house. Hiram Middaugh was leader of the choir and teacher of singing. We had debates and social parties occasionally. As soon as the ice on the river became strong enough to bear up teams, travelers began to pass up and down the river, who frequently tarried for the night at this little berg.

The spring of 1854 opened early. Having an occasion to go to St. Paul on the ice in a sleigh, on returning, the third day of March, the ice was so full of holes that it became necessary for one to go before the team, and look for the safest passage. That year the steamer D. Hillman passed through the lake on the 5th day of April, on its way to St. Paul. The steamer Nominee, from Galena, Ill., arrived at this port on the 7th of April. A number of new settlers came early this spring. H. L. Bevans had the frame of his new store all prepared for the hauling from the island, and just then the ice had become so weak as to be unsafe for teams to cross and the timber was hauled over on the ice by men with ropes.

Hon. W. H. Welch, then chief justice of the Territory, visited the place and decided to make his home here. He bought a lot, on which a comfortable house

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had been erected and moved his family here early in the spring. The same house where he lived till his death in 1864, is still standing on Third street. Among many others who came to stay during this season, we remember distinctly W. W. DeKay, P. Sanford, W. H. Wellington, C. J. F. Smith, Wm. Colvill, Jr., P. S. Fish and S. J. Hasler. A large number of dwellings, two warehouses, and several stores were erected this summer. Some wheat was raised in the surrounding country, and found to be of a superior quality. The marketing and shipping of this cereal gave Red Wing its first start as a business point. A few years after and before any railroads had found their way into our territory, Red Wing was claimed to be the greatest primary wheat market in the world.

Red Wing this year had the honor of being made the county seat of the new county of Goodhue. A full complement of county officers were appointed by the Territorial governor, nearly all of whom were citizens of Red Wing; but the burdens of office at that time were easily borne. Mr. Philander Sanford, our first lawyer, built for himself a law office on Main street, where all, or nearly all public and legal business, was transacted for that year.

One thing that gave the place some reputation abroad at the early beginning was the probability that it would be soon the seat of an institution of learning of high order. It was known that the M. E. Church were about to establish a university somewhere in the Northwest and that Red Wing had been selected as the proper place for it. The hopes of the people in regard to such an enterprise began to be realized towards the end of the year 1854, when Prof. Jabez Brooks, on the

16th of November, opened a school in the hall over Smith, Hoyt & Co's store. This school was called the preparatory department of the Hamline University.

The prevalence of the cholera on the river during the summer of this year had retarded the growth of the town somewhat. Persons were frequently landed here from boats, who were infected by the disease, and though cared for as tenderly and patiently as possibly, many of them died. It was remarkable that the pestilence did not spread among the residents.

The winters of 1854-55, were very mild for this latitude, and the usual intellectual and social enjoyments of the season were passed with all the pleasures incident to such scenes. But though mild and pleasant it seemed to linger long in the lap of spring. The first boat from below was never waited for more anxiously than at that time. With a large majority of the inhabitants it had been the first winter of their experience in Minnesota. Not knowing how much better appetites for food were enjoyed here than elsewhere, their winter supply of meat, flour and fruit began to fall short. There was money enough, but for a month or so pork and flour could not be had in Red Wing for money. The ice in the river was too weak for traveling. No one was in danger of starvation; fish were plenty; and as the ice began to melt in places, wild ducks came to the rescue; yet the settlers craved a change of meat and more bread. We well remember how the proprietor of the Red Wing House was put to his wits to provide for his voracious guests. With a flour pail in his hand he was frequently seen calling upon some private family to borrow a few pounds of the stuff to make bread of, promising to return it in full when the first boat should

arrive. The puffing steamboat came at last and landed a stock of groceries and provisions for the firm of Jackson & Enz; this firm had just opened a store on Bush Street. Among the goods landed at this arrival were eleven barrels of flour and a large hogshead filled with smoked hams and shoulders. These articles found a ready sale; being received on Friday evening and all sold out by the Monday following. Under the circumstances the firm prudently limited each family to a portion. Thus all were temporarily supplied. Settlers living on claims far from town, came in as soon as they heard that a boat had come through the lake, and got provisions. Other boats came in a few days bringing needed supplies for other firms, and plenty now reigned among all who had the money to buy with.

The United States Land Office was opened here about the beginning of the year 1855, W. W. Phelps register, and C. Graham receiver. These officers were kept very busy filing the declarations of intended pre-emptors, etc.

In the month of August, the same year, the first newspaper appeared, a very creditable four page sheet, published by Merritt & Hutchins, and issued every week. The printing office was on Main street, in a building which was first used as a carpenter's shop and a house of worship. The same building has since been fitted for and is now used as a private family residence.

The most remarkable event of the year was the advent of whiskey. The proprietors of the town and nearly all the early settlers, were temperance people. It was then generally understood that the sale of intoxicating liquors, as a beverage, should be forever prohibited. But with the rush of immigrants consisting of

speculators, merchants, and mechanics, who flocked to this embryo city that season, was one poor "*blind pig*;" not a very dangerous animal to be sure. The first knowledge of its existence in the community came in the following figurative language, uttered in a undertone, "Mr. P., a dry goods merchant on Bush street, keeps *hard-ware* in his cellar." More than two years had passed since the town was begun and no intoxicating liquors had been kept for sale here openly; and it appeared as if no one could tolerate the business. How the whiskey ever got into that cellar was a mystery. It was soon evident that it was there. Men were seen coming from that store with unsteady step and flushed visages. A public meeting was called. Men of every profession and trade met together to express their indignation at the outrage. Long speeches were uttered, even politicians dared to speak against the traffic in these days. All at that meeting were unanimous in the opinion that measures should be taken to remove the nuisance as soon as practicable. A committee of five were appointed to wait on the merchant who had the *hard-ware* in his cellar and inform him that the sale of the stuff could not be allowed. The committee visited the offender, going in a body to the store, stating the object of their visit, and the authority under which they acted. The man winced somewhat under the influence of popular feeling thus boldly expressed; denied the charge of selling it, but owned that it was where men could go and get as much as they wanted. This man soon after closed his business and left the place. This transaction proved plainly that when the majority will unite their forces against any known evil, they will succeed in putting that evil down.

The first sale of public lands in this county, occurred at the United States Land Office in Red Wing, beginning the 29th day of August, 1855. W. Le Duc was the auctioneer. The notice of this sale had been previously given in the newspapers; and many strangers thronged the village at the appointed hour.

The settlers had formed a claim association in this immediate vicinity for the purpose of protecting themselves from landsharks and speculators. David Hancock was president, P. Sandford secretary, and Rezin Spates assistant secretary, of this association. Royal Lovell was appointed to represent the settlers at the sale. He stood close by the auctioneer and bid in all the lands which they respectively had claimed. Mr. Lovell held a description of every claimant's land, ready to bid the moment the numbers were called by the government agent, of any one description. The settlers stood by, ready to back him if occasion required. Though a large number of speculators were present ready to take advantage of such opportunities as offered for picking choice tracts, they dared not bid against the settlers, after being informed that such a combination for mutual protection had been formed, and were ready to defend their rights.

The first brick yard in the county was opened for the manufacture of brick in East Red Wing by George Wilkinson in the summer of 1855. He had taken the contract for the erection of the Hamline university. He came and commenced the manufacture of brick for that structure chiefly, but furnished that material to others for a time. Besides the University building there were two brick dwellings erected that same year. The University building was completed and dedicated

early in January, 1856. The preparatory department was immediately opened for students and a college class soon after formed. Before the year closed two teachers besides Prof. Brooks were added to the faculty. The institution soon obtained a wide reputation and students flocked hither from a distance to enjoy its advantages. The lectures given by the professors from time to time and the debates of the literary societies were often attended by the citizens, and contributed much to make the new home attractive to all.

A large immigration from other states and from Europe came to this place in 1856. Many new enterprises were begun. Merchants and mechanics flocked hither, buildings of various size and materials were constructed. The north side of Main street, between Bush and Plum, was filled with business blocks, mostly of wood; the south side of the same had but two or three vacancies. A boarding house was built by Mrs. Huldah Allen, who soon after assumed the title of Mrs. Richard Freeborn, on the bank of the river, west of Broadway, which is still standing and is called the Farmer's Hotel.

The first machinery for the manufacture of sash and blinds was put into operation this year by Hasler & Todd. They used a one horse tread-mill power.

The land office did a flourishing business and called many strangers to this place during the three years it remained. Hotels and boarding houses multiplied and were well patronized.

Barnes & Vanhouten opened a brick yard at the west end, and commenced the manufacture of that article, while Mr. Wilkinson's yard was still supplying brick, but not in sufficient quantities to meet the demand.

The first saw mill was put in operation here by Pettibone & Knapp. It was afterwards run by Freeborn & Pettibone. Cogel & Blakely built a mill for the manufacture of sash, doors and blinds. The machinery for this mill was sunk in the Mississippi with the steamer Itaska while on its way hither. Other machinery was soon purchased and the mill put in operation before the close of the year. The following year the same firm commenced the manufacture of wheat flour, with one set of stones. This was the first flouring mill in the county.

The prominent firms doing business here so early as 1856 besides those already mentioned were J. C. Weatherby, dry goods and groceries; McIntire & Sheldon, F. F. Philleo, Richter & Sherman, all kept general merchandise; Betcher & Brown, hardware; Clark & Allen also kept hardware; W. E. Hawkins and W. H. Wellington, painters; Wm. Colvill, Murdock & Bristol, Chas. McClure and E. T. Wilder, attorneys at law; Smith, Towne & Co., dealers in real estate. The last named firm consisted of Otis F. Smith, Thomas F. Towne and J. C. Pierce.

There was a hall over a business block on the north side of Main street called Philleo hall, which was finished and devoted to use of the public during the year 1856. This hall was for some time the place for holding conventions, public lectures, concerts, church festivals, etc. It was used on Sundays as a place for public worship by the Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Baptists in succession, until each had built churches for themselves. The Methodists occupied the chapel of Hamline University for Sunday services until their church edifice was completed.

The fourth day of July was duly celebrated for the first time in Red Wing in 1856. There was a grand procession following a band of musicians, three in number; first, officers of the day, orator and reader; second, school children and teachers; last, citizens generally. This procession marched to a natural grove near by, where the usual exercises, appropriate to the occasion, were listened to with attention. Hon. W. W. Phelps delivered the oration. Long tables had been prepared by the ladies, loaded with the best eatables the times could furnish and a free dinner was partaken of by all present.

The Presbyterians commenced building a brick church this year. The outer walls were finished and the roof completed when winter set in. The interior was finished, furnished with a bell and dedicated, the following summer. This pioneer church still remains on the corner of Sixth street and East avenue, and serves the purpose of its founders.

The spring of 1857 was backward in its approaches; but it brought a larger number of new citizens to our town and county than any previous year. The work of building new houses and stores was pushed with vigor through most of the season.

The financial crisis which prevailed throughout the country began its effects here towards the close of 1857.

By an act of the Territorial legislature, a charter was granted to the citizens of Red Wing for a city form of government. The first charter election was held this year and resulted in the election of J. C. Weatherby, for mayor; James Lawther, F. F. Hoyt and Charles Beers, for councilmen.

The stringency in the money market did not check

the growth of this new city entirely. A high rate of interest was allowed for the use of money, but the farmers were raising golden wheat. Large quantities of that product found a market here. Wheat buyers were on the street ready to meet teams as they entered and pay cash for the loads. Loads of wheat drawn by oxen from fifty to one hundred miles, were marketed here in those early days. The first bank was opened here on Main street, by Smith, Meigs & Co. Pascal Smith was chief manager.

The same year another weekly newspaper commenced its publication, which was named *The Red Wing Republican*. The first number was dated September 4, 1857. Lucius F. Hubbard was editor and proprietor.

A convention had been held in St. Paul to frame a constitution for the new State in order to be admitted into the union at the next session of Congress. The work of that convention having just been completed the full copy of that constitution was published in the initial number of *The Red Wing Republican*. The first regular convention of the Republican party was held in Red Wing the first of September the same year. Until this time party politics had made very little show in the county. The paper which had been published every week since August, 1855, *The Sentinel*, was a newspaper which served the wants and necessities of all the people; but it was well known that its editor was a Democrat in National politics. As a matter of course when we should become a State, the former party affiliations of the settlers would become manifest.

This first Republican convention was presided over by Wm. Stanton as chairman, and H. L. Bevans acted

as secretary. Hon. Chas. McClure made the principal speech at this convention. A full ticket was nominated. The Democrats held a party convention also and nominated a strict party ticket. The latter ticket was sanctioned by the vote of the people with one exception. Since that time till the present, the Republican party has generally been victorious.

The attention of the people to buildings for the years to come was more general in town during 1857 than perhaps at any time since. It was a busy year for mechanics of all descriptions. A fact that will seem now strange to many is that all our cut-stone used for door and window sills, in brick structures, had to be imported from St. Paul, and all our lime for plastering was also imported from down the river. Phineas S. Fish made the first experiment of producing lime from the stone in Barn bluff this year. The article he produced was considered inferior, and he did not continue the work.

One of the most important events in the early history of Red Wing was the burning of the "Galena," a large Mississippi river steamer, on the 3d of July, 1858, on a trip up the river. The fire broke out just before the boat reached the landing at Red Wing, but it was in a very short time there; so that nearly all the passengers had time to get off safely. Although it was a little past midnight, the light of the burning vessel enabled all to see where to flee for refuge if they had had the proper presence of mind and courage to leap into the water.

The following description of the event was given by one of the passengers, who wrote it before leaving Red Wing and was published in the Chicago press:

"The boat's freight had been all discharged at the foot of the lake (Pepin). An attempt was made to gain time by increasing speed. Before I retired the chimneys appeared like volcanoes emitting showers of sparks, and the upper deck and mid air presented a scene worthy of a pyrotechnic of the first water. But this, you know, is not uncommon. No danger was anticipated from this source, and it is not known, and probably never will be, whether the disaster originated from this source. My impression is that the fire was communicated from the lower portion of the chimney to the surrounding woodwork. About one o'clock, to give my own experience, some one caught my foot and shouted '*The boat is on fire.*' My state room door was left partly open for ventilation. Fortunately, I had not doffed my pants or vest. Leaping from the upper berth I told Mary, who was also aroused, to be calm, with undoubtedly some tremor in my voice. I seized my boots, put them on, also my coat, and looked out. The alarm had not yet become very general, and I hoped that the fire might not prove disastrous. The first look I gave to the bow of the boat was sufficient. The red flame, made lurid by the accompanying smoke, pierced through the cabin like a devouring tongue of an insatiate demon at the very instant. One look! You may have read descriptions of burning ships; you may have become, in imagination, a participant in the sublime horror of the scene, which human pen can never portray; but to stand, as I stood there, a living present witness, and a part of the scene itself, is fearfully and wonderfully different. One look, as I said, at that mad, devouring, hellish looking, fiend tongue, lapping with hot greed, the ceiling, doors, curtains, glass, and stabbing

through into the opposite apartments, produced a strange re-action in my soul, awing me, as it were into coolness and deliberation. It was but for an instant. Hurrying up and down the long saloon, were crazed women, and men almost as frantic. 'Where shall I go? Save me! Save me!' 'Oh my child, my child!' 'Fire! Fire!' 'We're all lost!' 'This way, I will save you all,' mingled in one confused uproar, with piercing shrieks and lacerating cries high over all. If I spoke then I cannot now recall more words than these, 'Quick, Mary, give me my boy,' and those little boy hands are still clinging around my neck and the quick beat of that baby heart still meets the louder pulses of my own around which new veins of love have swollen rapidly, softening, melting, until even now—no I will not weep. Just at this moment, when a master was so much needed, no one knowing just what to do, Capt. Laughton, of heroic memory, appeared like an apparition in the midst of us, and said firmly: 'This way and you will all be saved. Steady, this way.' The tide turned in one direction at the master's command, and with few exceptions, followed without crowding through the side entrance next the shore, which was somewhat obstructed by trunks which eager men were anxious to get ashore, or off the boat at least, and to our joy we found the boat's bow near the shore, and a plank launched. A group of ladies were in advance of me, and I set up a six foot Hoosier barrier against the crowd behind, holding back with the ability given me. In the confusion I missed Mary, but thought her in advance, and was so satisfied—so walked the plank tetering with its excited burden, struck foot on shore with my jewel on my breast. There was joy in that moment's experience. A moment more and

Mary was at my side—and then our friends all safe—and if but half dressed, barefooted, with disheveled hair, more beautiful in my eyes than fabled princesses in all the glory of their royal attire. We turned to look upon the scene before us. Already had the flames reached to the extreme ends of the long ship, extending high above the pilot house, still occupied by the brave man at the wheel, holding his charge hard on shore, and the whole heavens seemed lighted by the conflagration. Still amid the flames could be seen a fitting form and heard a wild shriek of agony; and now a boy—brave, glorious boy!—leaps from the cabin deck, and swims with vigorous stroke down, down, the stream; he cannot buffet it; and now the yawl has reached him—saved! hurrah! The cry of ‘powder on board’ startles with a new fear, and the crowd recedes far up the bluff and down the shore. Down falls the deck, up shoot the flames, renewed with strength, vaulting high above the tall black chimneys; crash came the huge black monsters themselves over the deck. The river seethes and hisses, as if wounded and mad with pain; the high wheel-house arches flame and tumble into the surge; bang! goes the cylinder head, and the liberated stream outrushing, for a moment, seems to rend the monster’s bowels, and then subdued by its own energy, is seen no more. The boilers fall; the flame begins to droop; the hull is burning low; the water’s edge is reached; in flows the adverse element; she fills, she sinks; and with one loud hiss of defiance the flames expire and all is dark and silent. Among the more notable incidents of the scene was the pilot standing bravely, coolly, at the wheel, enveloped by the flame until the boat was safe aground. He made his escape over the decks and down

the rigging. Capt. Laughton was twice knocked down by trunks thrown from the decks in his passage up and down to save his passengers. He had several children on board, all of whom were saved. A poor Norwegian woman, who had a cow tied on the lower deck, in attempting to liberate the poor dumb animal, lost her own child. There were several oxen and cows on board. Most of them, after being badly burned, broke overboard and swam ashore. The greatest distress and sympathy were felt for a poor girl of fourteen years, whose mother with two younger sisters and a brother, were all lost. They were a plain, honest, earnest looking family, on their way from Michigan to meet the husband and father, at Mankato, Minn. This poor girl goes alone to convey the sad intelligence to her father. Perhaps no one saved suffered more in getting ashore than my friend, Wm. Bradley, of Keokuk. He was too late for the gangway and after spending his best exertions to save some children who clung to his limbs, and some women who persistently refused to jump into the water although small boats were waiting as near as the flames would permit, he let himself down from the guard and fell exhausted into a skiff then half full of water. He reached the shore and was saved, but that was all. The boy who leaped from the deck and swam so finely, said he never swam before in his life, but preferred drowning to burning and so sprang overboard. Instinct taught him to swim. A bridegroom and bride, young and joyful, from Orin, N. Y., got ashore; he dressed in the unique costume of a hat and shirt, she ditto, less the hat. Scarcely any baggage was saved. I have ten checks in my pocket, but not a trunk or carpet bag. Charley had on a night gown, and his mother was cos-

tuned *a la* the bride above mentioned. Unfortunately for me I had deposited my money in the safe, and the safe proved to be an iron box only, everything within it being utterly destroyed. The citizens of Red Wing are a humane-hearted people. All our immediate wants are being relieved and we shall take the next boat up, without money, and no baggage to trouble us."

The next morning before breakfast a young man rapped at our door. We lived on the corner of Fifth and Bush streets. He was without hat and shoes; had on a shirt and pants which I think was his only clothing. His name was Riggs, a son of Dr. S. R. Riggs, one of the early missionaries among the Indians. This young man, with his sister, was returning from Ohio, where they had been spending some time at school, and were among the passengers of the ill-fated vessel. They were on their way to the home of their parents at the Indian mission near Lac qui Parle. The young man said that his sister was at the Central House where they had found accommodations after escaping from the burning vessel during the night. He wished to borrow a lady's dress that she might be able to leave her room, as she had escaped with only her night clothes. Of course his request was granted, and both were soon provided with needful garments. The ladies of the different churches were all engaged in preparing suitable outfits for the unfortunate ones, for that day and the next. These survivors, after being properly provided for, were embarked on the next boat up the river going to their several destinations. The charred remains of the five persons who perished, were tenderly and carefully deposited in coffins and buried with the usual christian burial service, in Oakwood cemetery.

It will be of interest to state here that the young man mentioned above is now engaged in a very successful mission work among the Indians, and that his sister has been for years a missionary in China.

Notwithstanding the dull times in reference to business matters throughout the country, on account of the money panic, many new buildings were added to the new city during the year 1858. The contract for building a court house and jail was let in June. The work on the foundation was soon after begun and pushed on until the winter set in. A goodly number of professional men, mechanics, and laborers, were added to the permanent population. Immigration from the old country increased. Stages began to run in different directions, roads and bridges were constructed to accommodate travelers and visitors. After harvest wheat began to pour in for sale and wheat buyers multiplied. The custom of having free public lectures was inaugurated here in the fall, and continued through the winter, about two lectures each month from November to April. These lectures were given for the most part by men who resided here. This custom prevailed up to the beginning of the civil war, and added much to the social and intellectual enjoyments of the people. Occasionally the lecture appointment was filled by some one from abroad. Among the latter we remember having the pleasure of hearing Bayard Taylor on "Life in the North," and J. G. Holland on "Hobby Riding." The now famous author, Edward Eggleston, who was a resident of Minnesota in his younger days, visited Red Wing several times, and gave interesting lectures, illustrating the same by stereopticon views.

The 16th of June, 1859, was made memorable by being the date of the first graduating exercises held by the Hamline University. A college commencement was a rare occurrence in so new a State, and was a great attraction. The graduating exercises were held in the Presbyterian church, which was filled with people to overflowing. The graduating class consisted of two young ladies. They were sisters, Elizabeth and Emily Sorin, both of whom read essays of their own composition in such a manner as to be distinctly heard by every one present. At the close the degree of A. B. was conferred upon the young graduates. Classes were graduated in the years following, while the institution remained here, consisting generally of some persons of both sexes. Among them we would mention the names following: Hon. H. R. Brill, Judge of District Court, of St. Paul; Bradford J. Raymond, D. D., President of Wesleyan University, at Middlebury, Conn.; and Hon. B. B. Herbert, Editor of *National Journalist*, Chicago, Ill.

The first music teacher in Red Wing was Miss Harriet Kellogg, afterward Mrs. Jessie M. Hodgman. She gave lessons on the piano in 1856 and for several years following was the only teacher in that line. Our first teachers in singing were Hiram Middaugh, S. A. Hart, C. L. Davis and J. C. Hawes.

A project was set on foot here at an early date to improve our methods of communication with the country further west, by the navigation of Cannon river. The plan was never consummated, though an act of incorporation was obtained from the legislature, as this following notice will show:.

SLACK WATER NAVIGATION.

A meeting of the incorporators of the Slack Water

Navigation company was held at Faribault, March 24, and the following officers were elected: W. W. Phelps, president; L. Z. Rogers, secretary; A. H. Bullis, treasurer.

It is the intention of this company to have a thorough survey of the Cannon and LeSueur rivers and the lakes between their head waters, to determine cost and locate the necessary locks and dams.—*Red Wing Argus*, April, 1865.

The first attempt made to obtain railroad facilities, was at a meeting of the citizens in Turner's hall, December 12, 1868. The statement was there made that a bonus of \$100,000 towards a railroad would in twenty years make the taxable property \$10,000,000, and the rate of taxation would also be reduced materially.

The year following a bonus was offered of \$75,000 to the St. Paul & Chicago Railroad Co.

Early in March, 1866, there was no small stir among the citizens of Red Wing on account of the supposed discovery of oil in abundance.

Under date of March 15, 1866, the regular weekly papers contained notices headed, "Oil well in Red Wing!" "Steady flow of Petroleum!" "A joint stock company organized," etc. The facts in the case were, that a party of men had been engaged in digging for water for household purposes in the eastern part of the village, between Barn and Sorin bluffs. They found water twenty feet below the surface, but not sufficient in quantity for the purposes required. Consequently they continued to dig deeper. The next morning, after having found water, they commenced dipping out that which had run in during the night. Immediately the strong odor of petroleum was realized; but they kept

on digging. And the next morning the same thing happened. There was clear evidence of oil on the water before it was stirred. A portion was saved for visitors to smell of during the day. Every morning, for several days in succession, some signs of oil were apparent in the water drawn out of that well.

A joint stock company was actually organized. The stock was all taken, officers chosen, and the operations commenced. There were some doubting Thomases, however, who would wait for a clearer view.

So after the news had gone abroad in the papers under the head lines, "Steady flow of petroleum in East Red Wing," and almost everybody seemed to have oil on the brain, the doubters set a watch over the famous well during the dark and black night. And when the stillness of midnight had settled down upon all around, behold the soft light of an old-fashioned tin lantern drew gently near the mouth of the well. The watchers soon seized hold of the midnight light bearer and found in his possession, a tin can of kerosene oil!!! It is hardly necessary to add that the Red Wing oil company's office was closed very soon. The expenses of the company had amounted to only about \$25, when the business wound up. There was a short paragraph in the papers the following week, headed, "The oil well a sell!" which gave the report of the night watchmen.

If any of the members of that "oil company" are still living in Red Wing I presume they would just as soon not have their names mentioned.

So soon after the discovery of gold in California; and the oil wells of Pennsylvania were beginning to yield so abundantly of the means for artificial light, it would not be considered at all strange if the first comers

into a new region should be constantly looking for something beneath the soil to encourage their hope of a future fortune. And such was actually the case among the early settlers in this county.

Many times it was announced in the Red Wing papers that some farmer had found strong indications of coal on his place. Digging for the precious fuel was often resorted to, but it invariably ended in disappointment. Some man discovered gold dust among the sand which had been thrown out of an excavation made for a fence post in Red Wing at one time, which raised excitement enough to help up the price of real estate. At another time gold was discovered in the south part of the county on the Zumbro river. The bed of that stream was considered, for a few days, a *rich find*. About a bushel of the yellow sand was brought into Red Wing to be washed and tested as to its value and purity. The test proved that gold was actually found, but not in paying quantities.

Disastrous fires were frequent in Red Wing before the present system of water works was completed in 1885. The first fire was the burning of the Indian bark houses in the spring of 1853, an account of which has already been given. The first dwelling house among the whites which was burned to the ground was built, owned and occupied by Thomas M. Lowater, Esq. It stood on the corner of Third and Fulton streets. A defective flue was supposed to have been the cause. Loss, \$2,500; insurance, \$1,000.

The next fire of any importance was the burning of a block of stores, corner of Main and Bush streets, together with the stable and barn of the Red Wing house, which stood near the block on Bush street. This

fire broke out about noon on the 28th of October, 1857. This block was at the time the finest business structure in the town. It was built by James Lawther less than a year previous. The stores were occupied as follows: Peter Meserole, hardware; S. B. Foot, ready made clothing; H. Lowater, books and stationery; J. M. Sylvester and W. L. Webster, jewelry. Offices in the second story were occupied by Charles McClure, a lawyer, and C. H. Connely, a physician. The greater part of the goods in the stores were saved, but the building was a total loss, estimated at \$5,000.

A hook and ladder company had been organized at this time which did effective work in preventing the flames from spreading. Water was brought from the river in buckets by hand to stop the flames from spreading. Not men only, but women and children, were employed in this bucket brigade.

The year following, the Kelly House barn was totally consumed by fire. This house was afterward named Central House and situated on Plum street. The barn stood just in the rear of the house on the alley, and the contents, hay, grain, harness and carriages, were all consumed. Total loss, \$2,500. The house was kept by W. L. Webster and was saved with great difficulty. The furniture was much damaged by hasty removal. This fire was the work of an incendiary; at least so reported.

In June, 1865, the hotel, which was the first frame building erected in Red Wing, was wholly consumed by fire. This hotel stood on the corner of Main and Bush streets and was called the "Teepetonka," owned and kept by Jacob Bennett. The fire broke out early in the morning; when first discovered the kitchen in

the rear was all in flames. The furniture in the front part was nearly all saved, but the house, with several contiguous buildings, was reduced to ashes. It was through the utmost energy of our citizens that the whole row of wooden structures on the south side of Main, between Bush and Plum streets, was not consumed. The hook and ladder company did efficient work on the occasion, as also did the volunteer bucket brigade.

January 15, 1880, in the evening, a building on Bush street, which had been occupied by McIntire & Sheldon as a store, was burned. The building had been unoccupied for a long time and belonged to Chas. Bryant. Before the fire could be put out there was nothing left but the bare walls. Insured for \$1,000.

On the evening of April 9, 1882, a fire started between Main and Third streets, which, before it could be subdued, swept over and destroyed nearly half a block of buildings in the business part of Red Wing.

About eight o'clock Easter Sunday evening, our citizens were startled by the cry of fire! fire! followed immediately by the ringing of the fire bell. The Episcopal church was crowded to overflowing with those in attendance upon the services of the Knights Templar, and being in the near vicinity of the fire, a rush was immediately made for the doors. The services, which had but just begun, were brought to a sudden close. The other churches throughout the city, where evening services had already commenced, were soon vacated. The fire was first discovered in an unused shed standing in the rear of Henry Nelson's tailor shop, and adjoining Webster & Perkin's livery stable. Mr. Nelson's foreman was in the shop and notified the men at the stable, who gave the first alarm. The shed was half

filled with straw at the time, and the flames spread very rapidly. In less than fifty minutes the whole cluster of buildings was a seething mass of ruins, reaching from the livery stable east on Third street, to the blacksmith shop of Robertson & Matthews, west to Broadway, and north to Main street. Every building was destroyed with the exception of the brick block, on the corner of Main and Broadway, which latter was damaged considerably. The large opera house, on the corner of Broadway and Third street, was the most valuable building destroyed by this fire. The original cost of this, with the lot, was \$24,000. Several costly improvements had been recently added. Nothing of importance was saved of its furniture and fixtures. Insurance, \$6,000. A number of families were deprived of a home for a time by this fire. Mr. C. P. Belin and family occupied rooms in the upper story of Webster & Perkins' livery stable. Mrs. Belin had gone to church, leaving her infant child in care of an aged invalid mother. The two were saved with difficulty. Misses G. Easterly and Tilda Carlson, sewing girls, occupying rooms adjoining, saved their lives but lost all their effects except one sewing machine. A Mr. Bragg and family, occupying rooms over one of the buildings on Main street, escaped with their lives, yet lost most of their furniture. J. Kuhn, occupying the basement of the opera house as a residence and restaurant, saved but a small portion of his goods. Dr. G. Allen lived in a brick house on Broadway, which was burned, with the barn, and the contents of both were nearly all destroyed, the family barely escaping. Another brick house, occupied by A. Steinerson and family, was also destroyed, with most of the furniture; lives saved. Among the buildings consumed on Main

street at this time were: An omnibus stable, Raymond & Wright; the express office of S. W. Roberts; the second-hand store of J. J. Quayle; and Mr. Bragg's meat market. On Third street, besides the opera house and livery block, the tailor shops of H. Nelson and John Norquist, and the hardware store of John Delano, were consumed, and the blacksmith shop next to the hardware store damaged materially. During the time of this fire the wind blew from the east a perfect gale. The air for a considerable distance was filled with flying cinders. Watchers were apprehensive of a more extensive conflagration. There had been a heavy rain storm the night before and the roofs of buildings were so thoroughly wet that the holocaust was prevented.

In 1882, June 13, a fire broke out about one o'clock a. m. in the drug store in the brick block on the same corner of Bush and Main streets where the old Tepee-tonka had formerly stood. The drug store was kept by J. L. Kellogg. When first seen, the fire was in the rear end of the building; but in a few minutes the inside of the salesroom was a seething mass of flames, which soon burst out both in front and rear with great fury. In the second story, just over the drug store, Dr. W. W. Sweney had an office, which was considerably damaged. Adjoining the block was C. E. Sheldon's jewelry store, fronting Bush street, whose stock, consisting chiefly of fine crockery, was taken out with such haste as to be damaged to the amount of \$800. On the Main street side adjoining, was the large dry goods store of C. Belanger. His stock was also injured by removal and the water, so as to occasion a loss of \$500. Goods were removed from several other stores and offices before the progress of the fire was arrested, and the total losses by

this fire was estimated at \$12,500; mostly covered by insurance.

The same year a series of fires occurred on the 18th of September. At about seven p. m., a room in the second story of the Scandinavian hotel, on Potter street was discovered on fire, which was soon extinguished by a few buckets of water. The fire was on a bed which stood near an open window. It was supposed that some one threw fiery missiles from the street in at the window. About an hour later another alarm was sounded, and the Lyon's house stable was found burning on the corner of Third and Plum streets. All efforts to save this building were unavailing, but while it was still burning another cry of fire was heard over on Broadway. This fire commenced in the rear of the barn belonging to the National hotel. Soon the barn was on fire, and the hotel, with a building adjoining, were all reduced to ashes. It seemed that all the firemen could do was to prevent the destruction of the furniture factory and the dwelling of Mr. Hastings. The National hotel was owned at the time by Charles Betcher. His loss was estimated at \$5,000; insured for \$1,000.

By far the most destructive fire which has yet occurred in Red Wing was on the 4th of March, 1883, when the Diamond and Bluff mills, with several adjoining buildings, were totally destroyed. These mills, together with the Bluff saw-mill, were all owned by a joint stock company, which employed about one hundred men and turned out one thousand barrels of flour per day. The saw-mill only was saved from the devouring element. These mills occupied the whole front of Levee street from Barn bluff to the foot of Potter street.

At about twenty minutes after midnight, George

King, the engineer, and Charles Bailey, fireman on the yard engine of the Milwaukee railroad, noticed an unusual light through the windows of the fourth floor of the Diamond mill. They immediately started their engine down the track to get a clearer view and soon decided that the mill was on fire. They commenced giving the alarm by blowing the engine whistle. The mill whistle commenced sounding at almost the same time, and very soon the bells of the city added to the dismal chorus. The fire had evidently been set by some person, who was familiar with the construction of the mills, during the change of the night watchmen. The early watchman had completed his rounds at 11:30, as shown by his time detector, an instrument which the watchmen were required to carry. He had turned over the watch to the other watchman and gone home. The later watchman had come, put on his detector, examined the water gauge, looked into the fire room, went to the engine door to lock it, and looking out discovered the fire and immediately gave the alarm. Engineer W. A. Potter was the first at the mill and W. H. Norris was there soon after. Potter started the pump and Norris rushed to the fourth floor to turn on the water but was driven back by the smoke. F. C. Boynton made a similar attempt but failed in the same manner. The fire engine was soon on hand and throwing water, but the flames had obtained such a headway that the elevator and warehouses, with the Bluff mill, were soon destroyed, with the contents. The firemen succeeded in saving the saw-mill by wetting it down. The fire raged full five hours before it was under control. The total loss was estimated at \$240,000. The total insurance was \$173,000. The mills have not been rebuilt.

CHAPTER XVI.

RED WING CONTINUED.

Soon after the great fires which resulted in the destruction of the Diamond and Red Wing flouring mills had occurred, the citizens of the place began to agitate the question: "How can we prevent the frequent recurrence of such calamities?" The agitation of this question among the people finally led the city council to move in the matter. Our representatives in the legislature, in the winter of 1883, were asked to procure the enactment of a law, granting to the city of Red Wing the power to issue bonds, for the purpose of constructing a system of water works. The act was approved March 1, 1883, and provided that before it should become operative it should be submitted to the legal voters of the city for their approval or otherwise. The vote was taken in July following, fixing the amount of the bonds to be issued at \$85,000. The vote upon the proposition resulted in its adoption by a large majority. A committee was appointed by the mayor whose duty it should be to examine, devise and recommend the best plan for an efficient system of water works for the city.

In the discharge of its duty this committee visited several cities and towns where water works had been

constructed, for the purpose of securing the best plan. They engaged Mr. H. H. Harrison, of Stillwater, to draft a plan and specifications for prosecuting the work.

In due time the plans and specifications for the entire work were submitted to the city council and adopted. The contract for doing the work was awarded on the 28th day of August, 1883, to the Northwestern Water & Gas Supply company, of Minneapolis, Minn., it being the lowest responsible bidder, for the sum of \$85,000. The work of this company, when completed, was as follows : A pump house of stone, facing Levee street, at the foot of Hill street, 40x52 feet, divided into a pump room, and a boiler room, and a brick coal shed adjoining. The water is taken from the main channel of the Mississippi river, through a fourteen-inch cast-iron intake pipe, extending 800 feet from the pump house across the bay ; the water is conveyed by gravity into a screen well, where it is cleared of leaves, chips, small fish and other impurities ; thence it passes through a pipe into an adjacent filter well, where it passes through a filter pit composed of sponges ; thence it is conveyed through an arch from the bottom of the filter well to an adjoining pump-well ; thence it is pumped by two of Blake's duplex pumps, which work either single or double, into the street mains, and forced into a one million gallon reservoir located on Sorin bluff, at an elevation of two hundred and seventy-five feet above the river. The motive power is supplied by two forty-eight inch steel tubular boilers, each fourteen feet in length. There are about six miles of street mains, using about six hundred tons of cast-iron pipe. There are fifty-two hydrants and thirty-five steel gate valves. These works have been thoroughly tested by seven years

use and prove to be of untold value in speedily arresting the progress of fire. No buildings of any size or importance have been entirely consumed in this city since the completion of this system of works in 1885. Eight streams of water can be thrown at the same time, through nozzles ranging from one to two inches in diameter. The pressure is such that the water can be thrown over the roofs of the highest buildings.

Besides preventing any great loss from burning buildings, these works are of great benefit in furnishing a supply of fresh water for many households; also for watering streets and lawns during the summer season. Extensions and improvements have been added since the first completion, as demanded by the growth of the city, until the entire cost of the water works and grounds, with implements and tools, etc., amounts to the sum of \$95,000. The rents paid for the use of the water by individuals, for private purposes, now pay all the running expenses, and as the number of those who pay water rent is annually increasing, this fund will shortly furnish the means to pay a portion of the maturing bonds.

Red Wing Gas Light company was organized in 1872 for the purpose of lighting the streets, public buildings, and private residences when called for, with gas. This company completed their preparations for furnishing gas, and the streets of the city of Red Wing were first lighted by that material on the evening of February 11, 1873. Since that time an electric light plant has been introduced and the same company have become the owners thereof; reorganized under the name of Red Wing Gas and Electric Company. They furnish the city with street lights, and lights for city offices, at the

cost of less than \$3,000 per annum. They also furnish lights for churches, public halls, stores, and private dwellings at reasonable rates.

MANUFACTURING INDUSTRIES.

First among the industries of Red Wing was that of the manufacturing of lumber for building purposes, from logs which were brought down the river from the pineries in the North. The article being in great demand always in the first settlement of a new country, it is only natural that its production should be felt as the most needful. This industry is still carried on to the extent of supplying the constant demands of a thriving town and the surrounding country, but in proportion to the capital invested and agents employed, other industries have far surpassed it.

The turning of wheat into flour was commenced here as early as 1857. Hay Creek Mills began the manufacture of flour about the year 1866. These mills were run by water power. In 1873 the Red Wing mill company erected what was known as the Bluff mill. This company's first structure contained eleven run of burrs, three sets of iron, and six of porcelain rollers, with all the improved machinery and appliances of a first-class new process mill. This structure was soon connected by a warehouse, having a capacity for 150,000 bushels, to another excellent building known as the Diamond mill, a notable feature of which was the Hungarian system, the first introduced into this country, by which method, or system, there are four or more grindings of the wheat, elaborate purification, and reduction of middlings to flour by means of rollers, or rollers and stones combined. Both these mills were located near the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad, the basement floors being on a level with the bottom of a freight car standing on the track. Their distance from the river dock being only 100 feet gave these mills remarkable shipping facilities. When running to their full capacity these mills turned out 1,000 barrels of flour in twenty-four hours. Unfortunately these mills were entirely destroyed by fire in 1883.

THE LA GRANGE MILL COMPANY.

This company was formed, and articles of incorporation signed, in March, 1873, but did not take effect till 1877; and to continue thirty years. The main building is six stories in height. The basement is of stone, and three feet in thickness; the remaining stories, brick. The walls of the brick-work are twenty inches at the bottom, and one foot at the top. The basement story is twelve feet high; the next, or grinding story, is fifteen feet high; second and third stories, each twelve feet; the fourth and fifth are each fourteen feet. The whole structure rests on solid rock. The frame work is of the most substantial character. The engine and boiler rooms are in a one-story stone and brick structure, 20x50 feet, with gravel covered roof. A fire wall, twelve inches in thickness, separates the two rooms, with fire proof doors. Adjoining the mill is a wheat warehouse of brick and stone, 60 feet square, with a capacity of 75,000 bushels, having fire proof walls and doors. The cost of buildings and machinery was \$75,000. The treasurer's report, September 30, 1878, showed \$85,000 of stock subscriptions all paid in. The wheat purchased by the company up to that time amounted to 324,238 bushels. The company had man-

ufactured 63,031 barrels of flour, of which 55,000 barrels had been shipped. That was the first year's work. The present capacity of the mills is 800 barrels per day; the yearly output over 200,000 barrels.

RED WING MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

This enterprise was first established by Daniel C. Hill, in 1862, at the corner of Main and Bluff streets. A small two-story frame building, 30x60 feet, with a wing, 16x30, served for the first few years; was operated by steam power and devoted to the manufacture of sash, doors, blinds and mouldings. The rapid growth of the business obliged the proprietor to enlarge his works, and in 1869 he erected a large two-story brick block, 50x60 feet, in connection with the original building, and had during most of the year thirty-five men employed. In the year 1882, a joint stock company was formed with a capital of \$75,000, and the buildings extended to more than double their former capacity. New and improved machinery having been added, they manufacture besides the articles for finishing houses, all kinds of furniture. About one hundred persons are employed in the establishment. The annual output is \$225,000. They now have a three-story brick block, 120x60 feet; a fire proof warehouse, 120x40 feet; with a wing 60x34 feet. The warehouse is four stories in height. An office and drying house have lately been added to the establishment.

THE RED WING FURNITURE COMPANY.

The plant of this company is located on West Main street between West Avenue and Dakota street, and they are engaged in the manufacture of household and office furniture. The engine and boiler rooms are in

the rear of the workshops. This latter building is four stories high, fronting on Dakota street; dimensions, 50x60 feet. The main building is a three-story brick, 120x60 feet, fronting Main street. The capital stock of this company is \$46,000. Their annual sales amount to \$70,000. They employ sixty men; incorporated in 1880. The products of this, as well as those of the Manufacturing company above mentioned, are shipped to various points in this and the adjoining states. There are several private furniture factories in the city, which supply the home demand.

THE CHARLES BETCHER LUMBER COMPANY.

Mr. Betcher commenced in the lumber business here in 1859, purchasing Mr. Blakely's interest in the firm of Cogel & Blakely. In 1861 they purchased the old "Freeborn Mill;" the present saw-mill is upon the same old site. In 1867 the structure was rebuilt, enlarged and greatly improved. Mr. Cogel retiring in 1875, left Mr. Betcher alone. The mills are located on the bay at the west end of town, convenient to the railroads, with an accessible and safe harbor for logs. The capacity of the saw-mill may be rated at 7,000,000 feet per annum.

The average cut of logs for the last few years is 6,000,000 feet, with 2,500,000 shingles, and 480,000 lath. Lumber shipments in 1891 amounted to \$173,196.00; shipments of wagon and sleigh stock, 1891, \$33,400. The planing mill is devoted to the manufacture of sash, doors, window blinds, moulding, packing boxes, etc., and is furnished with all the modern machinery for doing every variety of work. The company supplies fifteen lumber yards outside of Red Wing, mostly located

on the H. & D. railroad. They employ about 125 men, to whom they paid in cash the last year \$34,000. Additional payments were made in lumber. This establishment does a high grade of all kinds of inside finish, both in pine and hard woods.

THE MANUFACTURE OF LIME

is one of the principal industries, and is carried on extensively by several firms or companies in and around the city. Mr. G. A. Carlson may be called the pioneer in the business. Commencing in a small way in the early history of Red Wing with but little capital, he has pushed ahead with an indomitable energy and perseverance until he occupies the first place among the lime producers of the Northwest. Mr. Carlson's works are the most extensive of their kind probably, to be found in the State. He owns several hundred acres of land, which include two large stone quarries and twelve lime kilns. The combined product of these kilns is very large, and they are operated almost continuously through the year. Shipments are made to all points in the West and North. By means of the sidetracks from the railroad directly from the quarries and kilns, his shipments are easily made. Constant employment is given in his business to about sixty men. The annual value of the product is over \$75,000. Mr. Carlson has lately perfected a new process for the manufacture of lime. It is nothing less than the substitution of gas for wood, in the burning. He has six kilns in operation under this plan, which, for completeness of arrangement, cannot be surpassed. It is stated on good authority that the lime made by this method is superior to that burned in the old way, and the cost in the manufacture is reduced considerably.

TWIN CITY LIME AND CEMENT COMPANY.

This company was organized and incorporated in 1890, with a capital stock of \$50,000. Their shipping facilities are excellent, the lime being loaded into the cars directly from the bins where it is placed on being taken from the kilns. Their works are located chiefly on the northerly side of Barn bluff. This company is doing a large business in furnishing building material for St. Paul and Minneapolis.

STONEWARE.

In the manufacture of stoneware Red Wing justly claims the distinction of being the largest producing point in the Northwest. It is known to some of the early settlers that John Paul, a farmer in the north part of the town of Goodhue, had a little factory covered with turf, where he made crocks for packing butter, and flower pots for the ladies who cultivated plants through the winter. He shaped his wares on a wheel propelled by a treadle, and disposed of the largest share among his neighbors. His raw material was dug from beneath the soil of his own farm. He continued the business but a short time, and, as far as known, he was the first to use the clay from the clay beds in this vicinity in the manufacture of earthen vessels. *Terra cotta* was manufactured here for several years by William Philleo and Philander Sprague, from the clay in the southwest part of the city. Their product was chiefly vases for flowers, and ornamental work. The business did not prove prosperous and was abandoned.

THE RED WING STONEWARE COMPANY.

The beginning of this now prosperous and extensive industry was in February, 1877. A meeting was held

by the citizens of Red Wing to consider the subject of organizing a company for the manufacture of stoneware, which resulted in the appointment of a committee to prepare articles of incorporation, and also a committee to solicit subscriptions to stock. The capital stock was, at the time the articles were signed, fixed at ten thousand dollars.

The first six months after the organization of this company was spent in experimenting with the use of a small kiln, and obtaining such information as was necessary in the prosecution of the enterprise. Early in August the work of grading for the foundation of the present works commenced. This enterprise proved to be a success from the start. The capital stock was doubled at the close of the first year. Their ware was soon found to be of a superior quality and the sales increased rapidly. The capital stock is now \$80,000. The works embrace in all twelve buildings covering over two acres of ground. The main shop is 50x150 feet and two stories high. Three lines of railroad enter the yards, the Milwaukee & Chicago, Minneapolis & St. Louis, as well as the Duluth, Red Wing & Southern. By the last named road clay is brought to the clay sheds and the ware is carried away by all three to markets in some twenty states and also to Canada.

This company manufactures stoneware of all kinds, including yellow and white ware of the finest finish and most exquisite coloring, suitable for table service—jugs, jars and milk pans of all descriptions. The ware has a good reputation for sterling quality wherever it has been introduced.

MINNESOTA STONEWARE COMPANY.

This company was organized in 1883. The plant

of this company is in the immediate vicinity of the one just mentioned and possesses equal facilities for carrying on the same line of business. Over one hundred men are employed. The value of the product for the year 1890 was reported to be \$125,000. Since that time important improvements have been made and additions to the buildings, in order to meet the increasing demands for their wares.

THE NORTH STAR STONEWARE COMPANY.

This company was organized within the year just past, and operations in the production of stoneware are already begun. To one who visits their works and notices the extensive preparations that have been made, it would seem that this company intended to do business on a larger scale than is done by either of the older companies. The capital stock is \$100,000. The main building is of brick, 210 feet long and 62½ in width; three stories in height. The engine house and clay shed extend beyond the main building 100 feet. The plant is located along the main tracks of the Minneapolis & St. Louis and D., R. W. & S. railroads, nearly opposite the old stoneware works.

THE RED WING SEWER PIPE COMPANY

was incorporated October, 1891, with E. H. Blodgett, president; F. W. Hoyt, secretary; F. Busch, treasurer; C. E. Sheldon, superintendent. This company operates eight kilns and has a daily output of two and one-half or three cars of ware, or 800 cars a year. They employ forty or fifty men. The pipe made by this company is the best produced by any factory in the United States; a ware that is thoroughly vitrified, highly glazed, compact body, smooth, and is conceded

by all users of the article to be superior to any other made. The factory occupies a very prominent place overlooking the Mississippi river, and located on the C. M. & St. P., M. & St. L., and D., R. W. & S. railroads, together with C. & N. W. connections, and with the Mississippi river on one side, making it possible to ship in any direction and over almost any road in the country, and also to secure the lowest freight rates. This company is the pioneer manufacturer of sewer pipe in the Northwest.

A second sewer pipe manufactory, located a few rods west of the old fair grounds in Red Wing, is now in progress and will in a short time commence turning out its products. This company have secured twenty acres of land on which to erect the necessary buildings and have ample room for other purposes. The engine and boiler rooms are under the same roof and occupy the space of 96x106 feet. The main structure is three stories high, and is 72x252 feet, ground space. Seven kilns are already constructed. An artesian well has been bored on the premises, 432 feet in depth, which throws water from an eight-inch tube some fifteen feet above the surface. The capital stock of this company is \$200,000.

RED WING IRON WORKS.

These works are located on the corner of Bush and Levee streets and are owned and managed by the Densmore Bros. The buildings were completed in 1866, at a cost of \$12,000. The material is brick and stone. The buildings include a store room, blacksmith shop, foundry, boiler room and other minor appartments. In 1874 their shops were destroyed by fire, and in sixty days were rebuilt and in operation again. Twelve men



MAIN STREET, RED WING, LOOKING TOWARDS BARN BLUFF.

are constantly employed at the works and at times fifteen or twenty. All kinds of iron work is done at the establishment. A large amount of mill machinery and hundreds of useful articles are kept in readiness for the trade of the surrounding country.

TROUT BROOK TANNERY.

This business was established in 1872 by Mr. J. F. Porter. His works are located in the valley of Trout brook, three miles from the city, and his business comprises the tanning of hides of all descriptions. The main building is 122x30 feet, three stories high, and there are three structures of less dimensions; the whole plant is valued at \$12,000. Employs about fifteen men. Mr. Porter enjoys a large and increasing business. His products have a high standing wherever they have come into market.

Near his tannery, on the same stream, Mr. Porter has a mill for the manufacture of sorgum syrup, having the capacity of one thousand gallons in twenty-four hours.

There is also another manufactory of this kind only five and one-half miles east of Red Wing, owned and managed by N. H. and Paul Post, which has the reputation of producing the best of syrup, and of equal capacity with the mill first named.

There are other lines of manufacture represented in Red Wing, such as carriages, wagons and sleighs, tinware, harness, boots and shoes, marble works, and such as may be found in every town of importance in the State. No city of its size can boast of better transportation facilities. Situated on the Mississippi river, where large freight and passenger steamers are passing

almost daily through all the summer, it enjoys a water competition with the railroads, a benefit that is appreciated. Four railroads now enter the city.

Red Wing is naturally a distributing point for a wide area, and is doubtless destined to become a large manufacturing city. The business interests of the place have almost invariably been represented by men of energy and thrift, who have prospered because always alive to every enterprise calculated for the public good. The failure of a business firm in Red Wing is a thing almost unknown. The banks have always done business on a solid basis. There are three of these institutions, and all have been established by permanent residents and built up by home capital. There is also a savings bank connected with the Goodhue County bank. The statement was made during the present season that the aggregate amount of deposits in all these institutions, was somewhere near one million of dollars.

The protection against fires now enjoyed by the people of this city is a matter of congratulation to all who may wish to make a home here. The excellent system of water works, supplying an abundance of water for the purpose in every part of the city, has been tested. The fire department is on the volunteer plan, but its members are partly paid. It numbers about sixty men. There are ten alarm boxes; one hook and ladder truck, one Silsby steamer, one chemical engine, four hose carts, and an abundance of hose. There is also a fire police force connected with the fire department. During the past eight years, the losses by fire have been quite small.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

These two interests, which are the basis of civilization and human progress, have received a goodly share of attention by the citizens of the place from the very beginning.

Gen. James S. Brisbin, when about to retire from the service in the U. S. army, having in the course of his military career had the advantage of becoming acquainted with all parts of the country, wisely chose Red Wing for his future home. In a letter of his, published in the *Army Journal*, he thus writes :

“Red Wing is a city of homes, and perhaps more people own their homes and houses in this place than in any city of equal size in the Northwest. Nearly every home is beautified with trees; lawns, shrubs, flowers, and not a few adorned with statuary and picturesque verandas.

“When the fathers laid out this city they laid as its corner stone, education and religion. It is one of the most beautiful sights in the world to see, on Sabbath here, the thousand of people pouring along the streets towards the places of worship. Everybody goes ; it is the proper thing to do, and you have to go to church. No saloons or bars, no theatres or beer gardens, are open on the Sabbath day in this goodly city. The schools are the very best in the Northwest and education is free to all.”

The school was the first public institution established in Red Wing. While there were but half a dozen children in the settlement, a school was kept in one of the log houses built by the missionaries to the Indians. Before any public funds were available for the purpose,

the teachers had to depend upon tuition fees paid by parents who sent their children. The first school house was erected by private subscription; a very unpretentious structure, costing only \$200. This, with rented rooms in different localities, served the purpose of public school accommodations till 1865, when the Central school house was erected. The furniture of the first school rooms was the home-made and hand-made kind. It was of the same primitive style used by a former generation; constructed from pine plank; very convenient for the use of pocket knives. Whenever a rented school room was wanted by its owner for some purpose of greater advantage to himself—which was frequently the case in a growing city—it was the duty of the trustees to look up another room. And it was customary, in those days, during school vacations, to see the honorable board of trustees engaged in conveying the long benches and double pine desks, sadly whittled, from one place to another.

The Hamline University, opening so early here, was a great advantage. This institution received scholars of all grades, and it afforded a relief to the crowded and ill-furnished public schools for the time being, nearly all scholars over twelve years old in the place enjoying the privileges it afforded up to the beginning of the civil war.

On looking back to the days of laying the foundation, and the limited facilities then enjoyed, compared with those enjoyed at the present day for obtaining an education, the school children of to-day may well be thankful. They should realize the fact that success in education does not depend upon the advantages given, but upon the diligent and persevering improvement of

such as they have. Many of our great statesmen had very meagre school privileges. Many of our best citizens, the fathers and mothers of to-day, were the scholars of our primitive schools thirty years ago. Many of those who attended our early schools in Red Wing are among the leaders in the various professions and employments they have chosen to pursue, wherever they have gone abroad. John Lind and Martin Maginnis, Members of Congress, and John Arkins, editor of the *Denver News*, were once school boys in Red Wing. Two young ladies, now in Europe perfecting themselves in the art of music, are native born and spent their school days in this city. Other names might be given of those who were scholars here, and who have become successful, as preachers, lawyers, teachers, physicians, dentists, bankers, editors, and merchants, in other parts of the world.

At the present time there are five large, well-furnished public school buildings in the city. The teaching force employed consists of a superintendent, a principal of the high school, one music teacher, a teacher of drawing, and thirty teachers of the common branches, each of the latter having charge of a separate room, with accommodations for sixty scholars. The total enrollment of all the schools at the present time is nearly 1,800. The rapid growth of our manufactories indicates that another large school building will be a necessity in the near future.

There are at the present time fourteen church edifices and fifteen church congregations in this city. Out of the seven thousand inhabitants probably six thousand are in attendance at some place of worship on the Sabbath, at least some part of the day. The first three

organized religious societies in the place were the Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist. All of these were effected in the log school room of the Indian mission, which for a time was the only room used for public worship.

The Episcopal church is located on Third street, between East and West avenues. It is a large stone structure, capable of seating 600 adult persons. The church property is valued at \$35,000.

The Methodist Episcopal church is located at the corner of Fourth street and East avenue. It has a very large seating capacity with a basement containing a Sabbath school and lecture room. The property is valued at \$22,000.

The Presbyterian church is located at the corner of Sixth street and East avenue. The property is valued at \$13,000.

The Catholic church is located at the corner of Sixth and North Park streets. The property is valued at \$26,000.

The Swedish Lutheran church is located at the corner of West avenue and Fifth street. It has the largest audience room and largest membership of any. The congregation numbers over 1,000. The number of communicants is 600. The church property is valued at \$13,000.

The Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Mission church is on Sixth street, west of West avenue. The property is valued at \$5,000.

The Norwegian Lutheran church is located at the corner of Sixth and Bush streets. The property is valued at \$5,000.

The German Lutheran church is located at the corner of Fifth street and East avenue, with a property value of \$10,000.

St. Peter's Norwegian Lutheran church is located at the corner of Seventh and Bush streets. The property is valued at \$7,000.

The Norwegian Danish M. E. church is located at the corner of Sixth and Potter streets. The property is valued at \$2,000.

The Swedish M. E. church is located at the corner of Seventh street and East avenue. The property is valued at \$3,000.

The German M. E. church is located at the corner of West avenue and Seventh street. This property is valued at \$10,000.

St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran church is located on West avenue, between Third and Fourth streets. The property is valued at \$3,000.

The First Baptist church is located on East avenue, between Third and Fourth streets. The property is valued at \$5,000.

The Swedish Baptist church is located at present on East Fifth street, where they now meet to worship in a building standing on the lot which they have purchased, with the intention of soon erecting a church edifice.

Olivet chapel, situated on the corner of South Park and Fourteenth streets, is devoted to Sunday school work.

OAKWOOD CEMETERY.

The citizens of Red Wing were very fortunate in selecting grounds at an early day for the repose of the

dead. Late in the autumn of 1854, David Hancock and S. A. Hart—the latter was our first county surveyor—were empowered by the Claim association, which really represented the entire community, to go and select a tract of forty acres, which should be a suitable place for a city cemetery. The government survey of the land having not yet been made they were unrestrained by section lines. They fixed upon an eligible plat, which included a large portion of the present site.

Subsequently Smith, Towne & Co., who had acquired the title to all that region, deeded the same to the city. Their deed to the city bears date December 9, 1857. The addition of a strip, thirty-three feet wide and 850 feet long along the easterly part of the north line was secured by deed from Phelps & Graham in 1865, thus completing the cemetery tract in its present form. Upon the margin of the plat of survey subdividing the ground into blocks and lots, is the following certificate:

I hereby certify that this is a true plat of cemetery, as surveyed by me.

A. D. 1863.

S. A. HART, Surveyor.

A city ordinance, framed by the Hon. W. C. Williston, was passed the 27th of April, 1865, designating the title "Oakwood" to the cemetery, and giving directions for the management of its affairs, remained in force until superseded by the passage of an ordinance in 1889, which is now in force. The last ordinance was passed after an additional chapter to the city charter had been enacted by the legislature, to effect this purpose. A board of trustees has since been appointed by the city council upon whom devolves the care and management of cemeteries controlled by the city.

Previous to the platting of lots in Oakwood, burials

were made here and there upon the grounds, as fancy in each case dictated. No sexton was in charge, but the neighbors turned out, or help was hired and burials effected, without any proper registry, and, as a natural result, the locations of many graves have been lost.

The first burial made in these grounds is now believed to be that of a John Williams, who died of cholera, the disease taken on the steamer which landed him at this place in 1854. That tireless friend of the friendless, W. W. DeKay, selected the spot for the burial, and, with the assistance of W. W. Morse, dug the grave and laid the remains of the unfortunate stranger in their last resting place. The present board of trustees report that "to the continued and unflagging interest taken by Mr. DeKay in the affairs of the cemetery, its welfare is most deeply indebted." The remains of that kind and well remembered citizen now rest within its precincts.

Under the management of the board of trustees appointed by the city council in April, 1891, of whom Daniel Densmore is president, the appearance of Oakwood cemetery has been greatly improved. It has become a place of common resort by all classes of citizens, when leisure is granted them for a few hours' walk or ride in the open air. When friends from abroad come to visit the place, every one takes pride in showing them the resting place of our beloved who have departed this life.

In a pamphlet published by the board of trustees, the following very appropriate description is given:

"To the stately beauty and tranquil retirement of the grassy burial lawns, there are added, as attractions, the startling heights and depths of the canyon parks,

that, cutting deeply into the plat, ensure to Oakwood cemetery, within itself, a grandeur of fine scenery possessed by few preserves of this character.

“And yet again, the grand panorama presented from that elevated outlook, of lake and river curve, of bluff and uplands and hazy headlands in the miles away, and nearer, the exquisite picturings of hill and dale and cliff and shining wood, by which nature has so charmingly environed our city, constitutes an expanse of superbly magnificent scenery, not surpassed in any but an actually mountainous region. Did Oakwood cemetery possess in scenic ornament but this one attraction, it were enough to entitle the place to marked consideration; but blending all these diverse and rare characteristics it is worthy the most liberal admiration of every lover of the varied forms and moods of landscape beauty.”

CHAPTER XVII.

RED WING CONTINUED.

The natural advantages of its location and the beauty of the surrounding scenery, made Red Wing attractive to settlers at an early day in the history of the State. Some of the best people from the eastern states chose to make their homes here rather than in St. Paul. Hence, the social advantages have always been superior to those in most western cities. A large percentage of the population are well educated. Good schools and good society have been the rule almost without exception.

The county seat of a large county for thirty-eight years, and yet no criminal has been executed here, and no mob has ever disturbed the peace of the city. True, the jail was once entered by a band of men from a country town, in the night time, for the purpose of executing lynch law upon a prisoner confined there, but the courage of *one man*, a deputy sheriff, defeated their designs, while the sleeping citizens were undisturbed.

Our citizens have generally united in a hearty celebration of Freedom's birth-day each returning Fourth of July. It was on one of these occasions, during the progress of the civil war, that a gibbet was erected on Broadway and the solemn spectacle of hanging an image, dressed in man's attire, took place amid a crowd of witnesses. That image represented the president of the Southern Confederacy.

A variety of social organizations exist and are prosperous, devoted to moral and intellectual improvement. The various orders of secret societies are represented here and are each performing the work appointed them.

Two very efficient organizations for life insurance were organized by the leading business men of the place and retain their headquarters here, though doing extensive business throughout the Northwest. The Northwestern Endowment and Legacy Association and the Minnesota Scandinavian Relief Association are both well known institutions of standard character.

THE CITY HOSPITAL.

This institution is located at present on Dakota street, between Main and Levee streets. It was begun and managed for several years as the County Hospital, but on the completion of the new county alms-house, three miles west of the city, it was turned over to the city authorities. The object is to provide a home, proper medical aid and nursing for the sick and suffering of all classes, who may, on any account, need such provision. Patients are received and cared for whether able to pay or not. Those who have sick friends, can, and do often, find it a great convenience to provide for them here. The hospital is seldom without charitable patients. There are at present suitable accommodations for only about ten at one time. In March, 1891, while the city council hesitated to make an appropriation for the support of a hospital, and it was understood that the county commissioners had transferred their patients to the alms-house, an association of Red Wing ladies was formed, who, by giving one dollar each, raised about \$700 towards perpetuating the services of

the hospital in the city. It is understood that a donation of \$100 from a private citizen is yearly given for the same purpose. The city council finally appropriated \$500 last year and \$1,000 the present year, and the hospital is continued, doing a good work.

The only need now is a larger building, farther removed from the noise of daily business, and it is hoped that the necessity will shortly be supplied by some one of the many benevolent people, who have already shown that they appreciate the luxury of doing good.

Many instances have occurred in the history of this town, when the abundant hospitality and kindness of its citizens towards the unfortunate strangers, who have been from time to time thrown upon them, has been remarkably shown. A large number of persons were landed from a steamer, in the summer of 1854, at the levee, who were afflicted with the cholera and they were as tenderly cared for by the citizens as if they had been near relatives. Dr. W. W. Sweney, our first M. D., always ready to lend his skill and time to relieve the afflicted, rendered good service on that occasion to the sick ones and told the healthful how to avoid the epidemic. Out of seventeen cases, ten recovered and went to their destination in the country.

The last occasion when the cholera patients were left at this port was in 1868. Dr. C. N. Hewitt, the present Secretary of the State Board of Health, had become a resident of Red Wing. He immediately visited them at the levee and rendered them the proper medical aid. At the expense of the city and under the direction of the city marshal, a house was provided on the island opposite, furnished with cots, where all were taken and tenderly cared for by those who loved to do

unto others as they would be done by. The dead were properly interred and the epidemic spread no further.

When the call came for aid to the sufferers by the great fire in Chicago, this city and immediate vicinity responded by sending one carload of flour, two carloads of potatoes and a cash collection of over \$1,000.

A few years later when a call came for aid from the citizens of our own State who had lost all their crops by the ravages of the grasshoppers, a similar response was cheerfully given by the people of this city. In this case the gifts were made at different times and through different channels, and the aggregate cannot now be known.

Last, though not least of the acts which characterize this city and county for beneficence, is that which was done for the sufferers by the late famine in Russia.

The following report was made by Daniel C. Hill, who was appointed by the governor of the state to receive the donations from churches and individuals for the relief of the Russians: Received from the Evangelical Lutheran church of Vasa, seventy and a half barrels of flour; from the town of Leon fifty and a half barrels; from the town of Featherstone fifty-eight barrels; from the town of Goodhue nineteen barrels; from the town of Welch thirty-nine barrels; from Zumbrota and vicinity eighty-two barrels; from other towns seven and a half barrels; from Red Wing $136\frac{1}{2}$ barrels.

The city has been favored occasionally by distinguished persons passing through, and whenever such have seen fit to make a call, our citizens have always been ready to give them a hearty welcome.

When President Hayes visited the Northwest in 1878, accompanied by his wife and children, with several

other citizens of Washington, the party visited first the State fair in St. Paul, afterwards journeying to Fargo on the Northern Pacific Railroad, visiting some of the great wheat fields of North Dakota. Returning on the same route, they sent a message that they would give Red Wing a call. Preparations were soon made to give them a reception. The train on which the presidential party were to arrive was due at 4 p. m. At the appointed hour the mayor and council were at the depot with carriages to accompany them to the St. James hotel. The children of the public schools were marshalled in line at the head of Broadway and greeted the president and his lady as the carriages were driven up from the depot. Thousands of citizens thronged the streets while the party were being conveyed to the hotel, and a crowd gathered at the crossing of Main and Bush streets awaiting the appearance of the president and Mrs. Hayes. Mayor Hodgman soon appeared upon the balcony fronting Main street, accompanied by the distinguished guests. After the cheering subsided, the mayor in a brief and pertinent speech, introduced the president of the United States. The president then addressed the multitude for half an hour, in words which were duly appreciated. Then followed an opportunity for all to pass in and shake hands, which opportunity was fully improved. A sumptuous collation was given by the citizens in the spacious dining hall of the St. James and the distinguished party bade adieu to the city of bluffs and church spires and started on the train at 9:50 p. m. on their homeward journey.

A few years later, President Cleveland and lady passed through on their tour to the Pacific coast. Their call was a brief one, but long enough to give the as-

sembled crowd a good view of the pleasant faces of the honored couple as they stood upon the platform of the car, while the train passed. A small box was presented to Mrs. Cleveland by the employes of the Red Wing Stoneware factory, containing specimens of their handiwork, which compliment was handsomely acknowledged by the receiver afterward.

Ex-president Grant, James G. Blaine and Charles Parnell, have each given this city such a call as the passing trains allowed; to whom proper respect was shown by the citizens, in proportion to the time given. The above instances have been given to show that the people of Red Wing appreciate true merit, and are always ready to give honor to whom it is due.

One event in the history of our city, will long be remembered by many as one of the deep, dark shadows which often come to shut out the sunlight of human life in this world. The disaster which came upon the passengers of the steamer Sea Wing, on Lake Pepin, July 13, 1890, was the direst calamity known to have come to the homes of the people of Red Wing.

A delightful excursion on the staunch and beautiful steamer named Sea Wing, was advertized to come off on the day appointed; leaving in the morning at ten o'clock and going down the river and lake as far as the encampment of the First Regiment, M. N. G., a little below Lake City, there to remain a few hours, and return in the evening.

The sun shone bright and clear in the morning for the excursion. Everything was promising for a delightful summer day. The steamer started from Diamond Bluff, Wis., where the owners of the vessel lived, at about eight o'clock a. m., towing a barge bound for the

excursion trip, with a crew of ten men and eleven passengers; stopped at Trenton and took twenty-two persons; and at Red Wing about 165 more went aboard; all bound for the same destination. The trip down was as pleasant as could be desired, and the stay at Camp Lake View enjoyed. From about five o'clock p. m., storm indications were visible to the north and west. A tornado in fact occurred not far from St. Paul at the time. Captain Wethern believed it safe to venture out, and the boat, with all the excursionists and some others on board, left Lake City a little past eight o'clock in the evening, on the return. A storm was evidently gathering, the wind blowing by signal service measurement, sixty miles an hour. When near the middle of the lake some five miles above Lake City, the Sea Wing was suddenly and completely capsized. A cry was heard, "Cut the barge loose." The ropes were immediately cut which bound the boat and barge together; they soon drifted apart and were driven ashore separately. All who were on the barge were saved. Life preservers had been pointed out to passengers on the steamer before it capsized and some had put them on. Many were imprisoned in the cabin; others suddenly caught, or injured in such a way they were unable to escape. Planks, boards and chairs were floating about and some saved their lives by clinging to such things; others by swimming. The clouds were so thick that only by the flashes of lightning could any one see to gain help, or to render any. The winds and waves, together with swimmers who were trying to rescue some, landed them at points widely separate. As soon as the barge grounded, the men jumped out and waded through the surf to the shore and ran to Lake City and the

Camp for help. Skiffs and men were obtained, and soon vigorously employed in picking up survivors and bringing off from the wreck those still alive. The whole of the remainder of the night was spent in rescuing the living and bringing the dead to shore. Early Monday morning, the steamer Ethel Howard arrived in Red Wing with forty-two bodies on board. Later two other steamers brought up some twenty-three more. The lake was vigilantly searched for three days and dynamite used, until the last missing body was raised on Thursday morning and brought to Red Wing. Business was practically suspended four days. Upon the arrival of the remains of victims, they were taken in charge by the coroner, until properly identified, and then delivered to friends, relatives, or associations claiming them for burial. Funerals began on Monday evening and continued for the three following days. Ninety-eight was the number who perished, seventy-one of whom belonged in Red Wing, and were buried here. The deceased who had lived at or near Trenton, and also those from Diamond Bluff, were taken to their former homes where the last sad rites were performed for them.

The services at the respective funerals were necessarily brief. The sermons in the churches on the following Sabbath had particular reference to the great calamity, and were aimed to give consolation to the heart stricken mourners. But public sentiment demanded something more. A day was therefore set apart by the common council of the city, for memorial services to be held in the park for those who had perished. Committees were appointed to make the necessary arrangements for services, decorations, and

the reception of those from abroad. The day appointed was the 25th of July. A printed pamphlet was issued soon after, giving a full account of the proceedings of that day, entitled: "In memory of those who perished in the disaster to the steamer Sea Wing," from which we shall give a few extracts as follows:

Grand, yet simple, solemn, yet comforting, were the services commemorative of Lake Pepin's greatest catastrophe. The sun shone from an almost cloudless sky, a haze intercepting the full force of its rays. A gentle breeze agitated the air, the sole remaining requisite for a perfect summer day. The majority of the business establishments were early appropriately draped with black and white, expressive of general sorrow. At noon the stores were closed, the factories shut down, and the citizens as a whole prepared to join in the observance of the day.

Thanks to the generous co-operation of the ladies, both those named on the committee, and others, the floral decorations were abundant and the most beautiful ever seen in our city. From the north gate entrance to the park, a picture was presented that brought tears to many eyes. Tributes from loving hands and loving hearts were everywhere visible. Above the gate itself was raised a high arch draped in mourning; from the center was suspended a magnificent star. On the other three gates were raised dark pillars appropriately draped and hung with wreaths and garlands. In the avenue, leading up to the platform in the center of the park, garlands were festooned from the trees on both sides. Midway between the speaker's stand and the main entrance, stood an obelisk twenty feet high, bearing the ninety-eight names of those in whose memory the services were held. A dark and beautiful ivy encircled the obelisk softening its marble hue, and a tiny bouquet of flowers had been placed by each inscription. The names were inscribed on one side of diamond shaped mourning cards, the other side bearing the date of the disaster. These were festooned to the obelisk in such a manner that at the close of the services they could be removed by friends and taken home as souvenirs, with the tiny bouquet and wreath. Just beyond the obelisk, on a stand most ingeniously wrought of rustic birch, stood a magnificent floral tribute, a proof of the kind and sympa-

thetic hearts of the people of Lake City. It was a floral mound, four feet square and about four feet high. Each of the four corners bore a different design. On the front side, looking towards the gate, was the word "Hope" most artistically fashioned of small white flowers, while on the side facing the obelisk the word "Rest" lay imbedded in dark moss. In the center of the mound, resting on a snowy ground of white roses, stood a cross and anchor, each nearly two feet high. The cross was of yellow roses, and the anchor was of tuberose with a rope of smilax.

The speaker's stand was festooned with black and white drapery, garlands and wreaths. Over the top floated the flag at half mast. Across the canopy in front was an arch, bearing the motto, "We weep together," made of flowers over a black background. A large platform on the right presented a white wall with the following:

The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid
And the sweet babe and the grey headed man,
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

On the left side a similar wall had these words :

Let us be patient these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

Along the whole front of the speaker's stand, was a wide memorial bank of offerings. These were tributes from individuals and societies, comprising varied and numerous designs of crosses, wreaths, anchors and pillows; also a beautiful tribute representing "Gates Ajar." At the close of the exercises, these, with a large number on several adjoining stands, were presented to the friends and relatives of the departed ones. Besides these, crosses, three and four feet high, were arranged around the park, while many beautiful emblems, presented by different societies, were suspended from the surrounding trees. Upon one of the stands were tablets with the following verses:

Via Crucis. Via Lucis.

Through night to light; and though to mortal eyes
Creation's face a pall of horror wears
Good cheer! Good cheer! The gloom of midnight flies.
Then shall the sunrise follow, mild and fair,

Through cross to crown ! And though thy spirit's life
Trisls untold assail with giant strength.

Good cheer ! Good cheer ! Soon ends the bitter strife,
And though shalt reign in peace with Christ at length.

Through woe to joy ! And though at morn thou weep,
And though the midnight find thee weeping still,

Good cheer ! Good cheer ! The shepherd loves his sheep.

Resign thee to the watchful Father's will.

Though death to life ! And through this vale of tears,
And through this thistle field of life ascend,

To the great supper in that world whose years
Of bliss unfading, cloudless, know no end.

With the early trains there came people to the city from above and below, residents of neighboring cities, old citizens of Red Wing, and friends of the afflicted, all to join in the general expression of sorrow and sympathy.

At two o'clock the bells of the city commenced tolling. It was the signal for assemblage. The mourners came, the societies formed at their headquarters, and marched to the park, where all were received by the reception committee, and conducted to seats.

Along each side of the entrance were drawn up a line of members of the local militia company, while the fire department patrolled the grounds.

Shortly after these had arrived, came a special train from Lake City, and at the same time another arrived from Rochester. With the former came about five hundred people, and with the latter nearly two hundred from Rochester and Zumbrota. A large delegation also came from Cannon Falls. After the seating of the visitors, the park was thrown open for general admission. Seats had been provided for 2,500 people. These seats were all filled and as many more people were standing.

In the grand stand were seated the speakers, ministers, officers of the day and members of the committees. In the temporary stand, directly to the back, were the ladies of the decorating committee, the singers and invited guests. The mourners occupied seats to the right.

The services were opened by Hon. E. T. Wilder at three o'clock and proceeded in the following order :

Invocation—Rev. J. W. Hancock.

Reading of resolutions—Hon. F. M. Wilson.

Reading of messages—Ex-Gov. L. F. Hubbard.
Hymn, "Rock of Ages"—Chorus.
Oration—Gen. S. P. Jennison.
Selection, "The Chapel"—By the Cc. G Glee Club.
Address—Hon. W. C. Williston.
"Lead Kindly Light"—Mrs. Cronce and Choir.
Address—Hon. Wesley Kinney.
Hymn—Swedish Lutheran Choir.
Address—Hon. O. M. Hall.
Hymn "In the Hour of Trial"—Co. G Glee Club.
Address—Rev. W. C. Rice.
Benediction—Rev. J. Wynne Jones.

The exercises were solemn and impressive throughout. A few paragraphs selected from the addresses will show the tone of public feeling on the occasion :

Oh you, who mourn for relatives or friends, torn from life and you, by fair, false, cruel, heartless Nature ; there is something besides earth, air and water ; something besides birds, beasts and man ; something besides color and form, and all which ministers to the pleasures of sense. These, alas, you feel are nothing by the side of the love through which you are wounded. But there remains also love through which you may be comforted and healed. The world with love is not cheerless. Even with such love as remains to him who is most bereaved, it is noble, inspiring. Love conquers all. Even that which we feel for strangers wronged, or in sore distress ; call it sympathy, brotherly love, philanthropy or what you will, it is everywhere and conquers all. It overmasters the love of money, which is the root of all evil.

Under the string of a musical instrument, place a support, or bridge, dividing the string into two unequal lengths. If now you make the shorter part to sound, the longer one will vibrate plainly, in sympathy. The sympathetic vibrations of the longer part, not touched at all, actually reinforces the sound of the shorter, making its tone sweeter and stronger than if it had no connection with the other part.

It is not for me to attempt to draw "the lesson of the hour" from the calamity which has caused this gathering. Neither would it become me to attempt to offer consolation to those who weep. Such duties appropriately devolve upon those called to a higher, holier work than mine.

It has been said that "Calamity is man's true touchstone,"

and never had that thought truer expression and verification than in the acts of those among us, who not of those who mourn the loss of relatives or friends, by their deeds gave the evidence that beyond all business or pleasure the sorrow of their friends, neighbors and fellow citizens, were theirs also.

When was brought to this city, the news of the sad ending of that which had so happy a beginning, then was thrown aside all selfish aims and struggles, all thoughts of self, and in the hearts of all entered the higher, holier feeling of sympathy with, and sorrow for, their fellow men, in the hour of their great grief; and actions were convincing proofs

That there is no dearth of kindness
In this cold world of ours.

Acts such as we have witnessed within the past few days furnish convincing proof that God has made all men of one blood. As in sorrow's dark hour we sympathize with our brother for that grief we cannot heal, and while with one hand we clasp his, and stretch the other forth to our common Father, asking His love and pity for the afflicted one, we know that we are nearer our brother man, and feel that we are nearer our God.

There is in this terrible disaster, which has taken these loved ones from us, something worth thinking about—a lesson, an object lesson, too vivid and impressive to be neglected.

In our eager struggle for the good things of this world, in our frenzied efforts to add a little more to our stock of accumulated dollars, in the petty selfishness of this thing we call "business," in this era of speculation and rapacity, have we so lived, have we neglected so to live, that there must needs come to us, as to the erring children of Israel, this chastening and correcting manifestation of the power of the Almighty? I do not know; these are the words of the preacher. But in the face of the wreck of the Sea Wing, they equally become the heart and the tongue of the man of business.

One thing is certain, that in a blameless and useful life on earth and a reliant faith on the mercy of "Him who doth the ravens feed" is found the best preparation for, and the strongest guarantee of, the eternal future.

In two hours the fury of the storm was spent, the clouds drifted beyond the horizon, the stars sparkled above, the waters

were still and placid. After the storm, quiet. After the struggle, rest. After terror, peace. After death, the unknown future. Is there not in this something typical of the hereafter? Of the eternal life promised by Him who walked upon the waters? Who "arose and rebuked the wind and said unto the sea, 'Peace be still,' by Him who has left to us all that priceless covenant of hope and consolation." "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

CHAPTER XVIII.

TOWNSHIPS AND VILLAGES.

BELVIDERE.

This is a full government township situated in the eastern part of the county—No. 111 north, range 14 west. Wells creek rises in the northwestern part of the town, running north and east, is fed by Clear and Rock creeks, afterward crossing the northern boundary into Hay Creek township.

□ The northern part of Belvidere is somewhat broken by these streams, but the soil is good and the streams afford excellent facilities for raising stock. The southern part is gently rolling prairie.

This town was settled in 1855. Mr. N. B. Gaylord, and his brother George, coming early in the season, first settled on Rock creek. Mr. J. S. Thompson settled on Wells creek in August the same year. Mr. Gaylord soon after removed to Wells Creek and settled near Mr. Thompson. Both these men are now residing there and are well known citizens. In the fall of that year Claus Holst and several other Germans, with their families, settled near the head waters of Wells creek. The following year a large immigration poured into different parts of the township. The first marriage was the union of Mr. George Steel and Miss Junia Pingrey. The first child born was Ida Thompson, June 13, 1856. The first death was Etta Gaylord, in 1858, two years old,

Mr. Gaylord, having a good water power on his farm, put in operation a large hand coffee mill and ground for himself and neighbors wheat, corn and other grains. Having used up two such mills, he next procured a small burr-stone mill, and gradually improving his primitive enterprise until he became the proprietor of a mill with two run of stone and a capacity for grinding 120 bushels of wheat per day. This coffee mill enterprise began in the year 1858.

Rev. John Watson held the first religious services in the house of N. B. Gaylord, in the summer of 1856. Miss Delia Eggleston taught the first school in a room of her father's house in 1857.

A cosy log church was built by the German Methodists near Gaylord's mill in 1862 at a cost of \$300. This society now has a large frame church. In 1865 the Catholics erected a good frame church in the southern part of the town. The Norwegian Lutherans built a large church in the western part of the town in 1867. A German Lutheran church in the eastern part of the town was built in 1872. Belvidere has now five fine churches, an adequate number of good school houses, a thrifty population, engaged chiefly in farming and raising stock. Large barns and fine houses can be seen on nearly every farm.

BELLE CREEK.

This township is numbered 111 north, range 16 west, and is situated nearly in the center of the county. The stream called Belle creek flows through the western side, affording fair water power, and is bordered by fine hay meadows, and occasionally ledges of lime stone. In the vicinity of the creek are scattering groves of oak,

white birch, and poplar, but a large portion of the town is rich prairie land.

A. G. Kemp and Chas. Roos, natives of Sweden, made a settlement here in the fall of 1853, but soon after moved across the line into the town of Vasa.

In July, 1854, Walter Doyle with five sons and one daughter, came and settled on sections four and five. James O'Neal and family came at the same time. In the same month Benoni Hill and family also settled in this township. In October following, Rev. S. P. Chandler made a claim here, but did not move with his family to take possession until the spring of 1855. During the spring and summer of 1855 a large number of families settled here.

The first white child born in Belle Creek was May Cook in August, 1855, daughter of Jacob Cook. The second was John Cavanaugh in November, 1855, the son of Patrick Cavanaugh.

The first death was that of Dennis Cavanaugh. In the forepart of the winter of 1855-6, he started to go on foot over to his brother's, a distance of about two and a half miles. Early in the evening a terrible storm came up, he lost his way, and was frozen to death near the place now called Hader, being three miles from his home and in the opposite direction from the one he should have kept in order to reach his brother's house. His body was not found until the snow went off in the spring.

Lewis White and Emeline Hill were the first couple joined in marriage. This event occurred in 1856. Rev. S. P. Chandler performed the ceremony.

The first school was taught by Alvin Herbert in the

winter of 1855-6, in the basement of the house of Mr. Kirkpatrick.

Wheat was raised by Walter Doyle and others in 1856, a fair yield, and was threshed by hand with flails. They carried it to Mazeppa mill to be ground. There has been raised in the town, as high as fifty-six bushels per acre of wheat, threshers measure. This was on the farm of John Lawson. Michael Doyle raised forty-two bushels to the acre (of wheat) on eight acres in the year 1860, and Richard Doyle threshed thirty-five bushels to the acre from twenty-six acres the same year.

Belle Creek furnished forty-two volunteer soldiers for the war of 1861-5, and paid bounties of \$300 each to fourteen others. Mr. Walter Doyle sent sons to the front during the war, viz : H. M. Doyle, Michael Doyle, Walter W. Doyle, John J. Doyle ; and Richard Doyle, the remaining son, furnished a substitute. Is there another family in the county that can furnish such a record?

The old stage route from St. Paul to Dubuque passed through this town and the stages used to stop at Mr. Doyle's log cabin for the night. In the winter of 1854-5 there was no house in a southern direction on the road from this cabin to Oronoco, a distance of twenty-five miles. Some of the prominent men of the then territory of Minnesota, enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Doyle, among whom were Gov. Ramsey, Gen. Sibley, J. C. Burbank, the pioneer expressman, and others. He had the privilege of entertaining twenty-six of the principal men and chiefs of the Chippewa tribe with "Hole in the Day," their head chief, who were on their way to visit the great father at Washington.

The Catholic church was commenced in 1865 and its

cost was over \$3,000. For some years this was called a mission parish, but for the last twelve years there has been a resident pastor.

The Episcopal church was built in 1873 at a cost of \$1,600, mainly through the patient exertions of Rev. S. P. Chandler, who was pastor of that parish until his death in 1888.

The Catholic congregation in this town is the most numerous, and the present year they have built a new church of larger dimensions for the accommodation of their increasing attendance on public worship.

BURNSIDE.

This town lies on the Mississippi river joining the city of Red Wing on the east, Featherstone on the south, and Welch on the west. It includes a large portion of the island called Prairie Island, on its northern border. The surface is somewhat broken by bluffs and streams of water; the soil is nevertheless rich and fertile. Cannon river flows through from west to east, and Spring creek through the southeastern part; both emptying into the Mississippi. Numerous springs of clear water gush forth from the base of the bluffs, affording abundance of water for stock and dairy purposes. The town was first called Spring Creek, afterward Milton, but in 1862 the name was changed to Burnside.

The first settlers were Andrew Cottar, John Leason, Matthew Streeter, James Shaw, John Bronson, and the widow of David Wright, with her family. Three brothers named Spates made claims the same year, 1853. The following year Joseph Eggleston, Willard Wood, Kingsley Wood, Marshall Cutler, and a few others settled here. The wife of John Bronson died in the

spring of 1855. In July, the same year, Flora Cutler was born, and also John H. Spates. The first marriage ceremony performed was that of J. F. Enz to Mary F. Wright, in October, 1855.

The first camp meeting held within the limits of this county was held on land now known as the poor farm, in this town, in September, 1855.

The first school in the town was taught by Mr. J. E. Eggleston during the winter of 1856-7.

The first sermon was preached by the Rev. Rezin Spates, at the house of John Leason, in 1854. At the first election in 1858 there were only fifteen votes cast.

A flouring mill was built in the south part of the town, on Spring creek, by Sterns & Hobart, in the year 1856. This mill was carried away by a freshet, in June, the following year. It was rebuilt soon after by the Hon. W. W. Phelps, with three run of stone and a capacity for grinding 65,000 bushels annually. Mr. Phelps operated this mill with success for a time and afterward sold it to Wm. Featherstone. Mr. Featherstone sold to M. Herschler.

The county poor farm is located in this township, about three miles from the city of Red Wing, on the road to Hastings. It contains 183 acres of land. The buildings were erected in 1867 at a cost of about \$6,000. The furnace for heating purposes and furniture together cost not far from \$4,000. A large number of indigent persons, mostly aged people and children, from all parts of the county, are cared for here by a Superintendent appointed by the Board of County Commissioners. The main building was accidentally burned in the fall of 1889.

The early history of this town was marked by an event which shows how uncertain are the hopes of hu-

man life in this world. The widow of Rev. David Wright, with six children, had removed from Illinois and settled on the place which had been selected by the husband and father the year before, on Spring creek, near the claim of John Leason. They occupied a log house which was divided into suitable rooms for sleeping and family use; the four boys sleeping in the two rooms of the upper floor, while the two girls and the mother occupied the lower floor. They came in April, and had been there about two months when, on the night of the eleventh of June, 1855, a storm of lightning and rain came on with such terrific peals of thunder as to waken the family. One of the older boys was so much frightened that he left the bed and came down stairs. While he was being told that there was no more danger in one place than another, by his sister Susan, a sudden crash came which stunned every one in the house. Mrs. Wright, the mother, was the first to become conscious. She saw that the house was in flames, at least the bed surrounding where her two girls lay, both unconscious. Presently the water came down through the floor above in such profusion as to quench the fire. The roof had been torn off and such a heavy fall of rain followed that lightning's stroke that the house was saved from entire destruction by fire. Soon one of the boys came down stairs drenched with rain, bringing in his arms the youngest boy, Wilson, dead. The same stroke of lightning had killed one of the girls, who were in the bed on the lower floor, immediately under that of the boys in the chamber. The boys in time had become conscious, and these three, William, Beverly, and James, with their mother, laid the boy Wilson by the side of his two sisters, Mary and Susan, and began chafing

them in order to restore them if possible to consciousness. After some time Mary, now Mrs. Enz, of Red Wing, became conscious and was restored finally to health. Susan, a young lady of twenty-one years, and Wilson, aged six years, had been instantly summoned to the world above during that terrible storm. The whole community were plunged into the deepest gloom when informed of the sad event. The funeral services for the two children were attended by many people from Red Wing and the adjoining settlements.

Burnside lies directly west and joins the city of Red Wing. The people attend church in the city. There are no church edifices in the town.

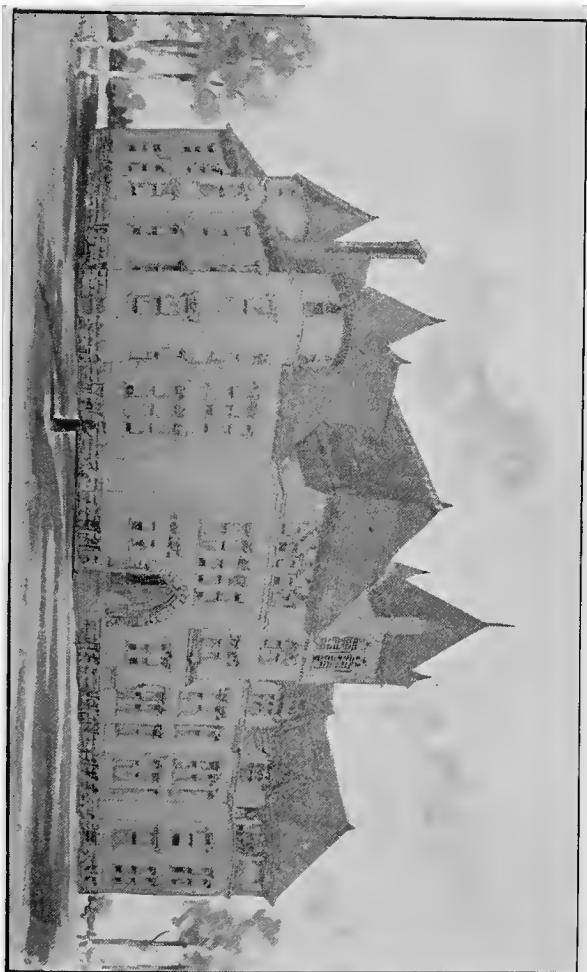
CANNON FALLS.

The Big Cannon river gives this township its name. It is numbered 112 north, range 17 west. The Cannon river runs through the northern part from west to east, consequently the surface of that portion is somewhat broken. The river bottom, from one-half to a mile in width, has a gravelly soil. The western portion is somewhat sandy. The south and eastern part was originally covered with thickets of wood, chiefly burr oak and poplar. The soil is excellent.

The first settler was Edway Stoughton. Chas. Parks soon followed, settling on land in what is now the village of Cannon Falls, July, 1854. The first birth was Ellen Harty, in October, 1855. The first death was David McKune, August, 1855. Robert Fotherby and Miss Sarah Strange were the first couple married in this town, Chas. Parks, justice of the peace, officiating.

The village was incorporated March 10, 1857. The first election was held in May following. Officers then

RED WING LUTHERAN LADIES' SEMINARY.



chosen were: Chas. Parks, president ; Wm. P. Tanner, recorder ; J. E. Chapman, Thos. Baker and George McKenzie, councilmen.

James McGinnis, Warren Hunt, Richard Freeborn, Wm. Colvill, Jr., Benj. St. Clair, Wm. P. Scofield, Frank Clark and Wm. B. Benton, were the early pre-emptors of claims in the vicinity of the falls. The falls which attracted the first settlers were those of the Little Cannon, a branch of the main river, near the junction of the two streams. The village proper was laid out in August, 1855, by Richard and William Freeborn, on section 18, including a portion of the claims of McGinnis, Freeborn and Colvill. It was surveyed and platted by S. A. Hart, county surveyor.

In October, 1856, the "Cannon Falls City addition" was platted. The "Cannon Falls Central addition" was laid out in December, the same year. Several other additions have since been made to the village, the whole extending about one mile and a half from north to south, and from east to west. Charles Parks built a log hotel, 16x24, in the fall of 1854, which was named the Falls House ; sold the same in April, 1855, to Andrew Durrand, who built an addition of the same dimensions, and kept the house for three years.

E. L. Clark taught the first school in 1856-7 in a log building which he erected for the purpose, principally of basswood logs ; and it was therefore named Basswood college. The same was used for a house of worship on the Sabbath for some time thereafter.

Wm. Freeborn built the first dwelling house, in the spring of 1855. It was a log cabin, which stood on the east bank of the Little Cannon, near the falls. Richard Elton built the first store the same year, and Eli Ells-

worth, the first merchant, kept his goods in that building. The first physician was J. E. Tibbitts; R. W. Hamilton, the first lawyer; and J. R. Barnes, the first resident minister of the gospel.

Cannon Falls offers great advantages to manufacturers. Water power is furnished in great abundance in and near this village. The great falls are on the main river a little west of the village, having in the distance of a few rods a perpendicular descent of about twenty feet. The falls on the Little Cannon, where the stone mill stands, is twenty-five feet. Another fall, just below the junction, of fifteen feet, is where the first flouring mill was built by R. C. Knox & Co., in 1857. This was a frame structure, 45x50, and contained four run of stone. The entire building, when completed, cost \$14,000 with a capacity of 100,000 bushels of wheat per annum. It was carried away by a flood in June, 1867. It was rebuilt by Mrs. Cornelia Grosvenor the same year, 50x60, four stories high, containing eight run of stone.

There is a creamery in successful operation here; also a mill for the manufacture of syrup from the amber cane.

The Little Cannon mill is a stone building 50x70, two stories above basement; built in 1857 but not used until 1861, when machinery for the manufacture of woolen goods was put into it, and operated as such until 1875, when it was converted into a grist mill with four run of stone for wheat and two for feed.

Tanner & Seager, nursery men, keep and raise an extensive assortment of fruit and ornamental trees, shrubbery and plants.

Goodhue mill, situated on the north side of the Big

Cannon, is a frame structure, built in 1870 ; is 45x60, three stories high ; has eight run of stone. The Midlings purifier is used at this mill. It was built by Gardner & More, and operated by them until September 1, 1878, when it was sold to Stephen Gardner, of Hastings. Capacity of mill, 250 barrels per day.

The First National Bank of Cannon Falls was established in June, 1878, with an authorized capital of \$200,000. It is now called the "Citizen's Bank," a very successful and well managed institution.

The first Congregational church was organized July 31, 1856, Rev. J. R. Barnes pastor, with sixteen members. J. L. Clifford and Sherman Hale were the first deacons. S. L. Chapman, W. H. Scofield and Sherman Hale were the first board of trustees. Under the administration of this board the present church edifice was completed in 1868 ; size, 35x48 ; cost, \$3,000.

The Episcopal church was the outgrowth of the labors of Rev. T. Wilcoxson, who walked from Hastings, a distance of nineteen miles, to preach his first sermon, at the dwelling house of W. P. Tanner, November 3, 1857. Mr. Wilcoxson continued holding monthly services until September, 1865, when Rev. S. S. Burlson, of Northfield, took charge. The parish was duly organized April 16, 1866, with J. E. Chapman, and J. D. Wheat, wardens ; Wm. P. Tanner, Eli Ellsworth, James H. Abbott and A. J. Phelps, were elected vestrymen. The corner stone of the church edifice was laid June 28, 1866, by Bishop Whipple, and the building completed in March, 1867 ; cost, as reported, \$3,577.

The Methodist Episcopal church was organized in 1856. A neat house for worship was soon after erected. They have a large and flourishing congregation.

The Roman Catholic church was organized in 1864, with five members. Father McMahon was the first preacher. The church edifice is built of stone and was completed in 1866.

The Swedsih Evangelical Lutheran church was organized in May, 1857, with six members. This congregation built a church in 1862, which they occupied till the summer of 1878, when their present house of worship was completed at a cost of \$4,000. The first trustees were : Andrew Swanson, Nels Hawkinson and Jonas Engberg.

The St. Ansgar's Evangelical Lutheran church was organized August 15, 1869, with sixteen members. First trustees were : G. Westman, A. P. Johnson and John Watson. At a meeting held in February, 1872, it was resolved to build a frame church, 30x50, which was begun early in the spring and completed that year. Its cost, together with furniture and an addition, built in 1874, was \$3,000.

The village of Cannon Falls has a steady growth in trade and population. The streets are often seen crowded with farmers' teams and other vehicles, from the surrounding country.

The hotels, stores and mechanics' shops, are equal to any in larger cities, and are well patronized. Much interest is taken by the people in having good public schools. There are two large school buildings; seven teachers employed. The principal of their high school is required to be a thoroughly educated man.

A weekly newspaper was started here in 1856, called the *Gazette*, R. W. Hamilton editor, which was continued only for about two years. It was changed afterward to the *Bulletin* and again to the *Echo*. In 1876, John A.

Leonard started the *Cannon Falls Beacon*, whose weekly issues have continued to enlighten the village and surrounding country up to the present time. S. S. Lewis has been the editor for the last twelve or more years. Two lines of railroad pass directly through the town giving easy access to all parts of the country.

Cannon Falls has a promising future. She has natural resources yet undeveloped, and her water power is second to none in the State, except perhaps, Minneapolis.

CENTRAL POINT.

This is a small fractional township in the eastern part of the county, lying along the shore of Lake Pepin. It contains only about two sections of land ; bounded north and east by the lake ; south by Lake City, Wabasha county ; and west by Florence. The surface is broken. An isolated bluff rises in the eastern part, which, on account of its peculiar shape, is called the Sugar Loaf. The first claim was made here in 1853, by a Mr. Gridley. R. L. Phillips, H. L. Barrett and Hannibal Bonnell, came the same year. A point of land, extending some distance into the lake, about midway between the head and foot of the same, gives the town its name. More settlers came in 1854, and the village was surveyed and platted in 1855. Speculation in town lots became lively. Mr. Silas Cross built a store and stocked the same with merchandise. Mr. Feary built a hotel, which was opened for travelers by E. S. Harrison. A post-office was established and Perry D. Martin appointed post-master. Charles Moe built a steam saw mill and began the manufacture of lumber. But it was soon ascertained that a much better landing for steam-

boats could be secured a little further down the lake ; and the town of Lake City began to be built up. The result was business was drawn away from Central Point. Another saw mill was built by Lewis & Scott, which was bought and run for a time by Frank Sterritt, and afterwards bought and run by S. S. and G. H. Grannis. The manufacture of sorghum syrnp is now carried on here.

A very fine and commodious school building was erected by the citizens of Central Point, in 1873, showing much interest in the cause of education. We have been informed on good authority that all the early records of this town were destroyed by mice. There are some good reasons for supposing that the early records of some other towns in this county have shared a similar fate. The present town officers are : Charles Dempster, G. H. Grannis and Rhodes Merrill, supervisors ; Charles Gould, clerk ; and Edwin Wilson, treasurer.

An enterprise has been lately set on foot, which promises much for humanity, and will eventually make this little town known abroad. Several substantial buildings have been erected within the year past, and the success of the enterprise is beyond doubt. We quote from a Red Wing paper, a full history of the origin and object of the institution, as it was when first inaugurated in 1891:

REST ISLAND—THE SCENE OF JOHN. G. WOOLEY'S HOME FOR
DRUNKARDS.

Down on Lake Pepin, that queen of western inland lakes, about sixteen miles from here, on one of the peninsulas jutting out into the broad expanse of the waters' glossy surface, almost directly opposite to where the far-famed Maiden Rock, immortalized in song and poem, lifts its summit to the skies, there are

being laid just now the foundations of a philanthropic institution which, if the scheme is successful, will in time arouse the attention of people all over the world and make for this now unknown place a fame as lasting as the rocks, as enduring as the sun. It is Rest Island, the scene of John G. Wooley's efforts to establish a home for confirmed inebriates and drunkards, where they may be treated so as to be again restored to the usefulness in life of which they have been deprived by giving under to the mastery of drink.

Ten years ago Mr. Wooley was a leading attorney at Minneapolis. Brilliant, scholarly, eloquent and ingenious, he rapidly made his way to the front rank of the bar of that city and in due time was elected county attorney. His rise to eminence continued and the future of no man ever looked more roseate than did his. But during all the time he had struggled to reach the top he had not retained the high moral position on which he first stood. Drink became his master and when he had reached eminence, down he fell, far more rapidly than he had ever risen, till he became a complete wreck, physically and mentally. He left Minneapolis and was lost sight of and nearly all, supposing that he would go the usual way of the habitual drunkard, soon forgot him.

But Mr. Wooley was an exception to the general rule. Instead of giving up completely when he realized the wreck he had wrought to himself and to his family and to his friends, he set about atoning for his work. The struggle was a hard and bitter one, but through assistance, he finally overcame his master and immediately set about to do what he could to save others who might have fallen into a state similar to that in which he had been. Out of this grew Rest Island, and here let Mr. Wooley tell the story of that place in his own words: "The story of Rest Island is a romance of faith. When I left Minneapolis in the summer of 1887, I was a lost man. Nobody doubted that. When I returned in the winter of 1888 and said I was saved, everybody doubted that, but it was true. From the first I felt called to be an apostle to the drunken, and at once took up the work, for the leading seemed imperative.

"Since that time wonderful offers have come to me. On the one hand to return to my profession, and on the other to enter

the ministry, but I felt peremptorily led to stick to my narrow and discouraging ministry to the most hopeless class of men. In all my work I have realized increasingly the comparative impossibility of saving drunken men without altering their condition.

"The man who leaves off drink at night and returns to his regular stint of labor or his irregular search for labor the next day, has scarcely a chance to be steadfast. His body is a chaos of dazed and twitching nerves, and aching bones and overwrought glands and crazy muscles; his mind is invariable, his moral nature gummy and untrustworthy; but temptation is as constant a pressure as the atmosphere, fifteen devils or so to the square inch of exposed character. Such a man needs, first of all, rest, then cleansing, inward and outward—then a friend who understands him.

"If he goes to an inebriate asylum the help is professional, perfunctory and nearly worthless, the moral tone either negative or bad—generally the latter, the rest irksome, reduced in some measure by games of chance, which, however innocent, supply neither food nor ballast to the jaded and unnourished mind.

"What he needs now is a Christian home scaled to a high ideal—strict in tone, but flexible in rules; with reasonable liberty 'on honor,' and absolute outlawry of the terms 'inmate,' 'patient,' 'ward,' 'keeper,' 'institution,' etc.

"When I was working at Lake City two years ago, J. M. Underwood took me for a drive to Frontenac, by the way of 'the Island.' Standing on that exquisite bluff opposite Maiden Rock, my whole soul asked God to give me that island for my fallen. I said this is enough for to-day—we'll not go to Frontenac. For two years I have waited and prayed. I could do nothing else, not knowing to what extent doubts of my steadfastness might have yielded. Nevertheless I kept on believing I was to have it. Then came—a year ago—an offered help; a friend bought the land and said he would carry it a while. I tried to get more help and failed, but kept on believing.

"When I went to Minneapolis this spring the plan seemed about to fail. One morning I said to myself: To-day I'll have a token of the Lord's will about that island; I'll ask some men

for money. If it comes easy, I'll keep on. If it comes hard, I'll give it up forever. You know the rest.

"One day's work sent my assurance to the top of the thermometer, and Rest Island is God's Island forever."

Rest Island contains 140 acres of forest land bordering on Lake Pepin, and located about two miles above Lake City.

It includes what has long been known as "Bass point," off which there is excellent fishing, and is indented by two small bays, with a nice stretch of pebbly shores.

The land is about thirty feet above the water, with an abrupt declination to the shore. Gilbert Valley creek empties into the lake just below, and beyond that stretches Central Point with its lovely beach. Beside Rest Island proper, upwards of 150 acres of land, including Central Point, belong to the Wooley domain. A fine view can be had of the lake and the bluffs on the Wisconsin side from the Assembly grounds. Directly opposite, and in pretty plain sight, considering it is a mile and a half, is the pretty village of Stockholm, with its background of bluffs.

Fine drives have been laid out upon the island. The ground is shaded by large trees, and a pure bracing air is always in circulation there. A visitor derives strength from the natural influences of the place. The design is to equip a complete farm for the production of a great variety of small fruits, etc., the intention being to raise all food supplies on the island. Cows and other live stock are to be kept. The work is to be done by those who came for help and a home. The cottages are to be modeled after those of the Soldier's home at Quincy, Ill., with a capacity for from twenty to forty men each.

The formal opening of this institution was held in July. It was a popular assembly lasting a week, and prominent speakers were present from all parts of the country. The attendance at these meetings was very good, and every speaker expressed the greatest confidence in Mr. Wooley's great work and its ultimate success.

Thus has this grand work been inaugurated. How it will succeed remains yet to be demonstrated, but if perseverance, energy and unlimited faith will accomplish anything, Mr. Wooley will succeed. He will devote his whole time to the work, and use all his energy to further its ends.

"By the grace of God," he says, "in the hands of good men and women, I am to have a home.

"It is to be devoted first and last to helping men, who, fallen by drink or hunted by appetite, desire, and seem to deserve 'another chance.'

"Buildings are to be prepared speedily and there will be a light in the window and an open door for any such man who will undertake faithfully to try for a clean life in the name of Jesus Christ.

"Rest Island is not to be a 'resort' nor an 'institution,' but a sanctuary. There are no 'lots for sale' nor any private ends to gain nor any interest to promote save only His who offers rest to every weary, heavy-laden man with faith enough to come apart with Him and rest awhile. Any drinking man who seems sincerely to desire to be a clean man will be received. There are many such, and I have no mission to the incorrigible. Those who can't pay will work on the farm. As fast as they are able to return to business, we help them to positions. But no man will be received who is unwilling to go for cleansing, or who refuses to be shown the way to a life of faith in Jesus Christ."

CHERRY GROVE.

This is one of the southern tier of townships in Goodhue county. A branch of the Zumbro river meanders through the south part of the town; and along the valley of this stream there are large areas covered with timber. The greater portion, however, is gently rolling prairie. The soil is excellent for agricultural purposes, being well watered; is well calculated for stock raising and dairy farming.

The first settlers were Madison Brown, Reading and Benjamin Woodward, in 1854. The next year, Silas Merriam, Samuel and William Shields, Joseph Seymore, Wilson Kelsey, Thomas Haggard, John and Charles Lent, came and made their claims. In the

spring following, Israel T., E. G., and Taft Comstock, with many others, settled here.

The first school taught was in the winter of 1857, by E. G. Comstock in a log house.

The first church organization, in 1856, was that of the Christian Disciples, who held their services in the house of James Haggard, David Haggard preaching the first sermon. A village was platted in the south part of the town in 1857 and named Fairpoint, where a post-office was established the next year. Silas Merriam was the first post-master.

The first marriage in the township was between Elizabeth, daughter of T. B. Haggard, and John Hart. The first town meeting was held May 11, 1858. The following officers were elected: Benjamin Woodward, Cyrus H. Burt and David Simpson, supervisors; E. G. Comstock, town clerk; Francis A. Crebb, assessor; James Haggard and Peter Stagle, constables; John Haggard and F. A. Crebb, justices; Israel T. Comstock and R. Woodward, road overseers. A fine grove of timber near the center of the township gave it the name it bears. On the south side of this grove the first school house was built, and the first school taught. A neat stone school building now occupies the same spot. There are three small villages in Cherry Grove; one at the grove just mentioned, containing one store, a blacksmith shop, hotel and a few private dwellings.

Spring Creek post-office is situated in the north part, containing a blacksmith shop and several dwellings.

Fairpoint is on the southern border, has a fine church, a hotel, two blacksmith shops, several stores and private houses. Fairpoint has a post-office. There are four large and commodious churches in this town, one Cath-

olic and one German Lutheran, and two Scandinavian Lutheran.

FEATHERSTONE.

This township, 112 north, of range 17 west, was named for Mr. Wm. Featherstone, who came with his family and settled here in 1856. Philip Storkel, Messrs. Coleman, Spencer, Goldsmith and Locke had made claims and settled the year previous.

The surface along the eastern border of this town is broken by the valley of Hay creek ; also the north-western along the margin of Spring creek is intersected by ravines to some extent. The south and central portions are rolling prairie. The soil is of excellent quality and well repays the husbandman for his labor. Mr. William Featherstone, now a resident of Red Wing, says that he bought a claim in 1856, a number of acres of which had been broken the year before, and sowed ten bushels of fife wheat, which he brought from Canada ; the first seed wheat of the kind in the State of Minnesota. His first crop yielded only about eighteen bushels per acre. He sold what wheat he could spare for seed ; broke up 170 acres more of land and sowed the next year, receiving a yield of about twenty-four bushels per acre. The larger portion of this crop was also sold for seed. And this was the origin of the kind now commonly called *hard wheat*.

Mary Cox taught the first school in a claim shanty on land, since the property of Henry Featherstone.

The first death was that of Mr. McMahon, who died from exposure on returning from Red Wing on a cold night in January, 1857.

The first marriage was that of J. A. Jones and Mary

Libbey, a daughter of Wm. Libbey, Esq. A school meeting was called in October, 1857, to organize the first school district. F. N. Leavitt was elected chairman; George Featherstone, clerk; William Freyberger, William Libbey and William Watson, were chosen trustees. There were then but seventeen children of school age, though the district comprised nearly the whole town. A school house was built the following winter. There are now six good school houses in Featherstone. The people have ever been forward to give their children a good education, consequently a large number of school teachers and professional men now engaged in other parts of the country were once scholars in the common schools of Featherstone. There is but one church edifice, the M. E. church erected in 1862. There is a neat and commodious town hall, centrally located, to accommodate political gatherings and for the transaction of town business. On Trout brook, in the northeastern part of the town, is an extensive tannery, and a sugar mill, both owned and managed by J. F. Porter, Esq., which have been already referred to under the head of manufactories. The number of employes is such that a pretty village has sprung up. A neat chapel has been built there for Sunday schools and public worship, known as Trout Brook chapel.

Featherstone is one of the best farming towns in the county. The soil is chiefly high prairie and of the richest variety.

The earliest claim hunters generally passed by this broad prairie because it produced nothing but grass, and made choice of lands at much greater distance from the river in order to find trees and running water. At the present day we behold the finest residences

and the largest barns surrounded by groves of young timber, on nearly every quarter section of the township.

No stranger can cross Featherstone prairie in the summer season without being impressed, both with the beauty of the landscape, and the indications of thrift and prosperity seen on every hand.

There is not a tavern, store, post-office, nor dram shop, in the town. As it joins the city of Red Wing for a mile on its northern border there is no necessity for such things.

Ezekial Burleigh built a large house here in 1856, and opened a hotel for the accommodation of travelers, but discontinued the business in a few years and devoted himself wholly to farming. A store was kept open several years at Trout Brook but was abandoned.

FLORENCE.

This township is joined to the waters of Lake Pepin on the northeast for the distance of about seven miles, extending from Wacouta to Central Point. It is bounded south by Wabasha county, and on the west by Hay Creek township. The surface is uneven, but the soil very fertile. It is well watered by Wells creek and its many tributaries; running, as it does, from west to east through the centre of the town, giving it decided advantages for raising stock and dairying.

It has a history older than any other in the county. An account of its early occupation by French traders and missionaries has been given in the first part of this book. It is related that Count Frontenac visited the place about the middle of the seventeenth century. His name has therefore been given to the village on the

lake and the railroad station. Miss Florence Graham, a daughter of Hon. C. Graham, gave the township its name.

At Frontenac station is a post-office, hotel, several shops and stores. A large creamery and cheese factory is carried on by a stock company; and there is a stone saw-mill, which is doing good business in furnishing building material of any required shape, tombstones, monuments, etc., from quarries in the vicinity, where there is an abundance of fine solid stone of a light brown color. The town hall is located in this village, and also the German Lutheran church.

At Lakeside is another village called Frontenac, a well chosen summer resort for sportsmen, and others who take a vacation during the hot season. Gen. Israel Garrard, of Cincinnati, Ohio, came to this place on a hunting tour in 1854, in company with his brother, Dr. L. H. Garrard. Attracted by the scenery along the lake shore, they afterward made large investments in land in this vicinity.

Dr. Garrard came and settled here in 1858. The general came after the close of the war, in 1865, and together they made arrangements for a summer resort on the shore of Lake Pepin, giving it the name of Frontenac. It is near the old Indian trading post of James Wells. Sparing neither money nor labor they have succeeded in making it one of the finest places in the Northwest for summer tourists. Two parks, extending through the village, one on the lake front, and the other on the second terrace, secure lovely views of the lake and surrounding scenery.

The Lakeside hotel occupies a point projecting into the lake, consisting of several acres of ground. Here,

in picturesque arrangement, are cottages for those who desire to live separate from the hotels. Here are croquet and tennis lawns, a light house, boat houses, bathing houses and stabling. Frontenac is in the center of a fine region of country for pleasure seekers to enjoy boating, fishing and hunting; and as such has already gained a national reputation. There are charming drives to the fine points of view on the surrounding bluffs, over good roads. The drive along the lake shore, six miles, to Lake City, affords many a delightful prospect.

Maiden's Rock, which has long been famous in story and song, is in full view on the opposite shore, and easily reached by row or sail. It is no wonder that every summer we hear that Frontenac is thronged with visitors from all parts.

There are three church edifices in this town. There is an Episcopal church at Frontenac village and a German Lutheran church at the railroad station. A church was built in the southwestern part of the town in 1871, by Presbyterians, at a cost of about \$2,000, which has since passed into the hands of the Lutherans and is now used by that denomination for public worship.

Among the early settlers of Florence were Dr. John Kelly, J. C. Cary, Everet Westervelt, E. Wrigley, E. Z. K. Munger and L. H. Garrard.

The township was organized in 1858 with Dr. John Kelly, chairman of the board of supervisors and J. C. Carey, clerk. The next board consisted of Dr. L. H. Garrard, E. Z. K. Munger, L. Utley, Peter Grant. The flouring mills have been for a time doing business on Wells' creek, within this town, but at the present time are not in active operation.

GOODHUE.

This town takes its name from the county. It is bounded north by Featherstone, east by Belvidere, south by Zumbrota, and west by Belle Creek. The surface is rolling prairie, excepting a small grove of burr oak in the northwest corner. The soil is generally of excellent quality.

The first settlers came in 1854, Francis Yergens and John Mann. The year following, David Hickock, John Ingerbretson, Henry Danielson, Oliver Knutson and Knute Knutson, selected claims here. Travel through this township to regions beyond being quite brisk in the early days, several of the first settlers kept hotels. Mann and Hickock opened their houses for the entertainment of travelers for several years. Peter Easterly came in 1856 and built a hotel which he kept open as such, for about fifteen years. The only hotel now in the town is at the railroad station, on the Duluth, Red Wing & Southern railroad. An extensive bed of superior clay is found a little below the soil in a large portion of this town. From this clay the raw material is furnished for the stoneware factories in Red Wing.

The inhabitants are chiefly engaged in farming. The celebrated stock farm of Francis Davis & Son, consisting of several hundred acres, is situated in the western part. The condition of farms in this town generally indicates that farming pays.

The first child born in Goodhue was Henry Yergens in 1855. The first death among the white settlers, was that of Mrs. David Hickock who died in 1856. The first school was taught in the summer of 1857, by Miss Georgiette Easterly.

Religious services were held here in school houses and private dwellings till about the year 1866 when the Lutherans built the first church.

There are now five neat church buildings in the town, to-wit: German Lutheran and Methodist, Swedish Lutheran and Methodist and Presbyterian.

Near the center is a town hall. Not far from this is the principal railroad station where, within a few years, a busy village has sprung up, containing stores for retailing all kinds of merchandise, a post-office, hotel, several warehouses, two elevators, a number of neat private houses, mechanic shops, etc. A large amount of grain, beef, pork and livestock is annually shipped from this station.

From the records kept in the town clerk's office, we extract the following:

At a meeting held July 5, 1858, in the town of York, composed of township No. 111, north of range 14 and 15, at the house of Peter Easterly, the following officers were elected: Supervisors, Cyrus Crouch, chairman, G. W. Post, Henry Danielson; town clerk, Oliver Knutson; assessor, B. F. Chaso; justices, Peter Easterly, J. W. Finch; constables, James Lane, H. B. Patterson; overseer of poor, Nelson Gaylord; collector, J. S. Thompson.

On the twenty-first day of January, 1859, the following named were appointed to fill vacancies: Supervisors, Sylvester Cranson, chairman, Chas. M. Lee, Ezra Bennett; town clerk, John Stowe; justices, Hans. H. Olson, F. Cranson.

The name for this town was undecided for a number of years after its settlement as appears from the following record: At the annual town meeting of York,

Elmira and Belvidere, held April 5, 1859, at the house of P. Easterly, the following were elected town officers : P. Easterly, chairman of supervisors ; Ezra Bennett, Sylvester Cranson, supervisors ; John Stowe, town clerk ; F. Cranson, collector ; Sylvester Cranson, assessor ; H. B. Patterson, overseer of poor. At the same meeting it was voted to call the town Goodhue.

September 13, 1859, a petition to divide the town having been granted, making town 111, range 15, a separate municipality to be called either Lime or Goodhue, the following officers were appointed by J. Going, county clerk ; Supervisors, Chas. H. McIntire, chairman, L. C. Burke, H. B. Patterson ; town clerk, John Stowe ; justices, Samuel Parker, Sylvester Cranson ; constables, H. Olson, S. W. Carney ; assessor, George Spicer ; collector, F. Cranson ; overseer of roads, John Gleason ; overseer of poor, H. Danielson. The town from that time has been called Goodhue. Since the year 1860 and up to the year 1890, the following named have served as chairman of town supervisors and town clerks : Chairman, Charles H. McIntire, T. M. Lowater, Samuel Parker, A. A. Anderson, David Purdy, F. Tether, J. Finney, W. H. H. Bruce, R. Kolbe ; clerks, L. C. Burke, S. S. Gibson, Isaac Gallagher, Lewis Johnson, John McHngh.

HAY CREEK.

This township is bounded north by Red Wing and Wacouta, east by Florence, south by Belvidere, and west by Featherstone.

The surface is broken by numerous springs and water courses. Wells creek sweeps through the south-

eastern portion, and Hay creek winds along the western border. The hillsides are covered with growing timber and the level portions are under prosperous cultivation.

The first settlement was made in the spring of 1854, by a Mr. Egar, in the northeast part of the town. George Steel, Ernest Schubert and Henry Izancee made claims that same year. Wm. Hayman, Garry Post, David Bartrom, Simon Peterson, Benville Mosier, Rudolph Kruger, Chas. Darling, Jacob Turner, M. Eggleston, G. F. and Wm. Meyer all began improvements the next year. Early in the year 1856, Mr. Charles Ahlers built a house near the place where Burkard's hotel now stands. Mr. Ahlers was one of the many in those days who suffered the annoyance of a former claimant. He had his first log cabin nearly completed, when another man appeared to dispute his right to the land, whose claim was based upon the fact that he had been there and inscribed his name on a tree previous to Mr. Ahlers' advent. The former claimant was backed by a mob of men armed with clubs, axes and other weapons. So there was no alternative for Mr. Ahlers but to leave his improvements or pay the required amount of cash. He paid the money, remained and opened his house for the accommodation of travelers.

The early settlers of this town were all subjected to trouble for a number of years on account of being within the limits of the "Half breed tract."

At the first town meeting only six voters were present, to-wit: Wm. Hayman, Henry Lorentzen, S. A. Wise, J. B. Wakefield, Rudolph Kruger, and David Bartrom. This meeting was held in a school house at Hay creek bend, which was then the only school house in town. The slim attendance at this meeting was accounted for

by the fact that a religious camp-meeting was in progress, in a grove near by on that same day. It would seem that a majority of the settlers in that year, 1858, were more interested in religion than politics.

Church services were held at an early day by both Lutherans and Methodists. Each of these denominations have built very fine church edifices.

A neat and commodious town hall stands near the center, where town business is now transacted and political meetings held.

There are two mills for the manufacture of flour, and grinding all kinds of grain. The first was built on Wells creek by R. H. Matthews; the second, on Hay creek, by John Hack and G. F. Meyer. A third mill was built on the last named creek and run for several years but is now abandoned.

There is one village in this town, called the Bend, containing one church, a hotel, school house, several mechanic shops and one store, besides several private residences.

HOLDEN.

This township is on the western border of the county; bounded north by Warsaw, east by Wanamingo, south by Kenyon, and west by Rice county. The Little Cannon river rises in the western part. The surface is chiefly rolling prairie. There is timber along the streams both in the northern and southern portions. The soil is excellent in quality.

Hans Ovaldson is said to have broken the first ground in this township in the summer of 1854; and soon after Ole O. Oakland broke several acres in the adjoining

section, and the following year they raised a crop of wheat.

In the fall of 1854, Jens Ottun made a claim and built a sod hut on section 23, where he, in the month of May, 1855, commenced breaking. But on the 27th of the same month, A. K., K. K. and H. K. Finseth with Ole J. Bakke, arrived at the cabin of Mr. Ottun. The Finseths bought Mr. Ottun's claim, and he returned to Wanamingo, where he had previously made a claim.

The Finseth brothers became the first permanent settlers of Holden, as Ovaldson and Oakland merely raised a crop of wheat without making any claim. Mr. Bakke made a claim on section 33. Mrs. Bakke was the first white female settler. Indian females were then roving through the county. One day, while Mrs. Bakke had left the cabin to fetch a pail of water, a squaw entered the house and stole her babe out of the bed. Missing her child on her return she ran out of the house and heard its cries from the edge of a grove near by, where she soon arrived; whereupon the squaw threw the child upon the ground and ran off.

The same year, in the month of June, Ole O. Huset, Halvor E. Vraalstad and T. E. Vraalstad, Eric Anderson, Nels Mikkleson and Mikkil Johnson, all made claims in this township. Several log cabins were soon erected, which, with the covered wagons they had brought, served as places of abode while they were industriously preparing the soil for their first crops. Provisions for their use the first year had to be hauled from the river towns, Red Wing and Hastings, thirty miles distant, with ox teams. The first settlers were Norwegians. A number of German families came a few years

after and settled in the western part of the town, many of whom, with their descendants, still reside there.

The first child born among the settlers was to Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Vraalstad in September, 1855. The first couple married was K. K. Finseth and Bergitte Halvorson. The first death was that of Eric A. Ethun.

This town was organized for political purposes in 1858, and at the first election the following officers were chosen: Supervisors, K. K. Finseth, chairman, H. C. Klemer, Charles Nichols; town clerk, L. A. Aaker; assessor, G. Nichols; collector, Charles Foglesang; justices of peace, W. C. Crandall and Ole Olson; constables, Peter N. Langemo and H. E. Vraalstad.

In the summer of 1858 the growing crops were looking fine, but before harvest they were nearly destroyed by a hail storm. Since that year the farmers of Holden have generally been prosperous. During the war of the rebellion, from 1861 to 1865, the sum of \$14,000 was raised to hire volunteers for the service; hence no drafting was needed to fill the quota required for this township.

There is a post-office, store and a few mechanic shops near the church in the north central part of the town. Holden is a rich agricultural town, having no large village. A greater portion of the inhabitants are people from Norway and their descendants.

The Holden church was built and dedicated in 1868. It is a commodious and beautiful structure, capable of seating 500 people. It is a part of what is called "Holden Congregations," under the pastoral supervision of Rev. B. J. Muus and his assistants,

KENYON.

This township lies in the southwest corner of the county. The north branch of the Zumbro river runs through the northwest part, and along the stream there are groves of young trees. The larger portion of the town is rich level prairie. The soil is deep and remarkably fertile.

The first settlers came here in 1855, among them L. A. Felt, Chris and Sever Halvorson, L. N. Bye and N. Hollenbeck.

Kenyon village is situated in the north part of the township, near the Zumbro river. In the month of May, 1856, James H. Day and J. M. LeDuc came and made claims where the village is situated. Subsequently a Mr. How and Addison Hilton became part owners and the four laid out and platted the village.

Mr. Day built the first dwelling house that summer, and the company built a store. The store was stocked with general merchandize and occupied by Crowley & Baker in the fall. Stephen Bullis built a hotel in March, 1857, and kept the same for the accommodation of travelers for many years.

The same year a steam saw mill was erected by the village proprietors. Other stores, shops and dwellings were soon added and a post-office established. The growth was continued but slowly until the railroad was built. Since then it has been incorporated as a separate municipality, and is now a thriving village of about 1,000 inhabitants. There are two hotels, a foundry and machine shops, mechanic shops and stores of all kinds. A fine brick school building has been erected, which accommodates over 200 scholars and is a credit to

the place. There is also a tannery and a flouring mill, the capacity of the latter being about twenty-five barrels per day. A weekly newspaper is published here, the *Kenyon Leader*, and there are two banking institutions to attend to money matters. The village is surrounded by a rich agricultural region, and the railroad station affords a market for all the products of the farm. Three church edifices adorn the village. A Baptist church was organized in 1857 with seven members. Rev. Du-bois, of the Protestant Episcopal church, held services in 1873, and in 1875 a neat church was completed by that congregation. The Norwegian Lutheran church is a large stone structure capable of seating 600 persons. There is also another stone church in the township, belonging to the Lutherans, of large dimensions.

Kenyon possesses advantages in geographical position, in educational facilities and religious privileges, equal to any country village of its size in the great Northwest.

LEON.

This township is bounded on the north by Cannon Falls, east by Belle Creek, south by Wanamingo, and west by Warsaw. The surface of the northwest portion is somewhat broken by the Little Cannon river and its branches; the residue is rolling prairie; soil good. It is one of the best farming towns in the county.

The first settler was Haldro Johnson, who came from Dane county, Wis., in the fall of 1854. He made his claim on section 20, built a cabin and spent the winter there. The following summer he went back to Wisconsin, married, and returned with his wife to their new home, where they have since resided. During the sum-

mer of 1855 the population was increased by the following named settlers and their families: A. J. Malande, Andrew Larson, Gutrom Pederson, Ole Pederson, J. J. Wamberg, John Bottolfson, M. Edstrom, C. A. Haggs-trom, William Olson and Regnold Johnson. Many of these are now living where they first located their claims. In the spring of 1856 a number of American families settled in the central and southeastern parts of the township, but few of them remained permanently.

The first birth was that of Frank Johnson, son of John and Johanna Johnson, born in May, 1856, and died the same year, his being also the first death.

During the year 1857, E. A. Sargent built a store on the plat which was laid out as the village of Wastedo. A store was afterward built by M. T. Opsal. This building has been enlarged and continues to be the principal trading point in the township. There is a blacksmith shop, and public school house, with several residences near. A post-office is kept here, called Wastedo.

The town was organized for political purposes in 1858. The following were elected as the officers: Supervisors, Ellery Stone, chairman, George Leasons and Wm. Olson; town clerk, G. F. Sargent; assessor, F. F. Dimmick; justices, D. C. Stranahan and S. N. McGaughey. This town is now inhabited by an industrious class of citizens, mostly natives of Norway and Sweden with their descendants, who take a deep interest in the political and social welfare of their adopted country. Many of them are well educated.

The first school was taught by Daniel Van Amberg, in a log building near where Wm. Olson now resides. There are now seven good school houses in which schools

are in progress most of the year, under care of competent teachers.

The oldest church organization is the Spring Garden Swedish Evangelical Lutheran, organized in July, 1858 ; trustees, Jacob Johnson, Nels Challberg, S. Anderson. They met for worship in private houses and school houses till 1862, when a moderate sized church was built. This has since been replaced by a fine edifice, capable of seating 600 people. The present membership is between three and four hundred.

The other church is styled the Urland Norwegian Lutheran church which is located in the southwest part of the township. This organization was effected in the winter of 1871. Trustees who first served were Lars Flom, T. A. Melhus, Ole A. Melhus, Rognold J. Onstad, J. Ingerbretson. Their church building was completed and dedicated in 1874. It is an elegant and costly structure capable of seating 600 people. The present membership is larger than usual for country churches.

There are two fire insurance companies which have their headquarters in this township, keeping farming property well insured in this and the adjoining towns, against losses by fire, at the least possible expense. An admission fee of one dollar is required, and members are assessed to pay damages in case of loss. As yet losses have been comparatively few.

It has been well remarked of Leon, "that its cultivated fields, possessing a soil of marvelous fertility, its broad acres of arable land, its timber and water, beautiful residences, barus and granaries, flocks and herds, and finally, the health and general prosperity of its inhabitants, are the living evidences of a section of country rich in natural resources and abounding in happy homes."

MINNEOLA.

This township is bounded on the north by Belle Creek, east by Zumbrota, south by Roscoe and west by Wanamingo. The north branch of the Zumbro runs through it from west to east; numerous springs and rivulets flowing into the same, along its winding course, afford plenty of water. Natural groves of forest trees abound, and growing shade trees are seen surrounding nearly every farm house.

The first claim was made by Christian Peterson, in May, 1855, on section 26. This first habitation was constructed of brush, but was improved in the fall by the addition of some boards. In June, the same year, John Mabee and A. C. Erstad came and marked out claims, sharing together the hardships of settlers remote from civilized society during the following winter. Mr. Mabee returned to his native country, Norway, the next spring. Mr. Erstad remained and the records of his prosperity are now clearly seen in his fine buildings with tasteful surroundings and highly cultivated farm. And he is not alone, but surrounded by neighbors, in similar circumstances of prosperity, having all the advantages of churches, schools and good society.

A number of other settlers came here in 1856, among whom were Daniel Eames and Julius Peck. Mr. Peck brought the first team of horses into the town. Mr. Eames participated in the self-denials and struggles of the time, till he had but just begun to reap the benefits of his toil when he was called to his eternal home. He died in October, 1859; his being the first death among the settlers in the town. A native of New England, he

was a man of sterling character, beloved and honored by all who knew him.

A grist mill and flouring mill was built by Nichols & Ford in the southeast part of the town at a very early day, which, with additions and improvements, is still in operation.

Messrs. A. J. Grover and J. B. Locke, both early settlers of Minneola, and who have represented the county in the State legislature, are still living here and enjoying the fruits of their labors, in beautiful residences, on highly cultivated grounds.

The larger portion of the inhabitants emigrated from Europe. The first church was built by the Norwegian Lutherans at a cost of \$3,500. It is located in the southeast part. The same people have since erected another large church in the north part of the town; both have large congregations. The German people have also two fine churches. One is called the German Lutheran, the other German Methodist. The town contains several fine public school buildings. The first school was taught by Charles Locke, no public school district having been organized at the time. The first public school was taught by Mrs. Daniel Eames in her own house. The first child born was Eddie Crowell in 1857. The first marriage that occurred was between George Reese and Harriet Wightman in June, 1858.

This township was at first united with Zumbrota under one organization, in the spring of 1858. I. C. Stearns, T. D. Rowell and George Sanderson were the first supervisors. In December, 1859, a notice was posted in several places, signed per order, requesting the voters living in township 110, range 16, to meet on the fifteenth of that month at the residence of the late

Daniel Eames, to take into consideration the expediency of a separate organization, choose a name for the town, and, if deemed best, elect the necessary officers for doing town business. At the meeting held as above called, N. Mulliken was called to the chair and J. B. Locke chosen secretary. Two names were presented, Paris and Minneola. The latter was finally agreed upon as the name for the new organization. Minneola is an Indian term, signifying *much water*. There were thirty-two voters present and it was agreed upon to elect town officers and send a report of this action to the meeting of the county board, to be held in Red Wing, January, 1860.

The following officers were elected: J. B. Locke, Brant Thompson, J. Clark, supervisors; R. Person, town clerk; Henry E. Shedd, assessor; A. J. Grover and N. Mulliken, justices; W. B. Williams and E. L. Kingsbury, constables. A. J. Grover and J. B. Locke were appointed a committee to present this action to the county board. They did so, but the matter was deferred by that board until after a meeting of both townships should act upon the matter of separation. The town of Zumbrota, at its annual meeting in the spring of 1850, approved of the separation. The county board met again in June and after acting upon the matter the following notice was issued by Hans Mattson, county auditor:

STATE OF MINNESOTA, }
County of Goodhue, } ss.

WHEREAS, The board of county commissioners of said county have on the fourth instant detached town 110, range 16, from the town of Zumbrota, and organized the same as a separate town by the name of Minneola; Therefore, notice is hereby given

that a meeting will be held at the residence of J. B. Locke, in said town of Minneola, on the eighteenth day of June, 1860, for the purpose of electing officers of said town, to-wit: Three supervisors, one clerk, one assessor, two justices, two constables and all other town officers.

HANS MATTSON,
County Auditor.

Dated June 6, 1860.

The meeting was held as above notified, and regular officers chosen. Thus the organization was perfected.

PINE ISLAND.

This town situated on the southern border of the county attracted a large number of settlers in the early times, on account of its natural advantages. It is bounded on the north by Zumbrota, west by Roscoe, east by Wabasha county, and south by Olmsted county. Its superior advantages over other prairie townships were plenty of wood and running water.

Some four or five sections of land in the northern part were originally covered with a heavy growth of timber, and about two sections in the southwestern portion of the township were in the same condition. The balance was open prairie. The whole surface is gently rolling, the soil deep and rich.

Fortunately the wooded portions have not been cleared to any great extent as yet, but are held in small tracts, for fencing, building and to supply fuel for the households in the village and on the prairie.

The island proper is formed by the middle branch of the Zumbro, which circles around the present village, enclosing a tract once thickly studded with tall pine trees. Alas, how few of these tall monarchs of the forest are to be seen at the present day! This spot was one of the favorite resorts of the Dakota Indians. They called

it Wa-zee-wee-ta, Pine Island, and here in their skin tents, they used to pass the cold winter months, sheltered from the winds and storms by thick branches of lofty pines. The chief of Red Wing's village told the commissioners of the United States, when asked to sign the treaty that would require his people to relinquish their home on the Mississippi river, that he was willing to sign if he could have his future home at Pine Island.

It is generally understood that H. B. Powers was the first man who came and built his cabin in this town in the year 1854. Josiah Haggard, early in the spring of that year, made a claim near where Dr. Charles Hill now resides. A man named Howard soon came and jumped this claim. Haggard then crossed the Zumbro and made a second claim. Moses Jewell and his son Solomon came the next year and pre-empted this claim. Nelson Denison, another pioneer, pre-empted a claim further east the same season. A large number of settlers soon after came, among whom were Giles Hayward, N. S. Newton, J. A. Tarbox, Philip Tomes, John Lee, John Chance, Sylvester Dickey and brother, C. R. White and others. John Salmon was the first preacher and held services at the settlers' houses. The first marriage celebrated in the town was between A. B. Cron and Sarah C. Jewell, in July, 1856. The first child born in the town was Flora Ann Powers. The first school was taught by Thomas McManus.

A saw mill was begun in 1856 by Haggard & Howard, which was run for a season by Leroy & Powers. About 200,000 feet of pine lumber was manufactured in the early years. This mill was sold to J. A. Tarbox in 1858.

Pine Island village was surveyed and platted by Wm. Rock, in 1857, on land owned by Mr. Jewell and J. A. Tarbox. It grew rapidly to a flourishing business point. The first hotel was built by E. Denison. John Chance was the first post-master.

John Lee built a hotel in the north part of the township on the stage route, leading from Saint Paul to Dubuque, as early as 1855, which was a well known stopping place for travelers and land seekers for several years. This popular landlord was also post-master of the place, which was then known as Poplar Grove, but at the present time the fact of its existence is scarcely remembered.

The Northwestern railroad now passes through this town. Lena, one of its stations, is in the northern part, and another at the village.

The village is now incorporated as a municipality separate from the township. It is well supplied with hotels, mills, business houses, school buildings and churches. A weekly paper called the *Pine Island Record* is published here. The public schools are graded, and under the instruction of competent teachers. One of the former Pine Island school boys holds the position of United States Consul in the Argentine Republic, South America. The place has trained up many lady teachers for this and other states.

A national bank has been established here within a few years, which shows that business is still increasing.

Pine Island has three church edifices. The M. E. church was built in 1864 and has a large flourishing congregation. The Protestant Episcopal church was erected in 1874, at a cost of \$2,800 and is doing good work. The Roman Catholics have also a large church

and congregation. Pine Island has many attractions at the present day for those who seek for a permanent village home.

ROSCOE.

This township lies directly west of Pine Island and very nearly resembles that town in its natural advantages. It possesses fine prairie lands, and both wood and running water in abundance adjacent thereto. The middle branch of the Zumbro flows through the south part, along which are broad tracts of heavy woodland, bearing white and burr oak, sugar maple, elm, and poplar.

James Haggard and W. Wilson made the first settlement in 1854. During the same year Simon Sackett, D. F. Stevens and H. D. Devoe, are said to have made claims. These were followed the next year by Fletcher Hagler, J. R. Good, David Coleman, J. Rutherford, Wm. Farnam, Alex. Long, P. G. Wilson, Wm. Fry, T. D. Hall and J. J. Hagler. Fletcher Hagler selected his claim on the ground where Roscoe village is, and there built the first frame dwelling in the township. He was the first post-master.

Oliver Webb, a lineal descendant of the Pilgrim fathers, came in 1856 and settled here, and is still a resident, over eighty years of age.

J. G. Hepner, the first blacksmith, built his shop here that year, and worked at his trade many following years. Two brothers named Dickinson, B. W. Halliday, G. G. McCoy, H. B. Powers, were among the number who settled as early as 1856 and are still living. Mr. Dana, the father of Charles S. Dana, our present deputy

county auditor, was among those who came that year, and who died in 1859.

Hagler & Good built and stocked the first store. The first public religious service was held in the house of Mrs. Stevens in the fall of 1854. Rev. John Salmon officiated. The first church organization took place in the village school house in the spring of 1857. H. C. Emery and Mahala Sacket were the first couple united in marriage in the year 1856. The first death among the settlers was a Mr. Fry, that year. The first birth was a pair of twins to Mrs. Haskell Burch, while living in a covered wagon, awaiting the completion of a better habitation. Miss Annette Leek taught the pioneer school.

A sad calamity occurred in this town in 1860, in connection with the burning of a building occupied by Mrs. Jeremiah Ray and her children, her husband being absent from home. It was in the month of June. A violent storm came on and a bolt of lightning struck the house, setting it on fire. Mary Shields, a girl living with Mrs. Ray, succeeded in getting the two older children out of the house and ran to the neighbors for help. Mrs. Ray escaped also and finding the house was likely to be destroyed, rushed in to save her twin babes, but was so blinded by smoke she failed to rescue them, barely escaping with her life. The babies perished.

George Lantz, who had been a soldier in the Union army came to his death under the following circumstances: In the winter of 1865-6, he went to Mantorville, Dodge county, about twelve miles from home, on horseback, and returning in the evening, a blizzard met him. While passing through a grove of timber he was warned of his danger in trying to reach home, but he persevered and was found frozen to death the next morning within

a few rods of his own home. He had reached a fence, which in endeavoring to climb over, had made a misstep and fell back to rise no more. The horse was found at one of the neighbor's barns. It was supposed that he let the horse go, hoping that by walking he should be more likely to keep from freezing.

In 1858 another post-office was established in the northern central part of the town, called Roscoe Center, where there is now a store, blacksmith shop, a fine school building, and a Lutheran church, capable of seating 500 persons.

At Roscoe village there is now a cheese factory, a fine brick school building, stores, dwellings and other adjuncts of a country village. Roscoe presents to a traveler, at the present day, all the signs of thrift and prosperity incident to a well ordered and industrious community—a place of comfortable homes and an abundance of the necessities of life.

STANTON.

This township was first called Lillian, but was afterward changed to Stanton, in honor of one of its oldest settlers, William Stanton, Sr. It is situated in the extreme northwest corner of the county. Cannon river separates it from Dakota county on the north. On the east it is bounded by Cannon Falls township, on the south by Warsaw, and west by Dakota county. The Cannon river affords excellent mill privileges along the northern border by a succession of rapids, for a long distance. Prairie creek runs through the town from south to north in a meandering course; and the Little Cannon flows along the eastern border; besides there are numerous springs with smaller streams.

Late in the fall of 1854, John and George Seasons made claims on the Little Cannon. Soon after Jonathan and Alonzo Dibble, and William Thomas settled near them.

A party of emigrants from Wisconsin came in 1855, and settled on Prairie creek, among whom were Norman Daniels, William Stanton, Sr., William Stanton, Jr., Robert Deakin, Samuel Daniels, and George Gould. The section along this creek is a broad and beautiful valley bordered by higher prairie lands, rendering it picturesque and charming to the viewer. The soil is of the best quality for agriculture. The pioneer settlers were nearly all from New England.

The first couple joined by marriage was George Gould and Experience Daniels, in October, 1855. The first death was that of Mrs. George Seasons. The first religious services held in the town were in the winter of 1855-6, in the house of William Stanton, Sr. Rev. J. W. Hancock, of Red Wing, officiated. William Cleveland taught the first school. The log house built by William Stanton, Sr., near the road leading to Faribault from the nearest Mississippi towns, was for several years the only place for the entertainment of travelers between Cannon Falls and further west. Mr. Stanton's latch string was always hanging out and every civil appearing stranger was welcome to such accommodations as he had. He frequently entertained fifty persons the same night.

Not many of those who came to settle in the fifties were able to have a good sized log house. Sod houses and board shanties were more common. Thirty years and more have brought great changes. A country village, with many fine residences, a post-office, stores;

with a neat church, school house and some mechanic shops, now occupy the grounds where once the lonely log cabin stood. There is now a flourishing cheese factory at Stanton village, and a railroad station.

There is on the Little Cannon a large flouring mill, where there is a cluster of nice dwellings and other buildings. This place is known as Oxford Mills. A neat M. E. church adorns this village. Stanton is well supplied with churches, school houses, elegant farm houses and well cultivated farms.

VASA.

This town was named in honor of Gustavus Vasa, king of Sweden. It is bounded north by the Cannon river, which separates it from the town of Welch; east by Featherstone; south by Belle Creek; and west by Cannon Falls. A branch of the Cannon river, called Belle creek, runs through this township from south to north. The surface is somewhat broken or rolling. The soil is excellent.

Vasa took the lead of all the farming towns of the county, in its date of settlement. S. J. Willard, Hans Mattson, Charles Roos, Gustaf Kemp, and Peter Green, came and made claims in the year 1853. Roos and Kemp stayed through the winter; the others returned to Red Wing to find work till the spring of 1854, when they began in earnest to build houses to live in and break up the soil. A few accessions were made to the colony that year, and one of them, whose name is now forgotten, died soon after his arrival. This was the first death, and his mortal remains were tenderly and reverently conveyed to their last resting place, in the

land he had crossed the ocean to look upon, but not enjoy.

The first marriage celebrated was that of Hans Mattson and Miss Cherstie Peterson, November 21, 1855. A school was taught here in the fall of 1856, by a Mr. Button. Another was taught in the Swedish language by James Engberg. Meetings were held on the Sabbath and Lutheran church services read by H. Mattson till a minister arrived.

The struggles and triumphs of these first settlers will be best described by themselves, and we shall give extracts from narratives written and addresses made by two of their most prominent leaders, as follows :

Hon. Hans Mattson writes in his early recollections :

In the spring of 1853, I left Moline, Illinois, for Boston, to meet my mother and sister. They were to leave Sweden about the same time on a sailing ship carrying some 200 emigrants. The ship was three months on the ocean and there was a great scarcity of provisions before landing. The ship at last arrived in the month of July ; and a couple of days later the whole party took the cars for the West, I volunteering as their guide and interpreter. All went well until about 100 miles east of Chicago, when the baggage car attached to our train in front, caught fire. It was thought best to try to reach a station, and the burning train sped on at the rate of sixty miles an hour. The scene was a frightful one, the cars filled with frightened emigrants, the flames hissing like serpents from car to car, windows cracking, people screaming and women fainting ; all at the same time looking to me for protection and deliverance. As soon as possible, I placed men as guards at the door to prevent the people from rushing out and crowding each other off the platform. The train did not reach a station, but had to be stopped on the open prairie, where all were helped out of the cars, without accident except that every particle of baggage except what the passengers had in their seats with them, was burnt. In due time another

train brought us to Chicago, where the railroad company immediately offered to pay all losses, as soon as lists of the property destroyed could be made out and properly verified. I did all the work without the aid of counsel, lawyer or clerk, collecting nearly twenty thousand dollars for old trunks, spinning wheels, copper kettles, etc. Having lost nothing myself, I, of course, received nothing, and as the company did not consider it their duty to pay me for my trouble, one of the emigrants suggested that they should do something. The hat was passed around and the collection realized the magnificent sum of two dollars and sixty cents, which was paid me for being their interpreter during that long journey and for collecting that large sum of money. But I raised no complaint. In due time my own family and friends arrived at Moline. Minnesota was then a territory but little known; yet we had heard of its beautiful lakes, forests and prairies. There were many of the party who decided to find a place for a Swedish settlement where lands could be had cheap, Mr. Willard and myself among them. And it was finally agreed that a few of us should go to Minnesota and select a suitable place. Being the only one of the party who could speak the English language, I naturally became the leader of the explorers. My father went with us and so did Mr. Willard and his wife, my sister, the whole party taking deck passage on a Mississippi steamer, arriving at St. Paul during the month of August. St. Paul was then a town of a few hundred inhabitants. There we found Henry Russell, Johan Tidland and a few other Swedish pioneers. We learned that near Red Wing, places could be found with both timber and prairie, and an abundance of good water. After looking in various places we finally decided on the present town of Vasa, about twelve miles west of Red Wing. Claims were staked out on Belle Creek, north of White Rock, near where a large brick church now stands.

After selecting this land, my father returned to Illinois. I went with the other explorers to St. Paul, where a council was held in which our whole party participated, and it was decided that three of us, Messrs. Roos, Kemp and myself, should proceed to our claims that fall and do such work as we could until the others could join us in the following spring. Red Wing was an old missionary station, containing only half a dozen American

families; among them Rev. J. W. Hancock, who had been some years a missionary among the Indians. William Freeborn, Dr. Sweney, H. L. Bevans, John Day, and a Mr. Potter, were the other settlers. There were also two Swedes, Peter Green and Nels Nelson; also a Norwegian named Peterson. On the river about between Main street and the levee was a large Indian camp of the Sioux tribe. All the country west of Red Wing was then practically a wilderness, and my little party were the first who started in to cultivate the soil and make a permanent settlement. After supplying ourselves at Red Wing with a tent, cook stove, provisions, carpenters' and other necessary tools, and a pair of oxen, we hired a horse team, packed our goods in a wagon, hitched the cattle behind and started for the new settlement. Towards evening we arrived at a grove on Belle creek where we pitched our tent and cooked our evening meal. And only pioneers can understand how well it was relished after a long day's tramp. The horse team returned alone with its driver in the morning and we were left in the wilderness. After a day's exploration we removed the camp to another point on the creek, near where Roos had taken his claim. It was now late in September, and our first care was to secure hay for the oxen during the coming winter. A few days' work produced a great stack. Having heard about prairie fires we concluded to guard our stack against them, so we set fire to the short stubble around the stack intending of course to put out the inner circle of fire. But a minute and a half was sufficient to convince us that we had made wrong calculation, for by that time the stack itself was burning with such fury that all the water in Belle creek could not quench it. And this was not the worst. Before we had time to recover from our astonishment the outer fire circle had extended over the best part of the valley and burned all the remaining grass which at that season was pretty dry. The following morning we all started in different directions to see if any grass was left in the county, and fortunately found plenty near our first camping ground. Having secured a second stack of very inferior hay we proceeded to build a rude log house, and had just finished it when Mr. Willard, my brother-in-law, appeared in our midst. I accompanied him to Red Wing where we obtained work chopping steamboat wood during the winter. Early the next spring we

commenced improving our claims, and before summer was ended our colony numbered ten families. These emigrants with their goods had to be transported from Red Wing to the new settlement, twelve miles, in the manner following :

When in the spring of 1854 Willard and myself received a pair of three-year-old steers and a cow from my father, we could get no other wagon than a truck with wheels made of four-inch thick, oak cylinders, sawed off a log. A good wagon was made in this way. The wheels were only about twenty inches in diameter, hence I had great trouble in getting over the stumps between John Day's ravine and Hay creek. The road was about where the Milwaukee railroad track is now. I often had to lift one end of the axle to straddle the stumps, one axle at a time of course, and as the steers were wild, and my assistants always newly arrived emigrants who did not understand how to conciliate the steers by forcible English, I often had great trouble. The wagon was stronger than the steers, however ; that helped me. On that truck I carted out the goods and supplies for all the emigrants that arrived at Vasa in 1854.

Rev. E. Norelius, the pioneer Swedish Lutheran preacher of the county, gives his early experiences as follows :

August 31, 1855, I landed at Red Wing at twelve o'clock at midnight ; took lodging at a miserable hotel ; tried to sleep but could not, for the mosquitoes. September 1, I made an attempt to ascend Barn Bluff before sunrise, but was recalled by the breakfast bell. I made inquiries to find if there were any Swedes in town, but obtained no information. After awhile I met with a Swedish servant girl, who told me there were quite a number of them in Red Wing, and gave me direction how to find them. After having spoken to several of them and explained the object of my visit, I proposed to hold a service in the evening, if a place could be had. They told me that the Presbyterians had a meeting house—a shanty—in the burg, and that we possibly might get it. I then went to the Presbyterian minister (Rev. Mr. Hancock), introduced myself, and asked for permission to use his chapel, to which he consented, provided I would preach the sound gospel. In the evening I had about one hundred hearers, among

whom many, no doubt, were hard cases. One poor fellow told me that the old devil may run after preachers, but he would not. However, not a few seemed to be edified and desired me to hold as many services as my time would permit. September 2, the Lord's day, I preached again in the afternoon in the Presbyterian chapel, the house being full, and making a new appointment for Monday night. I got a horse and a guide in the evening, and went out to Vasa, word having been sent before, for divine service in the forenoon on Monday. We went up the Spring creek valley and got over the prairies to Mr. Carlson's after dark. Mr. Carlson lived in a log house, a little to the northeast from the present brick church. I was hospitably entertained at his house, and on the following morning almost every soul in the settlement came together at Mr. Carlson's where services were held. No Swedish minister had visited before in their new home. After service a congregation was organized. In the afternoon I went to Red Wing and preached in the evening, organized a congregation and baptized two children. After making a tour to St. Paul, Stillwater, Marine and Chisago county, I returned to Vasa and held divine service in Nils Peterson's new log house. It was the 21st of September, in the midst of equinoctial storms. The rain was pouring down, and I was suffering badly from the fever and ague, which I had brought with me from Indiana. A young man had taken me out from Red Wing in a lumber wagon. The Lord's supper was to be celebrated on this occasion; the first in the history of the congregation at Vasa. At the close of the sermon I had a very bad attack of the chills, and had to go to bed, the people in the meanwhile patiently waiting till the spell was over, after which I got up and administered the communion. On the 24th of September, I bade the good people of Vasa farewell, and was glad to find an ox team to take me to Red Wing on my way to Indiana.

Soon after I had left, a meeting was held by the congregation at Vasa for the object of electing a pastor. It was then unanimously resolved to extend a call to me. The sum of \$200 was guaranteed as a salary for the first year, with the expectation that the congregation at Red Wing would contribute the like amount. With the view that most of my parishioners in Indiana who owned no land there, would go along with me to

Minnesota, I accepted the call and moved to Goodhue county in the spring of 1856. I was in my twenty-third year; had been married nearly one year. I knew that a life full of hardships was before me, but I had made up my mind beforehand, with the help of God, to conquer or die. I told my excellent young wife that we should have to swim or else to sink, and she consented to do her part.

For several weeks we lived at Peter Nelson's, in the same room where I preached. Our whole property consisted of a bedstead, of the rope bottom kind, a plain table, an old bureau, an old cook stove, and some few books. Bacon and flour were high at Red Wing and it cost \$4 to bring a sack of flour and a ham home to Vasa. A log building designed for a school and meeting house had been put up on Mr. Willard's farm, but was not completed at the time I arrived and it took all summer to get it in order for winter use. I bought the improvements on a quarter section of land in the neighborhood of White Rock. There was a small log hut, 8x10 feet in size, on it, with a flat sod roof, and no floor but the ground. I got some common lumber at Red Wing at a high price, and put up an addition to the hut, a shanty 12x16 feet, intended for a parlor, sitting room, bed room, etc., all in one. We moved in when the three sides were up, without roof or floor, without doors and windows. Well do I remember our first night in that house. We made our bed on the ground on a pile of shavings and hay, with the blue sky above us. I had filled the mattress with newly cut grass and unintentionally put in with it a small snake. No wonder that in the morning when my wife made up the bed, she caught hold of the dead snake! By and by the roof and ceiling were put in, consisting of sheathing; the floor was laid of common lumber, and the carpet put on; the walls were papered; and then we had a nice clean and cozy house to live in. The only inconveniences were when it stormed and rained; for the carpet then stood like a bellows and the rain came pouring down through both roof and ceiling. On such occasions we used an umbrella. It was only a little odd to sleep under an umbrella in the house.

In the middle of September we had a visit from the well known Rev. Dr. Passavant, of Pittsburg, Pa., who stayed with us one night. He had a dream. In his nocturnal imaginations he

thought he lay under the bottom of a lake, and somehow a hole had been made in the bottom. And no wonder, for it rained that night. Our neighbors were in no better condition and some a great deal worse off than ourselves. Newcomers from abroad kept arriving and houses were scarce.

We continued to live in our frail house until the fourth of November, when we moved to Red Wing in a snow storm. On New Year's day, 1857, I had early service in the school house at Vasa, that is to say, at five o'clock in the morning. As the weather was fine and mild, I determined to walk to Cannon Falls and preach in the afternoon. There was then no direct road to the Falls. We were obliged to go round by White Rock, then cross Belle creek, and over the prairie. I started afoot after breakfast. The sun shone brightly, the snow was deep and no track. By the time I got to the creek the weather had changed. A high, cold wind commenced to blow, and very soon a bitter snow storm was blowing in my face. It was with great difficulty that I got over the prairie into the bush. There were no houses on the way. My scanty clothing, which had become wet by dragging myself through the snow, now began to grow stiff by the cold. I laid myself down under the first bush I reached, entirely exhausted, with little hope of rising again; yet after some hours a little strength returned, and by the greatest exertion I finally reached Cannon Falls in the evening. But my ears, nose, hands and feet were frozen, and I could not speak for a good while. After having thawed out and taken some food, I was able to hold service at night, and on the following day returned to Red Wing.

Mr. Norelius still resides in Vasa, a veteran in the work of building up and advancing the institutions of religion and education throughout the Northwest.

Vasa has now two villages, each having a post-office, stores, mechanic shops, and a goodly number of private dwellings.

Near the center of the township is the large brick Lutheran church and beautiful parsonage, which were finished in 1869 at a cost of over thirty thousand dollars. There are two other churches, a Baptist and a Meth-

odist, in the near vicinity. Around these the principal village is planted, which bears the name of the township.

The other village is called White Rock, and is situated near the southern line of the township. Here there is an extensive creamery, which turns out about 1,000 pounds of fresh butter per day, using steam power to run the machinery.

Vasa is a fine farming town, where churches and schools abound. Here is the Orphans' Home, a description of which has already been given.

Vasa and vicinity have been visited with more severe storms than other parts of this county. We give the details of the two severest.

There have been some hailstorms in different parts of the county from time to time, injurious to growing crops and window glass, but always quite limited in extent. Twice since the settlement by whites, it has been visited by severe windstorms, called tornadoes or cyclones, doing much damage to the portions thus visited.

In the latter part of the month of June, 1866, a terrific storm of this kind passed over the town of Burnside, which commenced in the northwest part of Vasa, following nearly in the valley of Spring creek, and through the southern part of Burnside, across into Wisconsin, spreading desolation in its track. Fortunately there were but few buildings in its path, which was only a few rods in width. But it left its mark in the destruction of the crops and trees and buildings in its course for several miles. The house of Mr. Justin Chamberlain, in Burnside, was totally destroyed. A Mr. Streeter had called at the house just as the storm

came up. Mr. C. and children were away in the field. When Mrs. Chamberlain saw the whirlwind approaching the house, she ran to the cellar and called to Mr. Streeter to follow; but being quite old and feeble, he failed to reach the place of safety and was taken up with the house and so badly injured that he died in a day or two after.

M. S. Chandler, then the sheriff of the county, was overtaken by the same storm on the road leading from Spring creek valley to Vasa prairie with his horse and buggy. Mr. Chandler, seeing the commotion in the air filled with flying debris approaching him, with admirable presence of mind, sprung from his carriage and threw himself flat upon the ground, and laid hold of an oak bush, while the storm passed over him without injury. While holding himself close to the ground, he saw his horse and buggy whirling in the air some distance above his head. But when quiet was restored, he looked in vain for them. A diligent search was made in the direction the storm had taken, and the horse, with a portion of the carriage, was found about a mile from the place where they had been taken up, lodged in the boughs of some trees.

Another similar storm occurred on the night of July 3, 1879, which was more destructive to life and property than the other. It had a much wider sweep and was accompanied with a heavy fall of rain. The wind and flood did much damage in Red Wing. Roofs were blown off, and cellars of stores and houses filled with water.

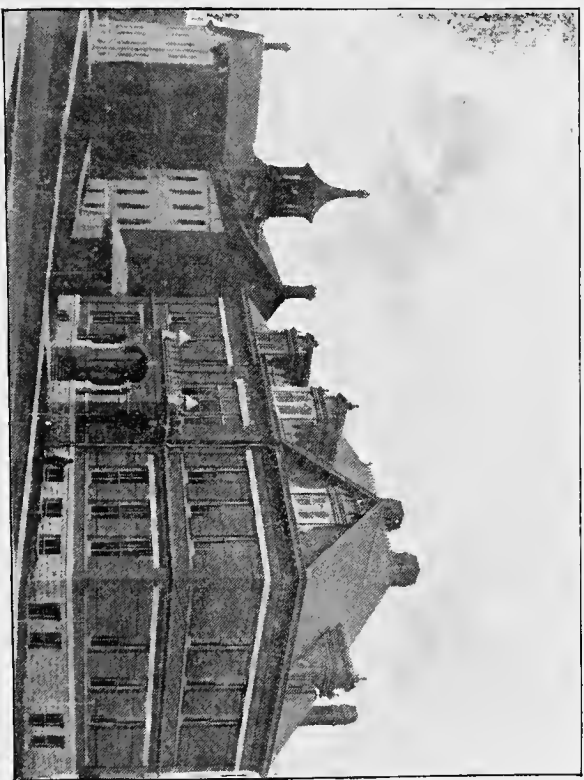
But the severest damage fell upon the town of Vasa. The force of the storm struck this town between eleven and twelve o'clock p. m., and though it lasted but a few

minutes it did great damage. The Orphan's Home, having twenty-eight inmates, was leveled to its foundation while the children were all in their beds. Pieces of the house and its contents were spread over the ground for miles. In the track of the storm, which was about fifty yards wide, scarcely a house or any other building escaped damage or destruction. The loss of life was fearful. A Mr. Holm and wife, G. V. Halberg, Erik Swenson, and seven of the orphan children were killed, and about thirty other persons badly wounded. One of the orphan babies was asleep in its cradle at the time. The cradle was carried a short distance by the wind, when a door fell over it, and on this door there fell the ruins of a brick chimney. It took eleven men to lift the door off the cradle, but when done the baby was found uninjured, and crowing as heartily as if the tornado was nothing but an every day occurrence. Another little one was found cowering under the lee of several large beams of timber, heavy enough to crush a house, but was unhurt. Another case of fortunate escape was that of a whole family of nine persons, who were precipitated into the cellar of their house, the walls of which fell on them, but in some mysterious way they were all protected from injury.

WACOUTA.

This is a factional township just east from Red Wing at the head of Lake Pepin, containing only about four sections of land. It takes the name of the last reigning chief of the Red Wing band, which signifies *The Shooter*.

The first settlement was made by George W. Bullard who came in 1850, and with the authority of a license to trade with the Indians began his improve-



RED WING HIGH SCHOOL.

ments. Abner W. Post came soon after and built the first house for Mr. Bullard. Post and Bullard put up a saw-mill and began the manufacture of lumber in 1853. Several families came and settled here about that time. A town site was surveyed and platted; building lots put on the market with some expectation of a future city. As early as 1854 hotels were built by Daniel Sanders and J. B. Smith; both were well patronized, as a large number of men were employed in the lumber business. Rafting logs, which were from the pineries further north, was done here at that time. Wacouta contended with the village of Red Wing for the location of the county seat. It continued a busy and growing place up to the breaking out of the civil war.

In the spring of the year 1857, when the ice remained in the lake until the first of May, the place was crowded with travelers, so that a third hotel was erected and furnished by Mr. Bullard. A post-office was established and many improvements inaugurated.

At the call for volunteers in 1861, about half of the legal voters of this village entered the army. The lumber business having already diminished, from that time the place did not flourish as a business point, and many of its inhabitants removed to other places.

Since the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad has been built and a station established here it is becoming a place of some importance again.

Among the earliest settlers still living, and who remain here, are Deacon George Post and Abner W. Post, both of whom have served as county commissioners at different periods in the early history of the county, and as public spirited leaders in their own township.

Near the railroad station a mill for the manufacture of syrup and sugar from amber cane has been in successful operation a few years, owned by N. H. and Paul Post.

Mrs. Julia B. Nelson, a well known lecturer and platform speaker, was for several years a resident of Wacouta. She was the first person in Goodhue county who took a first grade teacher's certificate. After teaching in the country a few years, she married Mr. Ole Nelson, who had just returned from the war, depleted in health. In about two years she was left a widow, and also bereft of her only child. She thenceforth dedicated her life to the cause of humanity ; was for several years teaching among the freedmen in the South. A few facts of her early history will be interesting to the reader, as related by herself at a meeting of the old settlers in Lake Pepin valley :

Had I ever been scalped by a savage Sioux, or scared to death by harmless Chippewas ; had I ever lived in a seven-by-nine log-house on three grains of corn a day ; had I ever practiced driving four-in-hand with an ox-team ; had I ever raised vegetables on territorial ground, or raised the chickens that crowed when Minnesota was admitted to the Union, it would not be inappropriate to call upon me, in an old settlers' meeting, and I should be both proud and happy to respond.

As the case stands, if I speak and confine myself wholly to facts, I fear you will not be greatly entertained and will conclude that, as an old settler, I am a fraud and a failure.

One darkish night in the June of 1857, the steamer Henry Clay landed at the town of Wacouta and from that boat stepped my father, Edward Bullard, who had been down the river and brought back with him some horses, some cattle, and two awkward school girls, one of whom was myself. Although it was late at night, I saw a good many lights in the darkness, and thought I had really come to town. Passing to my new home, I

heard men swearing inside of one of the three hotels in the place, and thought I had come to a new country.

I couldn't make a claim and develop the resources of the country, but I did what I could by attending the spelling-schools and lyceums which were in full blast. About two years after, I began "to teach the young idea how to shoot," and have followed that business much of the time since.

Speaking of Sabbath keeping, in the early days when there was "no sound of the church-going bell," an aunt of mine who came to the state before I did, who had no neighbors, and whose husband had gone on a journey of several days, kept the Sabbath, as she supposed, and the next day put out her washing. Her husband returned and notified her that she had been washing on Sunday.

Great changes have been wrought before our eyes, great improvements have been made in our time; but what pleases me most of all—more than the thought of railroad facilities and wonderful immigration, more than telegraphic communication and spacious and beautiful public buildings—is the prosperity of those who came here to make homes, bringing with them only health and hope and honest hearts and willing hands. To see those who worked hard behind oxen, riding with their own horses and carriages, and to see those who lived in log huts now occupying comfortable houses, enjoying themselves and educating their children—that is best of all.

At Wacouta in the old lyceum days there was a poet, John Wear*, who was also a prophet, and he wrote :

" Wacouta cannot stand
For it's founded on the sand."

There was truth in the poetry—there has been fulfillment to the prophecy—Wacouta has passed away and we are left to tell of it.

The reporter thinks it is well to note in the old settlers' record of this annual meeting, that Mrs. Nelson spoke entirely off hand, without any notes, and with much grace of voice and manner, and as the Green

* Now Hon. John Wear, of Sugar Loaf Valley.

Mountain poet, speaking of the Vermont women, comparing them with their maple sugar, her speech

“Was nice and sweet
And withal decidedly hard to beat.”

Wacouta has lately become a place of rest and recreation in the summer. About three-fourths of a mile from the railroad station, after passing through a small grove, the traveler may find himself at Vivian park, at the head of Lake Pepin. Here the waters of the great river expand into a wide and deep basin, which has all the qualities of a great lake, whose waters are still, except when stirred by the wind.

There, on high ground overlooking the lake, can be seen a row of cottages. Some eight or ten are already finished, while there is room for as many more, commanding the same extensive view of lake and wild surrounding scenery.

Here, separated from the noise and dust of the busy world, one can enjoy freedom from care; rest from accustomed labor; and healthful amusements. The facilities for hunting, fishing, rowing and sailing are abundant. Mr. Elijah Brown, the proprietor, has had a fine park laid out in rear of the cottage lots, with walks and carriage drives, through rows of trees, flowering shrubs and plants. He seems determined to spare neither time nor expense in making the place attractive. The famous nelumbian lily, often called the lotus, grows naturally and in great abundance near this resort.

WANAMINGO.

This town is bounded north by Leon, east by Minneola, west by Holden and south by Cherry Grove. The north branch of the Zumbro river runs through the

southern portion of this town, and a branch of the Cannon, through the northwestern part. The surface is gently rolling, and the soil very fertile, well watered by many springs and running streams, and where these are not at hand, water is found by digging a few feet below the surface.

There are natural groves of timber in all parts, side by side with the open prairie. No other township in the county furnishes equal advantages to the farmer.

The first settlers came here in 1854, and were natives of Norway. Early in that year Henry Nelson came to Dodgeville, Wisconsin, from California, where he had been staying a few years, and accumulated a snug little sum of money. About the same time his older brother, Torga Nelson, then a widower, came back to the same place from Australia, where he had also earned some money. They then agreed to go to the northwest together and search for a home. After purchasing a team, they started, and after being on the way as far as Root river, they heard that the territory of Minnesota contained good farming land with wood and water.

They then purchased a number of cattle and such farming implements as they would need for beginning farming operations. They were now joined by Thosten Anderson, another of their countrymen, who was also in the same pursuit. As both the Nelsons were determined to start in farming with all there was in it, they each hired a man to help them. Henry hired William Williamson (Runnigen) and Torga hired Nils Gulbrandson. Both these hired men were carpenters by trade. Mr. Gulbrandson left his family in Wisconsin, expecting to return for them in the fall, provided he liked the new country.

The prairie schooners were ready, and the little company started for the unknown land on the 21st of May, consisting, besides those already named, of the family of Henry Nelson, and also that of Thosten Anderson, with the two sisters of the Nelsons, namely, Mrs. Jens Ottun, whose husband had not yet arrived from the old country, and Mrs. Nels K. Fenne, whose husband was then in California.

After rambling over the new territory of Minnesota for three weeks, they came, on the 12th of June, to the place which is now called Wanamingo. They had for many days not seen any white persons but themselves. At about 11 a. m., on the day above named, they crossed the north fork of the Zumbro. Torga Nelson stopped his team and looking around saw there was a fine park, with beautiful land adjacent. He exclaimed: "Here I will live and die." His words have been fulfilled; he died in 1889, having lived in that place thirty-five years. The whole company found it to be the desirable country for settlement, and so began their improvements.

Knowing nothing as to how much land one man could hold as a claim, they marked off large portions, for they expected others of their countrymen to join them in making the town a Norse town. They began by making dug-outs and sod shanties for living and sleeping apartments. They broke up the prairie for field culture, and planted some corn, sowed buckwheat and rutabagas. They also planted a few potatoes that season.

Four weeks after this party had made their stand, two young men, Hans Ovaldson and Andrias Hesjelden came to the place, having followed their tracks. These young men belonged to a larger party of immigrants,

whom they had left some thirty-five or forty miles behind. They were so much pleased with the location that they started back immediately for their comrades. They found them and induced nearly all of them to come to Wanamingo.

This last party consisted of Andres Baarnhus and his family, John Stroemme and family, Kolben Ektevest and family, Gunder Hestemyr, Ole O. Oakland, Haldor Johnson, also having their families. About the first of August another train of Norwegian immigrants came on from Wisconsin, but finding the township of Wanamingo already claimed, they went further west into Holden and Kenyon, some even beyond the county line west, to make claims.

In the latter part of July, this town was visited by two men from Red Wing which was the first intimation the new settlers had of the existence of such a place. These men informed them that Red Wing was on the Mississippi river, about thirty miles distant, in a northeasterly direction. This information was a great benefit, as before this they knew of no market town nearer than Decorah, Iowa.

In August, Nils Gulbrandson went to Wisconsin for his family, and it was agreed that he should meet Mr. Jens Ottun there, who had arrived from Norway, and accompany him to Red Wing on a steamboat. Three weeks later Torga and Henry Nelson set out for Red Wing to meet them. After wandering about two days they found the place. In the meantime the party had arrived, but both men had taken the cholera while on the steamboat. Mr. Gulbrandson died in one hour after landing. Mr. Ottun survived. They were left on the shore by the boat hands. Mrs. Gulbrandson took charge

of her dying husband and a grown-up daughter. The latter also took the disease and died shortly after her father.

Mr. William Freeborn, seeing Mr. Ottun lying on the levee with none seemingly to care for him, offered five dollars to the man who would take him to some house and care for him over night. A few days after this, the Nelsons had arrived in Red Wing and found Ottun so far recovered as to be walking about, and he, in company with Mrs. Gulbrandson and her son Gilbert, returned with the Nelsons to the new settlement. The next year Mr. Torga Nelson and Mrs. Gulbrandson were married.

In October, 1854, the Nelsons went again to Red Wing for winter supplies. Nils J. Ottun, the son of Jens Ottun, relates that his father sent by them for flour and some other necessities. Having only ten dollars, his wife sent a gold nugget worth ten dollars more. They bought two barrels of flour. His father worked for Mr. Torga Nelson, splitting rails, that winter, leaving himself and his mother to keep house alone. He remembers that his mother used to measure off the slice of bread for each to be eaten at every meal, the same size, and this with a little butter and something they called coffee for drink, constituted their every-day diet through the winter. In the latter part of March, the people who had settled in the northern part of the town, came to them for flour. They were entirely out and the snow was so deep they could not get to Red Wing. Only one barrel was then left in the settlement. That was one of the two which his father had bought, and it was equally divided among all and was made to last until the road to Red Wing became passable.

The first death among the settlers was that of the youngest child of Thosten Anderson, named Berith. Mrs. Jens Ottun was requested to select a suitable place for a burial ground, and a farm for a preacher, which she did at the time of the burial of this child, in July, 1854. The first white child born in this town was Knute N. Fenne, in September of the same year.

The first marriage was a double wedding in June, 1855. Mr. Torga Nelson and Mrs. Gulbrandson, already mentioned, and John J. Marifjerson and Miss Soeneva Johnson, were united at the same time by Rev. Nils Brant, of Oconomowoc, Wis. The first public religious service was held the same month by the same clergyman.

The land selected for the preacher was that now occupied by Rev. B. J. Muus, who came on in 1859. In the meantime they were supplied by several preachers from Iowa and Wisconsin.

A few American families came to this town in 1855, and made claims in the southern portion, on the Zumbro river. One of these settlers, Mr. James Brown, platted and laid into lots, forty acres of land, for village purposes, and called the place Wanamingo, the name of a heroine in a novel. The first store was built in this village by J. T. Wright. There are now several stores, one hotel, two blacksmith shops, a public school house, a fine church edifice, and a number of neat private dwellings. The American settlers have nearly all sold out and gone, and the village is occupied by the Norwegians and their descendants. There is another village in the northeast corner of the township, called Hader, where there is a hotel, a public school house, several stores and shops.

Near the center of Wanamingo is another cluster

of buildings, a post-office, a large church, store and blacksmith shop. This village is called Aspelund. Another village near the western boundary with similar advantages is called Norway. There are four post-offices in the township, ten school houses, one flouring mill, and three fine church buildings, each of the latter capable of seating 500 persons. Rev. B. J. Muus was the first settled pastor in the township. He became pastor of the first church organization which was called the "Eastern church of the congregation of Holden," and embraced all the Lutherans in several of the surrounding townships, and consisted of more than seventy heads of families in its membership. The first board of trustees were Knute K. Finseth, Kjustol G. Næseth, H. O. Huset and C. Lockrem. The next church organization was effected in 1859 and called the "Evangelical Lutheran church" in Wanamingo; Rev. O. Hanson, pastor.

These first settlers had some difficulty the first year in adjusting the boundaries of their several claims. Not knowing how many acres one person could hold and preempt, their farms were unusually large. Disputes often arose, and it was reported that one fierce battle was fought on section twenty, using clubs, ax handles, etc., for weapons, "with damaging results to more pates than one." Every one wanted timber, prairie land and running water. It was in the latter part of 1855 before they found that each could hold but 160 acres, in adjoining forty acre lots. In some cases their first buildings would be a mile away from their breaking, as the late comers were obliged to claim a patch here, and a patch there, in order to satisfy all needs. So there were troubles to meet and overcome when they went to the

land office to purchase their lands from the United States government, after it had come into market.

Many had hard struggles to encounter in that settlement during the first two years. They had not the means to pay their passage over the sea and were obliged to devote their first earnings to that outlay. But for the fact that a few who had money and could furnish work for others who had none, there would have been much suffering.

The people from Norway seem to be well fitted for pioneers in a new country. As farmers they have proved themselves to be more successful than any other nationality who have come to this county. With no other means than a willingness to labor in any work required to be done, with stout arms and faith in God and their fellowmen, many of them are now reckoned among the wealthiest of our citizens in every branch of business now carried on. The farms and farm buildings in the town of Wanamingo, at the present day, show a degree of thrift and industry equal to the best in this country.

The first wheat crop was raised here in the year 1856. There being no flouring mills near, it was all kept and used for seed.

Wanamingo township was organized in May, 1858, by the election of the following officers : O. Hanson, N. K. Fenne and J. G. Brown, supervisors ; W. R. Brown, justice of the peace ; J. T. Wright, town clerk ; Warren Illson, constable ; N. K. Fenne, assessor.

This town has the honor of being the first to build up and sustain the Norwegian Lutheran church, which has become the most numerous of the christian churches in the county, having about 4,000 communicants. This

denomination have at the present sixteen church edifices in Goodhue county. These buildings are large and fine, generally costing about \$4,000 each; and capable of seating comfortably from four to six hundred people. A parish school is connected with each church.

They have an Academical School and Theological Seminary, in Red Wing; and also a Seminary for young ladies at the same place. Rev. B. J. Muus, the first settled pastor of this church, is still residing in Wanningo.

WARSAW.

This town is bounded on the north by Stanton, east by Leon, south by Holden, west by Rice county. The Little Cannon river, passing along the eastern border, gives it a broken woodland appearance in that part; but the greater portion of the town is high rolling prairie with a deep rich soil.

The first settlers came in 1855, among whom were: Moses, William and Edwin George, Robert McCorkle, Washington King, R. B. Wilson, E. H. Sumner, J. E. Wright and Francis McKee. They made their claims in the northern part of the township, broke up the soil, and commenced raising the golden wheat.

The first school was taught by Emma Babcock, in the summer of 1859. The first birth was a child to Mr. and Mrs. Washington King in 1856; the first death that of Mr. John Chambers. Rev. Isaac Waldron was the first preacher, who held religious services in the house of Alexander McKee in the summer of 1858. There is a Baptist church in the northern part of the town. The people in the south part attend the Holden Lutheran church.

There are three post-offices, one at the railroad station in the west, called Dennison ; one at Wangs, in the center; the other at Sogan, in the eastern part of the town.

The southern part of this town was settled by people from Norway in the year 1856, among whom were Anders Anderson, Nils Gunderson, Ole and Hagen Knutson and Andrew Thompson.

WELCH.

This town includes the east half of government township, 114 north, of range 16 west, and the whole of township 113 north of range 16 west, except that part which lies south of Cannon river. It is bounded on the north by the Mississippi river, east by Burnside, south by Vasa, and west by Dakota county. The surface in the southern part is broken. The middle is rolling prairie, having an excellent soil. The northern portion consists of a large portion of Prairie Island, bordering the Vermillion and Mississippi rivers. There is plenty of wood along the rivers. The town was first organized under the name of Grant, 1864. It was soon after changed to the present name in honor of Judge Wm. H. Welch, who was Chief Justice of Minnesota territory, under the administration of President Pierce.

Among the first permanent settlers were, E. W. Carver, William Boothroyd, Michael Henry, John Bloom, Gohcham Esta, D. O. Swanson and N. C. Crandall.

The first board of town officers while under the name of Grant, were: A. Coons, Joseph Eggleston, Benjamin Bevers, supervisors; J. B. Waugh, town clerk; M. O'Rourke, treasurer; E. W. Carver, assessor; J. B.

Waugh, justice of the peace; P. C. Brown and D. Black, constables.

On the sixth day of September, 1864, a special town meeting was called for the purpose of voting a tax to raise money to pay volunteers to fill the quota required from the town, at which meeting it was voted to raise six hundred dollars as bounty to volunteers for the confederate war. Another war meeting was held February 11, 1865, for the purpose of raising more bounty money. At this meeting seven hundred dollars were voted to be raised to pay volunteers if they could be obtained; if not, to pay the money to the men who stood the draft. E. W. Carver was selected to look after the matter of obtaining men to fill the town's quota. Those who went to the war from this town were: Philo Brown, J. S. Nelson and S. S. Twitchell.

The name of the town was changed from Grant to Welch in January, 1872. The first town board for Welch was: M. Henry, Thomas Brenner and Michael Hart, supervisors; J. S. Nelson, clerk.

The Swedish Lutheran church was erected in 1878, at a cost of \$4,600, and its membership is about 180. The store at Welch Mills, a station on the Cannon Valley road, was built in 1886, at a cost of \$500. An elevator was erected there in 1890 at a cost of \$1,500, with a capacity of about 25,000 bushels.

There are four school districts in this township in each of which is a good school house, the erection of which cost from \$500 to \$800 for each one.

Among those who have been prominently identified with the interests of the town and county, is the Hon. N. C. Crandall, who settled here in 1869. He repre-

sented his district in the State legislature in 1878 ; has been justice of the peace several years, and town clerk.

Prominent among the farmers of the county, is Mr. William Boothroyd, of this town, who has taken much interest in improving the breed of horses.

Welch is a well watered and well wooded township, and its rolling prairie lands are under the best state of cultivation.

ZUMBROTA.

This township consists of rolling prairie with small groves of burr oak in a few places. The soil is excellent. The north branch of the Zumbro river runs through the southwest corner, and gives name to the township and village, by the addition of a syllable.

The following history of the early settlement of this town has been kindly furnished by one who was an active participant in the events recorded:

“Zumbrota was settled by a small fragment of a large company, called the Stafford Western Emigration company. The original company was organized in the winter of 1855-6. This company contained over 150 members, most of them heads of families. Its members were mainly from Massachusetts and Connecticut. It had a paid up capital of some \$30,000. The plan contemplated the purchase of at least a township of land in one body, and the laying out of a village in the center of the tract. The aim of the projectors was to plant a distinctively New England colony in the west. At a meeting of the company at Lowell, Massachusetts, in February, 1856, the organization was perfected and plans matured to transplant the colony in the early spring as soon as a suitable site could be selected by the com-

mittee of three who were chosen for the purpose. This committee started for the West soon after the meeting at Lowell and took with them about \$30,000 with which to purchase land and make the needed improvements ready for the colonists, when they should arrive. It would be tedious to relate the details which followed the departure of the committee for the West. Suffice it to say none of the committee were practical men. They had no acquaintance with western affairs. And at least two out of the three seem to have had separate schemes of their own by which each hoped to subserve his own interest, or that of his friends and backers. The result was such as might have been expected. There soon developed dissensions and divisions in the committee. After wasting some three months of time and \$3,000 of the company's funds, the company was called together again in May, at Lowell, to hear the report of the chairman of the committee. The outcome of this meeting was a dissolution of the original company and a repayment of the funds to the members, less the amount expended, or squandered, by the committee. This repayment of the funds was obtained through the unflinching integrity of Charles Ward.

"Immediately upon the breaking up of the original company, a few of its members proceeded to reorganize a new company upon a much smaller scale. Several members of this company immediately started for Minnesota in order to find a location for their little colony. Instead of a special committee the members constituted themselves a committee of the whole, and upon their arrival in Minnesota started out in search of land. They had agreed upon Red Wing as a place of rendezvous,

where they should meet and compare notes. A company of three of these explorers, who seem to have been a leading sub-committee of the company, in the latter part of July, 1856, proceeded to the southwest of that point to the southerly part of the then territory of Minnesota. This committee consisted of Joseph Bailey, Daniel B. Goddard and Samuel Chaffee. After several days of weary search for government land that could be had for their purpose, and finding nothing to their liking, they started on their return to Red Wing, weary, footsore and discouraged, fully resolved to return to New England.

“Let us now for a brief period leave our travelers making their melancholy journey to the Mississippi river, and give a few moments attention to what had transpired in the valley of the north branch of the Zumbro. There was a beautiful valley three miles in width and perhaps four miles in length, through the center of which the Zumbro coursed like a serpentine band of silver. On account of this tract not being represented on the maps of the time as surveyed lands, it was supposed to be on the “Half Breed tract,” so called, consequently up to midsummer, 1856, scarcely a settler had ventured into this beautiful valley. No road traversed it. The trail of the red man and the old paths left by the buffalo were the only evidence remaining that any living creature had ever traversed the valley. The old territorial road from St. Paul to Dubuque crossed the Zumbro about one and one-half miles below the lower end of this valley. In the spring of 1856, a backwoodsman, by the name of Smith, who was a born pioneer and could no more endure civilization than a Sioux Indian, who nevertheless

was shrewd and scheming, in one of his hunting trips for deer, ducks, or prairie chickens, strolled over the divide from the big woods on the middle branches of the Zumbro where he had settled the year before, into the above described valley. He found to his surprise that no settler had invaded its precincts. His interest was aroused. He traveled over its length and breadth, appreciated both its beauties and its advantages, though one may suppose that its beauties in his mind had more of a practical than an esthetic value. Visiting the valley several times he discovered that near the center was an ideal site for a town; that the road from Red Wing to the southwest, if straightened, would cross the Zumbro in the center of his proposed townsite, and that there was a natural crossing at that point. He also discovered that by straightening the St. Paul and Dubuque road it would also cross the center of this valley. Keeping all this to himself he found a man by the name of Aaron Doty, who would preempt a quarter section in the valley and share the land with him after the title was obtained from the government. The claim was filed on and made secure. This was Smith's first move. He next visited Red Wing and found a man by the name of Gambia, a merchant, who was willing to take a quarter section adjoining, and aid him in his townsite project. Meantime he had traced out the route for the change of the Red Wing and Mantorville road, and stationed himself somewhere near the center of the present town of Roscoe, in order to intercept some of the many teams which were passing from points south towards Red Wing. He was able now and then to persuade one to try the new route over the trackless prairie. In this way after awhile there was a wagon track that could be,

followed in the direction he desired, straightening the former road. It was late in July or early in August of 1856, Smith and Doty had the walls of their shanty built to the height of some ten feet. It had as yet no roof. A few boards leaned against the inside wall and furnished them a rude shelter during the rain and at night. Occasionally a wayfarer would stop and share the hospitality of Smith, whose wife had come over from the woods to keep house for her husband. Doty, who was unmarried, boarded with Smith. The sun was approaching the horizon the afternoon when three weary travelers called at Smith's shanty and asked for a drink of water, and some food. They were informed by Smith, who was delighted that his new road was beginning to be traveled, that he could accommodate them. Smith's wife soon spread before them on a rough board table such viands as her larder afforded, consisting of wheat bread, molasses and cold boiled venison; some coffee, black as ink, without milk or sugar; and a dish of cool water from a spring near by. These three travelers were the sub-committee whom we left journeying towards Red Wing. They anxiously inquired the distance to Red Wing and also the distance to the nearest stopping place on the road, Smith having no accommodation for them over night. They concluded to go on as far as Mooer's, who had a log house where Luther Chapman's house now stands. Smith, with his shrewd inquisitiveness, had drawn out of these men the object of their journey, and the fact of their failure to find what they were seeking for. Learning that they were representatives of a colony and had been upon an unsuccessful search for a suitable location, Smith with his rude enthusiasm told them that he had just the spot

for them ; that the place where they now were was the promised land. He expatiated upon the fact that the center of the valley was just the place for a town ; that there was an abundance of vacant land all around ; pointed out the further fact that that particular point was the natural center of travel from St. Paul to Dubuque, Wabasha to Faribault, and Red Wing to Mantorville and other points to the southwest which made Red Wing their shipping point. But our travelers were too weary and discouraged to listen to Smith's suggestions and propositions. Samuel Chaffee, one of the three, an elderly man, was not only weary but sick. It was with difficulty that he could travel at all. He reached Red Wing the next day and died a few days after. As our trio ascended the northern slope of the valley, Mr. Chaffee, in his weak condition, sat down to rest. Turning his eyes toward the river, as the sun was casting its last rays upon the landscape, the view that met his gaze was one of unequaled beauty. So impressed was he that he called out to his associates to stop and look at the landscape as he was doing. At first they chided him for delaying their progress, but at his solicitation they returned to his side. He exclaimed to them, "How beautiful ! Why, is not that the spot we have been looking for?" His companions became interested also. As the shadows of evening began to fall, the three men arose with a profound conviction that the beautiful valley before them was their Canaan. It continued to be the theme of their conversation, while picking their way along the faint wagon tracks on the prairie, and at their lodging place. During the next day, with more hope than they had felt before, they made their way to Red Wing, Goddard and Bailey weary and

footsore, Chaffee sick unto death. At Red Wing they found several of their associates awaiting them. They reported what they had found in the valley of the Zumbro. It was resolved by all of them that the place should be visited the next day. The other members of the party, as the writer remembers, was Josiah Thompson, T. P. Kellett, Albert Barrett, and Dr. Ira Perry. On the following morning leaving Goddard to take care of his sick companion, Chaffee, the others chartered a conveyance and repaired to the valley of the promise. It was afternoon when they came in sight of it. The whole party were in ecstasies over the view that met their eyes, and all with one accord exclaimed, that is our land of promise.

"They soon were in conference with Smith and Doty. The 160 acres preempted by Doty was negotiated for at a low price, each retaining an interest with the company, which was denominated the Stafford Western Emigration company. Smith, who knew every acre of land in the valley, pointed out to them the claims, very few of which had as yet been taken. Three or four parties had settled in the valley besides Smith and Doty but they were soon bought out. Each of those present selected a claim for himself and one or two for his friends, who were in some cases real, and in others, imaginary. The land office was at Winona where all those who had selected claims repaired and made the necessary filing. On their return, our party fell in with several persons who were seeking places in the west where they could settle, among them J. A. Thacher, a civil engineer and surveyor. He was induced to go along with the company. Meantime they had found a surveyor by the name of Beckwith, whom they had en-

gaged to survey their townsite. Upon the return of the party from Winona, the townsite was surveyed and platted under the auspices of Messrs. Beckwith and Thacher. The shape of the original townsite was unique. It extended from the Zumbro river, one mile in length and about seventy rods in width. It is a matter of tradition that the reason for laying out the town in this shape was that the town would eventually grow to large dimensions and would extend across the river. The townsite was bounded on the west for its whole length by a school section which was not then available. The 160 acres east of the surveyed townsite was claimed by S. P. Gambia, of Red Wing, who had become a member of the company, and who had promised, as far as he dared do before getting the title to his land, that he would turn it in to the company and have it laid out into lots. One of the members had purchased of a settler a quarter section north of the school section, which some of the party alleged was to be turned in to the company and become a part of the extensive townsite, while Joseph Bailey and Ira Perry, getting possession of the adjacent land across the river, were to turn in that, in due course of time, to the company for a further addition to the townsite. Alas for human expectations! The north quarter of the original strip of land laid out for a townsite was all and more than was needed for town purposes for ten years after the events here narrated.

“It was the second day of September, in the afternoon, a weary and footsore footman came hobbling down the southern slope of the valley of the Zumbro. His eye caught but one shanty in all the valley; that was the new board shanty of Dr. Ira Perry, on the north side of

the river, and one half mile distant from it. That was his objective point. The river was concealed from view. As he rounded a moderate sized rise of land on the school section he espied a log shanty much nearer than the one above mentioned. It seemed rather uninviting, but he concluded to call at it and make certain inquiries that were crowding his mind. As he approached this shanty he saw a large middle-aged man amusing himself by pitching quoits. Upon coming nearer the spot where this solitary individual was amusing himself our traveler recognized T. P. Kellett, whom he had met at the meetings of the old company in Lowell, Massachusetts. Any one who has known Mr. Kellett for the last third of a century need not be told that a cordial greeting and hearty welcome was extended to this limping wayfarer.

"The individual whom we have just left in Mr. Kellett's care was the writer of this article. The above described event marks his entry into the valley of the Zumbro; his entrance into the city of great expectations, then without a name. A few events antedating the above described occurrence may not be wholly uninteresting.

"The writer was principal of a New England academy in New Hampshire. He had caught the western fever, but was not dangerously affected till one day in the fall of 1855, he happened to read in some local paper a clipping from the *Lowell Courier*, giving an account of a large colony which was in process of organization, whose object was to secure a large tract of land in the west and the establishment of a New England community, with New England institutions. The writer immediately addressed a note of inquiry to the *Lowell Courier*,

In due time a reply was received referring him to Ward and Thompson, of Lowell. Correspondence was opened with Ward and Thompson, the writer was soon put in possession of the facts pertaining to the organization of the colony and in due time became a member and a stockholder. Upon the breaking up of the old company he declined to join the new project, but promised to keep in correspondence with the president of the new company, Josiah Thompson. It was the middle of July before the writer could get his funds back from the old company and start for the west. On the last day of August, 1856, while negotiating a business transaction at Faribault with a view of settling there, he received a letter from Josiah Thompson, that the company had finally found a desirable location about twenty miles from Red Wing, and that a claim and a share in the company had been reserved for him. Suspending further negotiations at Faribault, the writer started on foot and alone early Monday morning, September 1, for the promised land, not knowing where to find it. He took the road eastward from Faribault, proceeded through the big woods along East Prairie, so called, where there were a few settlers, and a little after noon, after crossing the Zumbro, here a small stream, found a small log building which was occupied as a store. No other building stood in the immediate vicinity. It was the first building on the townsite of Kenyon. The little store was in charge of a young man by the name of Barker. The writer purchased some crackers and cheese upon which he satiated his hunger. He inquired if any tidings had reached that place of a new settlement somewhere to the eastward and about twenty miles from Red Wing. The reply was, that at a place called Sumners, a num-

ber of persons from the east had recently settled. Concluding that it might be the place he was in pursuit of, he continued his journey. Sumners was on the present site of Concord in Dodge county. It was sunset when the first settler's hut was reached. The writer here found a spring of water, a draught from which refreshed his drooping spirits. He found that Sumners' was still three miles distant. He had already traveled twenty-five miles and was lame in every joint. Hopping along as best he could, he reached Sumners just as the last flickering twilight was fading in the west. At Sumners he found Beckwith, who had just returned from the valley of the Zumbro, where he had surveyed the townsite for the company, who had settled there. To his dismay he learned that the townsite Beckwith had surveyed was the goal of his travels, and was fourteen miles distant. The next morning he started for the new town following Beckwith's directions as to the road. He found a tolerably good wagon road to the present site of Roscoe. Here he found a little log store, at which he made inquiries as to the way, and, stocked up with crackers and cheese, he followed the grassy wagon trail and at length found himself as described above, the guest of the genial and honest-hearted Englishman, Kellett. Smith and Doty's shanty had become a hotel. Travel had set in over the new road and many wayfarers were glad to avail themselves of mine host Smith's hospitality, which by the way, was without stint, within the compass of his means. Most of the members of the company lodged in the board shanty across the river, but took their meals at Smith's. Smith's hotel for several months was the center of interest and influence in the embryo city. A description of it may

not be uninteresting. In dimensions it was twelve by eighteen feet on the ground, and twelve feet to the eaves. It was built of poplar logs about eight and ten inches in diameter, roughly hewn on the inside and outside. The interstices between the logs were filled with clay, according to the most primitive architecture. The floor for the upper story was about eight feet from the lower floor, and both floors were rough boards. The upper story was used exclusively as a sleeping room. There was a small window in the east gable. In this attic there were as many beds as could be placed; some on rude bedsteads and some on the floor. These beds were made of prairie hay, and the bed clothes were mainly cheap blankets. There were also two beds in the lower room standing end to end. During the autumn the cooking and much of the housework was done in a lean-to shed at one end of the cabin.

“Soon after the location of the company, new arrivals were frequent until Smith’s hotel was filled to overflowing. The table fare was abundant, if not always palatable. But in those days appetites were good and the food was eagerly disposed of. The fare consisted mainly of bread made from wheat flour, mixed with the fry of pork, and baked in large iron pans; salt pork, occasionally boiled; fresh beef or venison, which sometimes was allowed to remain out in the sun till it became slippery before it was cooked. Vegetables were rare; butter likewise, and when furnished was, in strength, about five-horse power. Molasses was a staple article. Coffee, or a decoction which went by that name, was an ever present beverage. Those who lodged at Dr. Perry’s shanty over the river had comfortable beds and pure air at least. All was activity and stir. Every one was

eager to secure a claim and get his shanty up before winter. Soon all the travel from Red Wing to the southward passed through the new settlement. The amount of teaming increased daily, and in a few weeks the new road became a busy thoroughfare. The writer, upon his arrival, was met with a quasi cordiality. He was told by actions, if not in words, that he must look out for number one or get left, if he concluded to settle among them. The outlook was not as rosy as the letter, which induced him to go there, gave him reason to expect. Several of the members of the company had selected two and three claims each, ostensibly for their friends who were to follow them. Those bogus claims were respected by the members of the company and by others for a time. A claim had been selected for the writer, three miles away, which he never took the trouble to look up. He purchased one of the reserved claims, paying \$350 for it. This transaction coming to the knowledge of the members of the company, and of Smith, created no little excitement. While the purchaser of the claim was not censured, the party selling was bitterly denounced as acting in bad faith, trying to speculate out of these extra claims instead of keeping them for friends, as was the understanding at the outset. Smith had expected to make a handsome sum out of selecting claims for settlers, but gave up his chance in this direction to those members of the company who were on the ground to choose for themselves, and those they left behind. He now threatened to place a settler on every claim not actually occupied. So great was the excitement that the party selling the before-mentioned claim bought off the writer by deeding him an undivided half of the 160 acres north of the school sec-

tion, for the sum of \$350. This quieted Smith, but not the members, who claimed that this tract had been purchased for the company and not on private account. Soon parties outside learned of these claims, which were held for so-called friends, and began to settle on them; so that soon no claims were held except such as had been filed on according to law.

"The question of naming the new town was the cause of no little discussion. Zumbrota was finally decided upon. The original members of the company were not men of practical experience and broad views in the matter of town building. The trustees especially were very narrow and shortsighted. They placed an extravagant price upon their town lots, and were not liberal enough to donate any for much desired improvements. One of the most important needs of the new town was a hotel. Ezra Wilder came over from Oronoco to build one. The trustees gave him no attention and were unwilling to make any concessions to him. Doty finally sold him two lots at a moderate price, in an undesirable location. He proceeded to erect a building for hotel purposes late in the fall, which he was not able to make comfortable till midwinter, though it was actually occupied at the beginning of the winter. The frame of this building was put up and it was sided and the roof shingled by December 1: The weather was extremely cold, and a considerable depth of snow was on the ground. Perry had moved his shanty to a hillside, and made a basement for it in the ground. Into this he moved his wife and several children. Smith's cabin was full to overflowing. Another family besides Smith's occupied the lower story, while the attic was filled with lodgers. The writer had brought out from the east

some bedding. He and J. A. Thacher had Wilder lay a loose floor in the second story over the cook stove, and hang up sheets around to keep the snow out. Upon this floor a bed, filled with prairie hay, was laid and these two men lodged there for some weeks, with the mercury outside at 30° below zero, and but a trifle above that indoors where they slept. They took their meals below at Wilder's table. Wilder's family consisted of his wife and two interesting daughters. How these women endured the rigors of that terrible winter in the half finished building, has ever been a mystery. So cold was it, that within four feet of the cook stove where these women cooked the food for several persons, water would freeze on the beard while one was washing his face. A few families came on in the fall, but they suffered many hardships and deprivations, which can scarcely be realized at this day. There were many cases of sickness and much discouragement. Dr. Perry's wife was sick all winter and nearly insane. Others were similarly affected. One poor fellow was taken down with typhoid fever at Smith's. The house was full of boarders. He soon died from want of care. It could not be given him. All travel soon ceased. Occasionally some one would go to Red Wing for the mail and needed supplies. T. P. Kellett had opened a store with a small stock of goods. No post-office was established till the following spring. Locomotion on the prairies was made on snow shoes. Those remote from timber found it difficult to keep warm during the winter. Snow fell about November 20, and remained on the ground till May of the following spring. Notwithstanding the setting in of winter all parties were eagerly planning to advance the interests of the new town. It

was determined to change the route of the St. Paul and Dubuque stage through Zumbrota, and to open a road from Wabasha, on the Mississippi river, to Faribault. With the latter end in view, the writer, in company with J. A. Thacher, proposed to examine the route to be selected from Zumbrota to Kenyon where it would connect with the existing road. They started in the latter part of November. The snow was eight inches deep, and twice that depth in the prairie grass. It took two or three days to reach Faribault. The next day after their arrival, a heavy snow storm came on which continued two or three days. The return to Zumbrota presented a most dismal aspect. The writer, not feeling able to undertake the return over the prairie on foot, with the increase of snow and a high wind prevailing, decided to take the stage for Hastings. This he did and rode some thirty-five miles in a severe snow storm, the wind blowing almost a gale. He kept from suffering by lying on the bottom of the open sleigh, and covering himself with buffalo robes. Late in the afternoon he left this conveyance and stopped at a lone shanty on the open prairie, waiting for the stage which would soon be due from St. Paul on its way to Dubuque. It was dark before the stage came along which he took and after riding some fifteen miles more arrived at Cannon Falls. The stage stopped at this place over night. The hotel accommodations were somewhat primitive. The hotel consisted of two log buildings united. After getting warm and partaking bountifully of the homely fare, the writer was shown up stairs or up the step-ladder to bed. He slightly demurred at the outlook for the night's lodging, but on being told that no better accommodations could be had, he subsided and went to

bed with most of his garments on. It soon became apparent that by morning he would be buried under the snow, as the wind was blowing and sifting it through every crevice. He arose and descended to the public room, where at least there was sufficient warmth from the overheated stove. Assuming an air of some dignity and giving the landlord to understand that he was one of the proprietors of the important new town of Zumbrota, he was again taken up the step-ladder and given a cozy little room with a good bed, which evidently was not allowed to ordinary guests.

"The following morning the writer again took the stage and by the middle of the afternoon reached the Zumbro river two and a half miles below Zumbrota. It took two hours to get over this distance. He had to face a piercing northeast wind. The snow was drifted so that he had to crawl on his hands and knees in order to make any progress. He finally reached Wilder's hotel, benumbed with cold and nearly exhausted.

"Thacher decided to return alone and on foot. As was expected he had not reached Zumbrota when the writer arrived there; nor did he get there till after sunset the next day. It had become intensely cold. All parties at Zumbrota feared that Thacher might have perished. A meeting was called to organize a rescuing party to start next morning. Late in the afternoon a dark speck was seen upon the snow some three miles to the westward in the direction of Faribault. It was observed to move. All hands became interested in this moving object. Soon it was seen to be a man moving towards the town. It was conjectured to be Thacher and so proved. He had been three days on the way. The night before he reached home he was lost on the prai-

rie. Finally espying a dark object in the distance, he found it to be a clump of woods on the Zumbro bottom. He made for this patch of woods hoping to find shelter from the piercing cold. Fortunately not far away he espied a light. Approaching it he found the cabin of a settler where he stopped for that night and thus undoubtedly escaped death by freezing.

"Soon after the excursion to Faribault, the writer left Zumbrota for Winona, where he remained till February. It was the morning of December 15. The mercury stood at thirty degrees below zero. A two-horse team drove up to the door of Wilder's hotel. Every available buffalo robe and blanket and bed quilt was brought into requisition. Some eight or ten persons packed into the conveyance and started for Winona. All were going to the land office to prove up their claims and pay for their land. It took two days to make the trip. The intervening night was spent at a small house between Rochester and St. Charles. The place was a sort of half-way house designed to accommodate travelers. There was but one sleeping room. Beds of prairie hay were laid upon the floor, which filled the entire space of one side of the room. The buffalo robes and blankets belonging to the party, constituted most of the bed clothes. When these rude beds were ready there was a rush for them. Two unfortunates, the writer was one of them, were left. These got their revenge by preventing the others from sleeping till long past midnight. Finally, all parties becoming exhausted, those on the floor fell asleep, when the two unlucky ones robbed the others of a part of their bedding, and made themselves as comfortable as possible

for the night. Some of the party went east from Wirona; a part returned to Zumbrota.

"The writer returned to Zumbrota about the middle of February. The snow was several feet in depth. A thaw about that time had made a hard crust, so that travel, except on a few roads, was impossible. On the prairie the snow was not hard enough to bear a man's weight, and it was impossible to get round except on snow shoes.

"The few members of the company remaining all the winter in Zumbrota, were busy planning for the opening of spring, when large accessions of settlers were expected, and the parties who had gone East were expected with their families. The first important end to gain was to open the St. Paul and Dubuque stage road through Zumbrota. The stage company had promised to make the change if a passable road be made. To open this road it became necessary to break a new track from Lee's, four miles southeast of Zumbrota, to Hader, eight miles to the northwest. All the inhabitants in the settlement and along the proposed new route, turned out on an appointed day, with shovels and axes, to cut down the brush and break through the snow crust, and a few yoke of oxen to tread the open track into some semblance of a road. After several days of hard work, the road was declared passable, and to the unspeakable delight of all, the stage for the first time made a trip through the incipient town. This was a great event. The next move was to secure a post-office. This was eventually done and T. P. Kellett appointed post-master.

"The next important enterprise inaugurated was a bridge over the Zumbro at the foot of Main street. This bridge consisted of stringers of oak laid from bank

to bank upon which were laid for a floor poplar poles, hewed flat on the upper and lower sides. This primitive bridge was the only one for many years. After the twentieth of March, the settlers began to return; new ones also began to arrive. The writer was appointed agent, with very limited authority, to negotiate for the sale of lots to the newcomers. The spring was late, and cold snow laid on the ground till near May. The ice did not break up in Lake Pepin till May 1, so that many of the families of the settlers were obliged to remain at the foot of the lake for days and weeks. There was a rush of people to Zumbrota in the spring. Many found claims on the prairie; a few settled in town. A large number finding no chance for employment, and no building material being at hand—the roads being almost impassable it could not be hauled from Red Wing—left for other parts.

“Those who remained exerted themselves to the utmost to boom the new town. A flouring mill was built, other enterprises inaugurated, high hopes entertained, but all these hopes were dashed by the financial crash in the fall of 1857. Zumbrota was a failure for the time and its projectors and proprietors in the dumps. Let others write its subsequent history.

“It is hoped that this meagre story may interest the descendants of the first settlers. It is not pleasant for the writer to recall it. It brings to mind so much of struggle and hardship and disappointment.”

Zumbrota has now become a place of considerable importance. The best hopes of the first settlers have been realized.

It is an incorporated village situated in the southwestern corner of the township, surrounded by one of

the finest agricultural regions in the world. Three railroads meet here: The Chicago & North-Western, Duluth, Red Wing & Southern, and the Midland. A traveler will be surprised, in passing through the streets on a business day, at almost any season of the year, to see the teams of farmers, and other vehicles which line the fronts of stores and shops.

There is a graded public school of high order. The first school building, erected in 1865, was totally destroyed by fire in less than two years. Another of larger dimensions was soon built, which has since received an addition. Six teachers and a principal are now employed.

Miss Lizzie Shedd taught the first school in a hall over the first store, which was built by Thomas P. Kellett, in the fall of 1856. The same hall was for a few years used for religious exercises on the Sabbath.

There are now five church edifices and a large number of beautiful homes, besides hotels, stores and mechanic shops. The churches are Congregational, Methodist, Episcopal, Lutheran and Baptist. Zumbrota has a bank, a flouring and a grist mill, and a creamery, all of which are doing a good business.

The *Zumbrota Independent*, a weekly newspaper established here in 1875 by E. A. Mitchell, continues to give the news of the world to the villagers and surrounding regions, under the management of the original proprietor.

The *Zumbrota News*, which was founded a few years later by W. W. Kinne, is also giving information to the people of the county through its weekly visits.

A public library was established here in the early days, which, by an annual increase, has become an ex-

tensive collection of rare and choice literature. They have also a public hall for political gatherings, lectures, and amusements. The basement story of the building is devoted to the use of the fire department. The people of this village are noted for their public spirit and private enterprise.

There is another village, two miles east of the principal one, called Forest Mills, containing extensive mills, and an enterprising population.

APPENDIX.

In the account given of the early settlement of the town of Roscoe, in this work, the names of John T. Mitchell and Josiah Lothrop were inadvertently omitted. Both came in 1856, and are among the first pioneers, now living, in the county.

Mr. Mitchell has represented the county in the State legislature, and Mr. Lothrop has been entrusted with public business in his town for the greater part of his sojourn there; was a volunteer soldier in the Union army. Both are successful farmers on the same domain they settled thirty-six years ago.

Goodhue county contains an area of about 764 square miles. Its population, according to the census in 1890, was 28,806; and at the present writing, December 6, 1892, may be safely stated to be 30,000. About two-thirds of the people are engaged in farming.

There are twenty-two township organizations, four incorporated villages, and one city. This county, for three successive years past, has been awarded the first premium at the State Agricultural Fair, for the best exhibit of vegetable products.

IN MEMORIAM.

HON. WILLIAM W. PHELPS

was born in Oakland county, Michigan, in the year 1822; graduated at the University of his native state; practiced law several years, being partner in the law office of Gen. Stevens; was married in 1849 to Sarah B. Mann. He was elected a member of the legislature of the State of Michigan, and while a member of that body, was appointed, by President Pierce, register of the land office which was soon to be opened at Red Wing, Minnesota. This appointment was obtained through the influence of Senator Stewart, a warm personal friend of Mr. Phelps', and one who gave him much encouragement at the beginning of his career.

He came to Red Wing in the fall of 1854, and, in connection with Hon. C. C. Graham, began arrangements for opening an office here for the sale of the public lands in the Red Wing land district. The lands were then but partially surveyed, and the territory of Minnesota, with the exception of a few villages along the Mississippi, unsettled, and its natural resources undeveloped.

Arrangements were completed and the United States land office opened for business on the first of February, 1855. Mr. Phelps proved himself a faithful and efficient officer. His duties in the land office made him

acquainted with the needs of early pioneers, and he was always ready to help those who came without much capital to make a home for themselves in this new country. Such was his popularity that he was elected representative to congress as soon as Minnesota was admitted to the Union; and while a member of that body did good service for his constituency.

He was twice elected mayor of the city of Red Wing. And when in our country's greatest need a call was made upon her sons to maintain, at the peril of life, the supremacy of the Union, he was of the number of those who were ready to venture all in the cause of their country.

In all that pertained to the prosperity of Red Wing, from the day of his coming here till the day of his death his efforts in the extension of business relations, in opening up channels of communication, public improvements and kindred matters, the attitude and action of Mr. Phelps, as a citizen, has been that of a liberal and far-seeing man. Nor was his influence restricted to his own town or county. He was well known throughout the State as a man who could be relied upon to assist in advancing the best interests of the commonwealth. He died August 3, 1873, and his earthly remains were deposited in Oakwood cemetery. A beautiful monument has been placed over his grave.

PHILANDER SANDFORD

was the first lawyer who settled in Red Wing. He visited the place in the summer of 1853, and invested in a claim-right of some lots very soon after the survey of the original town plat. He was born in Ontario county, New York; emigrated to Detroit, Michigan, with his

parents while quite young, and there studied law, and was admitted to the bar of the supreme court of that state in 1853. In March, 1854, he was married to Sarah J. Lee, and soon after wrote to a lady then in Red Wing, who was expecting to be ready to take boarders that season, that he should be here as early in the spring as possible, and expect to board at her house; and intimated that there would be "two of us" when he should arrive. The boarding-house keeper made preparations accordingly and in due time the young lawyer and his bride were settled among us and both entered heartily into every enterprise that would help build up the place. Mr. Sandford first built an office for his professional work, and next a residence for his family. He was appointed district attorney by the governor of the territory that year, and was elected to the same office after the full organization of the county.

Mr. Sandford proved himself a good counsellor; was always ready to give safe legal advice in matters of litigation. He was a man of strict integrity in the transaction of business intrusted to his care. He died May 30, 1881. He made profession of his faith in Christ, and joined the Presbyterian church. He was also a member of the Masonic fraternity.

WILLIAM W. SWENEY, M. D.

Dr. Sweney was the second physician who settled in Minnesota for the purpose of practicing his profession. He located in Saint Paul in April, 1850. Dr. Murphy had settled there the year before. Dr. Sweney was the son of Alexander M. and Mary M. Kehr Sweney, and was born in Northumberland county, Pennsylvania, in the year 1818. His father was of Scotch-Irish, and his

mother of Piedmontese-Huguenot descent. When William was eighteen years old he moved to Fulton county, Illinois, having previously obtained an academic education in his native town.

He read medicine with Dr. Abram Hull of Marietta, Illinois, practiced in connection with him in 1848-9, and graduated at Rush Medical College, Chicago, after settling in Minnesota.

In May, 1852, he came to Red Wing, which was at the time an Indian town, on the Mississippi river, with an Indian farmer, John Bush, and an Indian missionary, Rev. Joseph W. Hancock. The doctor gave his services to the Indians, whenever called upon, freely, and was highly esteemed by them.

After the Indians were removed, as settlers multiplied, Dr. Sweney's professional business increased, and for a quarter of a century he had as many and as long rides as any one man could reasonably desire. He always had the confidence of the people up to the time he was unable to practice longer.

He was a member of the Goodhue County, and of the State Medical Society; was president of the former in 1872, and of the latter in 1873. He wrote several essays on the "Climatology and Diseases of Minnesota;" a prize essay on the "Epidemics and Endemics of Minnesota;" a prize essay on "Cerebro-Spinal Meningitis;" also on a few other subjects.

He was elected to the territorial legislature in 1857, serving in the last session before Minnesota became a state. He also held office several terms in the municipality of Red Wing. In politics he was a state rights Democrat, but no disunionist; not an active politician in his latter years.

Dr. Sweney was married in Fulton county, Illinois, in 1841, to Maria Freeborn, daughter of Richard Freeborn, of that place, who emigrated to Minnesota early in the fifties, and died in Red Wing about 1870, in a good old age.

Dr. Sweney's favorite pastime was trout fishing, though he often indulged in the pursuit of other game in the early days. He was a good physician, cautious of giving medicine when he was convinced that none was needed, ever ready to attend to the calls of the suffering, whether poor or rich. He was a quiet and unassuming man, yet always considered a prominent citizen in Red Wing. His death occurred in August, 1882. His funeral was attended, at the Episcopal church, by the largest number of all classes of citizens ever assembled on a like occasion in the previous history of the place. The church was crowded and its entrances thronged. The procession which followed his remains to their final rest in Oakwood consisted of the various orders of secret societies, the firemen and all the various benevolent associations of the city.

HON. CHRISTOPHER C. GRAHAM.

The following obituary appeared in the *Red Wing Argus*, dated August 17, 1891:

"Christopher C. Graham, one of the oldest and best known citizens of our city and State, died Wednesday morning at eight o'clock of old age. He was born in Augusta county, Virginia, in October, 1806, but removed with his parents when only three months old to Lincoln county, Kentucky. In 1816 he removed to Boonville, Indiana. During his boyhood he attended such schools as were provided in his neighborhood, and later went to

the academy at Montgomery, Ohio, where he finished his education.

"Mr. Graham was elected to the lower house of the Indiana legislature in 1835, and was kept there until 1841. The following year he was elected to the senate which position he occupied until 1846. At the breaking out of the Mexican war he was appointed by President Polk commissary of subsistence for the Second Indiana Infantry, but resigned after one year's service. He was also a member of the convention which framed the constitution of Indiana.

"During the campaign preceding the election of President Pierce, Mr. Graham was a prominent candidate for nomination to congress, but gave way to another prominent candidate, and in 1854 he was appointed to the land office as receiver at Red Wing, and at once removed to that place, his family following a year later, the register being W. W. Phelps, who was also well known to the old residents of this section. In 1858 the land office was removed to Henderson, and Mr. Graham resided in that place until 1861. With the exception of the three years at Henderson, Mr. Graham has resided in this city.

"In politics Mr. Graham was an unswerving Democrat, and yet he was liberal in his political views as in everything else. He served as mayor of this city for one year, and was elected justice of the peace in 1869, and has been almost unanimously re-elected every two years since, the last time being this spring. In 1872 he was a candidate for congress on the Democratic ticket, but was defeated by a small majority.

"Mr. Graham was a member of the Episcopal church in this city, and for a number of years one of the vestry,

he declining a re-election this spring on account of increasing old age and its consequent infirmities. He was also a member of Red Wing Lodge No. 8, A. F. and A. M.; and although prevented of late years from attending its meetings his interest in that body never ceased.

"July 7, 1837, he was married to Louisa H. Hargrave, of Boonville, Indiana, and four years ago they celebrated their golden wedding.

"Mr. Graham was a man of the strictest integrity, a Christian in the highest sense of the term, of superior talent, and one of the best public speakers in the State. He was very domestic in all his tastes, and no father was ever happier than he when he was surrounded by his children. He was phenomenally quick at repartee, and no one ever enjoyed a joke better than he, or could see the ridiculous side of a proposition, and his sayings have become common property throughout this community. He did not have an enemy in the world, and although a man of strong convictions yet he never interfered in the belief of any one."

CAPTAIN WILLETT W. DEKAY.

In the month of June, 1891, another of the oldest residents of Red Wing departed this life. Perhaps no one in the vicinity was better known at the time of his death than W. W. DeKay. He was born in Orange county, N. Y., in 1831; emigrated to this county in 1854, where he had been a resident for nearly forty years.

He enlisted in 1861, in Company E, Third Regiment, serving four years in the army; was promoted first to a lieutenancy, and afterwards became captain of this com-

pany; was married in November, 1862, to Ellen O'Reily. His wife and four children survive him.

He filled various offices in this city with a faithfulness and industry seldom equalled; was for several years chief of police; subsequently health officer; and served as post-master for the term of four years. He was ever ready to help the needy and sympathize with the unfortunate; was faithful in every trust imposed upon him; a kind, true friend, a public spirited citizen has gone to his reward.

Funeral services were attended in the Episcopal church, of which he was a member, by a large concourse of citizens, and a very large number followed his remains to rest in that abode of the dead, in the ornamenting and beautifying of which he had taken so much interest.

